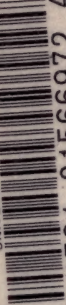


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SECTION III

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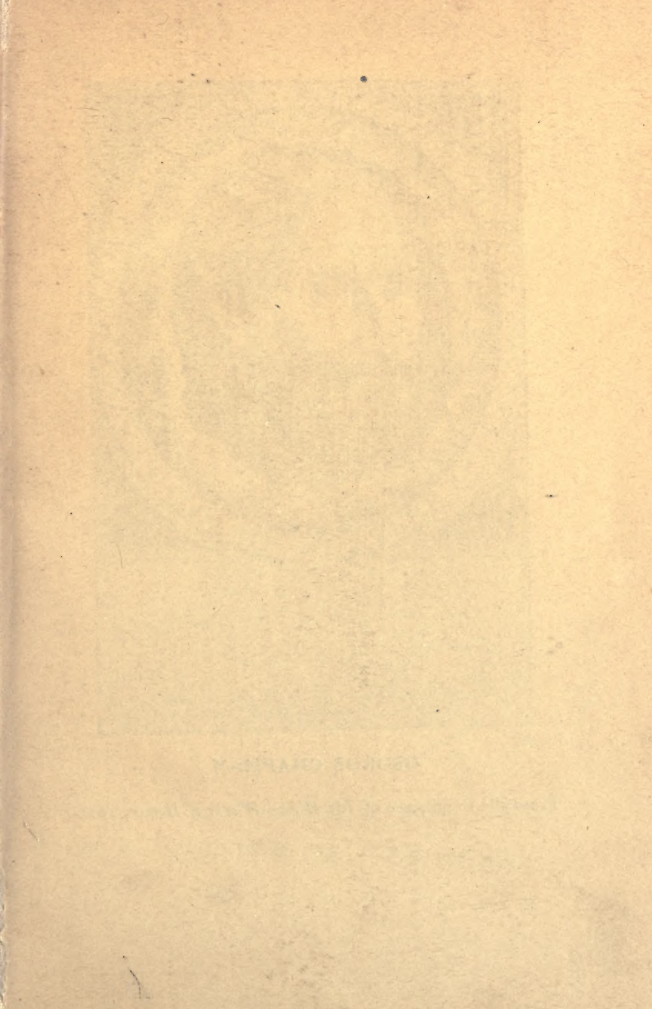
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PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN  
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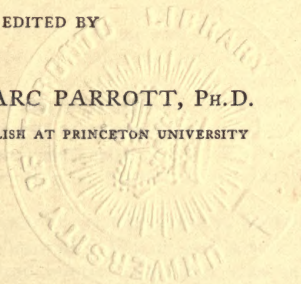
THE GENTLEMAN USHER

By GEORGE CHAPMAN

EDITED BY

THOMAS MARC PARROTT, PH.D.

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## Prefatory Note

In this volume I have attempted to present the student of Elizabethan drama with a new and carefully edited text of two of Chapman's best comedies. I have in each case printed from transcripts made of copies in the Library of Edinburgh University and in the Bodleian, and I would offer my thanks in passing for the unfailing kindness and courtesy which attended my work in both places.

The transcripts in the first place and the proof afterwards have been carefully collated with the original copies. The text of both the plays in this volume has also been corrected in proof by copies of the Quartos in the Boston Public Library. For this final collation I am indebted to the General Editor of this Series. It is my hope that the text here presented is as nearly accurate as it can be made.

In the brief *Biography* I have attempted to restate the few known facts of Chapman's life in such a way as to give what seems to me a more connected view of his work than is usually afforded. In the *Introduction* I have tried to trace the development of Chapman's art as a comic dramatist, and to fix his conception of comedy as compared with that of contemporary writers. The *Notes* are intended to show Chapman's occasional borrowings from older works, to explain obscure allusions, and when necessary to elucidate involved passages by the method of paraphrase. The interpretation of single words has been entrusted to the *Glossary*.

In the preparation of this edition I have received assistance from many friends. I wish to express in particular my thanks to Mr. C. W. Kennedy, of Princeton,

who first called my attention to the dependence of *All Fools* upon the *Adelphi* of Terence ; to Dr. Henry Bradley for repeated assistance in the interpretation and emendation of the text ; to Dr. Furnivall, Mr. P. A. Daniel, and Mr. T. J. Wise for valuable suggestions in regard to the plays in general and the question of the authenticity of the dedication of *All Fools* in particular; and to Professor E. K. Rand for aid in tracing two of Chapman's Latin passages. Mr. V. L. Collins, of the Princeton University Library, enabled me to run down a specially puzzling allusion. Finally, my thanks are due to Mr. W. H. Clemons, of Princeton, for his careful reading of the proof-sheets, and to the General Editor of this Series for much salutary criticism as the book was passing through the press.

T. M. P.



## Biography

THE little that we know of Chapman's life is derived mainly from Anthony à Wood. (*Athenae Oxonienses*, 1691.) The inscription<sup>1</sup> on his portrait prefixed to *The Whole Works of Homer*, 1616, points to 1559 as the year of his birth.<sup>2</sup> In his poem *Euthymiae Raptus* Chapman himself mentions Hitchin in Hertfordshire as his native place.

About 1574, according to Wood, Chapman, "being well grounded in school-learning, was sent to the University, but whether first to this of Oxon. or that of Cambridge is to me unknown. Sure I am that he spent some time in Oxon,<sup>3</sup> where he was observed to be most excellent in the Latin and Greek tongues, but not in logic or philosophy, and therefore I presume that that was the reason why he took no degree here."

From 1574 to 1594 we know nothing whatever of Chapman's life. Acheson<sup>3</sup> believes him to have been a schoolmaster at Hitchin, but this assumption rests mainly upon the identification of Chapman with Holofernes in *Love's Labour's Lost*, an identification which is not likely to commend itself to most students of Chapman. It has also been assumed that the poet spent some part of this time upon the Continent. The evidence drawn for this opinion from *Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany*, may be thrown aside, for it is most unlikely that Chapman had anything to do with the composition of that play.<sup>4</sup> On the other hand, in the Second Hymn of Chapman's *Shadow of Night*, 1594, there is a vivid description

1 Georgius Chapmanus, Homeri Metaphrastes. Æta: LVII. MDCXVI.

2 Warton, *History of English Poetry*, IV, 321, states that he spent two years at Trinity College, Oxford.

3 *Shakespeare and the Rival Poet*, Arthur Acheson. John Lane, 1903.

4 For a discussion of the authorship of this play see Ward, *English Dramatic Literature*, II, 427 seq., Fleay, *Chronicle of the English Drama*, II, 156 seq., and Robertson, *Did Shakespeare write Titus Andronicus?* 123 seq. There is no reason, except a publisher's statement twenty years after the poet's death, for ascribing this play to Chapman.

of a skirmish between English and Spanish troops near Nimeguen in Holland. In this passage Chapman, in speaking of the English soldiers, uses the pronoun "we," as if he had been one of them, and there is, after all, no reason why Chapman, like Ben Jonson, should not have seen service in the Low Countries.

In 1594 we find Chapman in London engaged in "virtuous and elaborate studies,"<sup>1</sup> composing poetry, and apparently vying with Shakespeare for the patronage of the liberal and art-loving Southampton. *The Shadow of Night* appeared in 1594; in 1595 *Ovid's Banquet of Sense* (not a translation from Ovid, as a German writer<sup>2</sup> has stated, but an original poem), *A Coronet for his Mistrresse Philosophie*, and *The Amorous Zodiacke*.<sup>3</sup>

In 1596 Chapman wrote a vigorous bit of verse in praise of English valour, entitled *De Guiana*, as a preface to an account of English exploration in South America; and in 1598 he published a conclusion to Marlowe's unfinished *Hero and Leander*, dedicating the work to Lady Walsingham, the wife of his friend and patron, Sir Thomas Walsingham.<sup>4</sup> In the same year he dedicated his first attempt at a translation of the *Iliad*, *Seven Books of the Iliads of Homer*, to the Earl of Essex, and a little later in the same year he published *Achilles' Shield*, from the eighteenth book of the *Iliad*.

By this time Chapman had already begun to write for the stage, for Meres in *Wit's Treasury*, 1598, mentions him as one of the best writers both for comedy and tragedy. Many of his early plays have no doubt perished; the only two that we know to have been produced before Meres wrote — *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria* and *An Humorous Day's Mirth* — are both comedies. The first of these plays was produced by the Admiral's Men at Henslowe's theatre, the Rose, on Feb. 12, 1595-6, with great success, and was performed some twenty times before May, 1597, when it yielded the stage to the *Comedy of Humours*, which we may safely identify with *An Humorous Day's Mirth*. During the following year Chapman continued to work for Henslowe. He was engaged on a "plotte of

<sup>1</sup> Wood, *Athen. Oxon.* II, 576.

<sup>2</sup> A. Lohff, *George Chapman: Berliner Dissertation*, 1903, p. 26.

<sup>3</sup> Sidney Lee, *Modern Philology*, Oct. 1905, has shown that this poem is a translation from the French of Gilles Durant.

<sup>4</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 139, note 2, for further information about Sir Thomas Walsingham.

Bengemen's," possibly the tragedy of *Mortimer*,<sup>1</sup> of which Jonson's plot has come down to us. He received payments from Henslowe for several plays now lost: *The iylle of a woman*, usually cited as *The Will of a Woman*, but according to the latest editor of Henslowe's *Diary*<sup>2</sup> more probably, *The Isle (or Ill) of a Woman*; *The Fountain of New Fashions*; and a *Pastoral Tragedy*. He also composed for Henslowe the first draft of his *All Fools*, called originally *The World Runs on Wheels*, and later *All Fools but the Fool*.<sup>3</sup> *The Blind Beggar* was published in 1598 and *An Humorous Day's Mirth* in 1599, both apparently without Chapman's consent or, at least, supervision. In the latter year he apparently severed his connection with Henslowe, as his name does not occur again in the *Diary*.

It is commonly stated that about this time Chapman withdrew from the stage to devote himself to his translation of the *Iliad*. This, however, is far from probable. The first instalments of this work appeared in 1598 before Chapman broke with Henslowe, the next not before 1609, at which time Chapman was under the patronage of Prince Henry. It is more likely that about the close of the sixteenth century Chapman simply transferred his services as a playwright from Henslowe's company to the Chapel Boys, who were playing at the private theatre in Blackfriars from 1598 to 1603. For this company he seems to have written *May-Day*, probably acted about 1600 or 1601, although not printed till 1611; *Sir Giles Goosecap*,<sup>4</sup> published anonymously in 1606, but in large part, if not wholly, the work of Chapman in 1601 or 1602; *The Gentleman Usher*,<sup>5</sup> written possibly in 1602; and to have revised *All Fools* in the form in which it has come down to us, in 1602 or 1603.

<sup>1</sup> The tragedy mentioned by Henslowe on Jan. 4 and Jan. 8, 1597/8 may be the same as this, or another tragedy, nameless and lost.

<sup>2</sup> *Henslowe's Diary*, p. 226, W. W. Greg, 1904. Hazlitt (*Manual for the Collector*, etc., p. 94) states that an early MS. copy of *The Gentleman Usher* was sold among Heber's MSS. under the name of the *The Will of a Woman*.

<sup>3</sup> Henslowe's entry on July 2, 1599.

<sup>4</sup> See *The Authorship of Sir Giles Goosecappe*, *Modern Philology*, July, 1906.

<sup>5</sup> The date of *The Gentleman Usher* is uncertain, but it falls between the performance of *Sir Giles Goosecap*, to which it alludes (see *Note 171*, 7-8, p. 284), and the entry by Valentine Syms in the *Stationers' Register*, November 26, 1605.

The latter play<sup>1</sup> was performed at court before King James on New Year's Night, 1604-5, and published in the same year.

*Monsieur D' Olive* was written probably in 1603 or 1604, since it was performed by Her Majesty's Children of the Revels, the company which had succeeded the Chapel Children at the Blackfriars Theatre, in Jan., 1604. For the same company Chapman in 1605 joined with Jonson and Marston in the composition of *Eastward Ho*, a play whose satirical remarks on King James's countrymen brought down upon the authors the royal displeasure and led to the imprisonment of both Jonson and Chapman. They were even threatened with mutilation, and Jonson's old mother secretly conveyed to him a paper of "lustie strong poison" that, if things came to the worst, he might save himself by a Roman death from torture and public shame. An interesting series of letters written by Chapman and Jonson on this occasion, entreating the pardon of the King and the favour of the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Salisbury, the Earl of Pembroke, and other courtly patrons of literature, was discovered by Mr. Dobell in 1901 and reprinted in Professor Schelling's *Eastward Hoe* and *The Alchemist*.<sup>2</sup> Jonson and Chapman were soon released from prison, — Marston seems to have escaped altogether, — and the sensation caused by the affair undoubtedly served as an advertisement of Chapman's work as a dramatist and led to the speedy publication of a number of his comedies. Two editions of *Eastward Ho* and one of *All Fools* appeared in 1605; and *Sir Giles Goosecap*, *Monsieur D' Olive*, and *The Gentleman Usher*, in 1606. Mr. Fleay<sup>3</sup> believes that the governor whose foolish words and actions furnish the farcical close of the *Widow's Tears* is a satire on the judicial authorities with whom Chapman had come into contact at the time of his arrest. If this be so, we may date this play about 1606 — it was not published until 1612 — and see in it the last of Chapman's comedies.

As Meres tells us, Chapman had before 1598 obtained a high reputation for his tragedies, but the earliest play of this sort which

<sup>1</sup> Cunningham, *Revels Accounts*, published for Shakespeare Society, p. 204. The entry is forged, but is supposed to be based upon genuine documents.

<sup>2</sup> *Belles-Lettres Series*, pp. 159-164.

<sup>3</sup> *Chronicle of the English Drama*, I, 61.

has been preserved, *Bussy D'Ambois*,<sup>1</sup> cannot have been composed in its present form before the death of Elizabeth in 1603. This play is, then, the first of a group of dramas dealing with events in the contemporary history of France on which Chapman's fame as a tragic dramatist depends.

*Bussy* was followed in the spring of 1608 — not 1605,<sup>2</sup> as stated in the *Dictionary of National Biography* — by the double play, *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles Duke of Byron*. The performance of these plays, in one of which the reigning queen of France was represented as boxing the ears of her royal husband's mistress, gave great offence to the French ambassador, who succeeded in having the performance stopped, and endeavoured, though apparently in vain, to have the author punished. Chapman, however, found great difficulty in securing a license for the publication of the plays and was finally obliged to issue them in a mangled form, with large omissions, among others of the offensive scene, and with considerable revision.<sup>3</sup> *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*, founded, as Professor Boas has shown, upon the same authority as the Byron plays (Grimeston's translation in 1607 of Jean de Serres' *History*), probably followed them shortly, and the noble play of *Chabot*, published after Chapman's death (in 1639, in a form somewhat revised by Shirley),<sup>4</sup> closes the series of the French tragedies.

With this play Chapman's activity as a dramatist ceases for an indefinite period, or possibly terminates altogether. He had, about 1604, or possibly after his release from prison in 1605, been appointed "sewer in ordinary" to Prince Henry, and received from

1 Professor Boas (*Bussy D'Ambois and The Revenge of Bussy, Belles-Lettres Series*, p. xii, note) calls attention to certain bits of evidence which go to show the existence of a play on Bussy before the death of Elizabeth. If this play were Chapman's it must, as Professor Boas points out, have been considerably revised after the accession of James I, when it was acted by Paul's Boys.

2 The date 1605 is founded upon a misprint in the English translation of von Raumer's *Briefe aus Paris zur Erläuterung, etc.*, pt. 2, pp. 276-277. In the German original the date is rightly given as April 5, 1608.

3 See Chapman's letter to the licenser printed in the *Athenaeum*, April 6, 1901.

4 *Chabot* is based upon the relation of Etienne Pasquier (*Recherches de la France*). The story of Chabot first appears in the 1607 edition of this work (Book V, chap. 12), and is repeated, with details which occur in the play, in the edition of 1611.



him a small annual pension together with the promise of a handsome reward upon the completion of his Homeric translations. To this work Chapman on the conclusion of his activity as a dramatist devoted himself for a number of years. He published the first twelve books of the *Iliad*,<sup>1</sup> 1610 *ca.*, a complete translation in 1611, a complete translation of the *Odyssey*<sup>2</sup> in 1614, and a folio entitled *The Whole Works of Homer* in 1616. To this list we must add, for the sake of completeness, *The Crown of all Homer's Works*, containing the *Batrachomyomachia*, and the *Hymns and Epigrams*, published in 1624.

On the death of Prince Henry, Nov. 12, 1612, Chapman lost his place as sewer to the Prince of Wales, and Prince Charles refused to redeem his brother's promise of a reward for the translation of the *Iliad* or to grant Chapman's petition for "some poor copyhold of the Princes land of £40 rent, if any such I find." In his verses to "the immortal memory of Henry, Prince of Wales," Chapman complains bitterly that

"Not thy thrice sacred will  
Signed with thy death mooves any to fulfil  
Thy just bequests to me."

Yet in spite of Charles's harsh treatment Chapman does not seem to have lost favour at court. He composed an elaborate masque performed by the gentlemen of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn at the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Palsgrave in 1613, and in honour of the marriage of the king's favourite, Somerset, to the divorced Countess of Essex, he wrote an epithalamium entitled *Andromeda Liberata*, which seems to have given rise to some scandal.<sup>3</sup>

Somerset's fall in 1616, however, put an end to Chapman's hopes of "future advance," for there seems to be no ground for Wood's hesitating statement that he was "a sworn servant either to King James I or his royal consort." In fact it is evident from

1 A copy in the British Museum is assigned hesitatingly to 1610. See also Warton, *History of English Poetry*, IV, 317.

2 The first 12 books of the *Odyssey* seem to have been published separately. See article on Chapman in *Dictionary of National Biography*.

3 This seems clear from the title of a later work by Chapman, *A . . . Justification of a . . . maliciously interpreted poem entitled, Andromeda liberata*, 1614.

the lately discovered Chapman letters<sup>1</sup> that much of the poet's later life was passed in poverty. Yet according to Oldys<sup>2</sup> he was "much resorted to by young persons of parts as a poetical chronicle; but was very choice who he admitted to him, and preserved in his own person the dignity of poetry."

In his last years Chapman seems once more to have turned his attention to the drama. In 1631 he published *Caesar and Pompey*, a Roman Tragedy, written long before, and now given to the world, perhaps under stress of poverty, in haste and without revision. He seems also to have entered into friendly relations with Shirley, the favourite playwright of the court, and the youngest, as Chapman was the oldest, of the dramatists of the great period. *The Ball* was licensed as a play by Shirley in 1632, but Chapman's name appears with Shirley's on the title-page of the first edition, 1639, and traces of Chapman's hand seem visible in the last act. *Chabot*,<sup>3</sup> probably revised by Shirley for performance, was printed as the joint work of these poets in the same year. Chapman also made a thorough revision of *Bussy D'Ambois*, probably for a performance by the King's Servants, which served as the basis for the revised edition of that play in 1641. This revision Mr. Fleay takes to have been the poet's latest work.<sup>4</sup>

Chapman died May 12, 1634, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Giles in the Fields. His friend, Inigo Jones, erected a monument to his memory which is still standing.

Wood speaks of Chapman, probably on the testimony of those who had known the poet in his later years, as "a person of most reverend aspect, religious and temperate, qualities rarely meeting in a poet." There is no proof of his acquaintance with Shakespeare,

1 See *Athenaeum*, March 23, and April 13, 1901.

2 MSS. notes in a copy of Langbaine's *Dramatick Poets* in the British Museum.

3 Licensed by Herbert, April 29, 1635.

4 There is no reason except the publisher's statements for assigning to Chapman *Revenge for Honour* (published in 1654), and many reasons against his authorship of this play. The anonymous *Two Wise Men and All the rest Fools*, 1619, was first ascribed to Chapman by the bookseller, Francis Kirkman, 1671, a mistake probably caused by the similarity of the name to that of *All Fools*. It cannot possibly be Chapman's. Two further plays entered as Chapman's in the *Stationers' Register*, in 1660, *The Yorkshire Gentlewoman and her Son*, and *Fatal Love*, were never published, and were destroyed in manuscript by Warburton's cook.

but he was loved by Jonson,<sup>1</sup> and was on terms of friendship with Marlowe, Fletcher, Field, whom he calls his "loved son," *i. e.*, scholar, and Shirley. His life covers practically the whole period of the Elizabethan drama.

1 The fragment of an invective against Jonson preserved in the Ashmole MSS. in the Bodleian seems to show that Chapman, possibly on account of his friendship for Inigo Jones, took sides against Jonson in the conflicts that clouded Ben's last years.



## Introduction

AFTER the great names of Shakespeare, Spenser, and Marlowe, that of Chapman is perhaps the best known among Elizabethan poets. But Chapman's fame to-day depends almost entirely upon his translation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. That noble work in which for the first time "deep-browed Homer" spoke in English accents, although temporarily superseded by Pope's version, has never quite lost its hold upon English readers. Chapman's dramas, on the other hand, although repeatedly praised by his contemporaries, seem even in his day to have been little read; of all the plays published under his name only two, *Bussy D'Ambois* and *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Biron*, ever attained a second edition. Dryden's slashing attack on the style of *Bussy* is well known, and in the century that followed Dryden, Chapman's plays seem to have been almost entirely forgotten. With the dawn of romantic criticism in England attention was drawn to their merits by Lamb and Hazlitt, but it was not until 1873 that a collected edition of the plays appeared in the form of a so-called facsimile reprint. Up to that time Chapman's dramas, with the exception of an occasional reprint in various collections of old plays, were practically inaccessible to English readers.<sup>1</sup> Lowell, for

<sup>1</sup> *Eastward Ho* and *The Widow's Tears* were included in Dodsley's *Old Plays* in 1744; *All Fools* was added in 1780. *Bussy*,

example, when writing his interesting comment on Chapman in *Conversations on Some of the Old English Poets* (1845), had never seen a copy of *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Biron*.

The reprint of 1873 was followed in 1874-5 by the first edition of the complete works of Chapman. It included three plays, *Eastward Ho*, *Chabot*, and *The Ball*, which had been omitted in the reprint. The first two of these, though written in collaboration with other dramatists, have enough of Chapman to make them indispensable to any study of his work.

With the appearance of these editions a systematic and critical study of Chapman's work was for the first time rendered possible, and Swinburne's admirable essay on the poetry and the dramas, which was prefixed to the third volume of the collected works, was the first fruit of such a study. Neither of these editions, however, is satisfactory. The reprint is by no means a reliable facsimile, especially in the matter of punctuation; and the later edition, to which Mr. Shepherd put his name, modernises the spelling, leaves palpable errors of the old texts unaltered, and introduces needless changes into the text without the slightest notice of alteration. A critical edition of Chapman's plays in the light of modern scholarship still remains to be undertaken.

Modern critics of Chapman have been inclined to pass over his comedies with but slight consideration, and to devote their main attention to his more serious plays. This is due, I fancy, to the old conception of Chapman as

*Monsieur D' Olive*, and *May Day* were included in Dilke's *Old English Plays*, 1814-15.

✓ a poet rather than a dramatist. And for lofty poetry we must, no doubt, turn rather to his tragedies than his comedies. But if the first essential of drama be action rather than poetry, there can be as little doubt that as a playwright Chapman obtains his highest success in comedy. It would not indeed be unfair to call him a tragic poet and a comic dramatist. In his tragedies the epic element too often outweighs the dramatic. The two Biron plays, for example, are rather a continuous epic poem than a drama, and their temporary success upon the stage must have been due to the interest of the audience in the subject rather than to their dramatic effectiveness. Again, the didactic element in the tragedies constantly interferes with the dramatic. Noble passages of gnomic verse are inlaid in the play with little regard for dramatic propriety or the development of the action. Chapman himself regarded this predominance of the didactic element as a virtue rather than a vice; "material instruction, elegant and sententious excitation to virtue, and deflection from her contrary" are, he asserts in the dedication to *The Revenge of Bussy*, "the soule, lims, and limits of an autenticall tragedy." Strictly interpreted this dogma would turn every tragedy into an essay on ethics, and Chapman's practice was fortunately more liberal than his theory. But it is plain to the student of his work that Chapman's tragedies are marked by a constant struggle between the author's theory and the demands of the contemporary stage, a conflict in which, as may be seen in *The Revenge of Bussy*, theory finally triumphed. It is not likely that in the composition of comedy Chap-

man took himself or his work so seriously. Yet even in his comedies it may be noted that whenever the action grows serious and approaches the bounds of tragedy, as in the last act of *The Gentleman Usber*, the gnomic element rises again into prominence and long passages of didactic and reflective verse retard the action of the play.

In pure comedy, however, Chapman, unlike his friend and occasional collaborator Jonson, had no theories to realise, and free from the trammels of dramatic dogma he was able in such work to develop fully his undoubted dramatic qualities. What these were a survey of his comedies will, perhaps, make clear.

*The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, Chapman's first extant play, is, as it stands, almost outside the pale of criticism. This, however, may not be altogether the author's fault. There is reason to believe that its present form represents a stage version in which the original play has been cut, altered, and, possibly, in parts enlarged. In no other way can we account for the amazing fashion in which serious and even tragic motives appear only to disappear. I take it that *The Blind Beggar* was originally a romantic drama, containing, along with a good deal of crude and rather boisterous farce, such tragic elements as the adulterous passion of the queen for Cleanthes, her murder of his wife, her implied murder of her own husband, the invasion of Egypt by the Asian kings, and their overthrow by the hero. In the present form of the play we catch only a fleeting glimpse of these motives ; but it is impossible, I think, that Chapman should have allowed the tragic figure of

the queen to drop out of the play altogether without giving us the slightest intimation of her fate. Such an omission savours rather of the recklessness of some stage manager than of the negligence even of a novice in the drama. It is probable that the play as first written was too long for convenient presentation, and that in adapting it for the stage the reviser had an eye rather upon contemporary taste than on the rules of dramatic construction. We know from Henslowe's *Diary* that *The Blind Beggar*<sup>1</sup> — presumably in its present form — was a very successful play, and its success was probably due to the comic element that still remains rather than to the tragic that has so ruthlessly been cut away.

It is, perhaps, a little difficult for us to grasp the causes of the success of such a play. The story is absurd, the characterisation is practically nil, and the dialogue is rather coarse than witty. On the other hand, the action never flags, there is an abundance of comic and farcical incident, and the diction, passing easily from fluent verse to racy prose and back again, is quite free from Chapman's common faults of involved expression and obscurity. The part of the hero in his fourfold personality was no doubt a grateful rôle for some popular actor, and I am inclined to think that this part has been padded by some other hand than that of the author.

I have dwelt at some length upon this first play of Chapman's, because I believe that we may discern in it, with all its imperfections and absurdities, the germ

<sup>1</sup> For the dates of its performances see footnote to p. 117.



of Chapman's conception of comedy. This, as will be abundantly shown in the consideration of his later work, consists not so much in witty dialogue after the fashion of Lyly, or humorous characterisation in the manner of Shakespeare, as in action, particularly in the invention and elaboration of amusing situations. Chapman was not a master of construction, but in the execution of single scenes he is at times hardly surpassed by Shakespeare himself.

The text of Chapman's second comedy, *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, is so corrupt, and the stage-directions are so infrequent and confusing, that it is extremely difficult to follow the story. Here, too, we probably have to deal with a text that was altered and published without the author's supervision. None the less we can see in this play a distinct advance in Chapman's art. It is a pure comedy, unmixed with such tragic elements as appear in *The Blind Beggar*. The dialogue shows in its frequent puns and wit-combats the influence of Lyly, and there is an anticipation of Jonson's work in the portrayal of various "humours," incarnate in the female puritan, the jealous husband, the foolish courtier, and the melancholy gentleman. But none of these figures have the precision of outline or dramatic effectiveness of Jonson's characters, and, on the whole, the play may be pronounced a comedy of intrigue revolving about one central figure. Chapman's weakness in plot construction is very evident here where, so far as is known, he was drawing on his own invention for the story. The main thread of the plot is constantly obscured by superfluous

incident, or buried under unnecessary dialogue. But it is never quite broken, and all the motives of the play find in the end their fit solution. Chapman had, it seems, by this time clarified his conception of comedy, although he was not yet sure enough of hand to realise it in actual composition.

The gap between *An Humorous Day's Mirth* and Chapman's next surviving play is immense. Mr. Swinburne has rightly pronounced *All Fools* "one of the most faultless examples of high comedy in the whole rich field of our Elizabethan drama." Possibly, however, this gap may seem to us wider than in reality it was; for *All Fools*, originally written for Henslowe in 1599, was not only revised for a later production at Blackfriars, but was, if we may trust the testimony of the dedication,<sup>1</sup> published by the author himself to forestall the appearance of a pirated edition, "patcht with others wit." How great a difference this supervision on the part of an author made in the printed version of a play only those can rightly estimate who have struggled in vain to catch the playwright's plan in such a botcht-up piece of work, for example, as *The Blind Beggar*. *All Fools* appears to have been the first play published by the author himself, and in spite of an occasional misprint or wrong assignment of speeches it may be read with delight even in the old quarto of 1605.

It is impossible to determine with any degree of precision what changes were made when this play was revised. I fancy that they consisted in polishing

<sup>1</sup> See *Appendix*, p. 139.

the poetry, sharpening the dialogue, and, probably, in the addition of several prose orations somewhat after the manner of Lyly, a manner which would especially delight the cultivated audience of the Blackfriars Theatre. The main plot and the characters must have been very much the same in both versions, since plot and characters alike are drawn directly from known sources. I shall discuss the relation of *All Fools* to the *Heautontimorumenos* and the *Adelphi* of Terence at a later point in this introduction. It will be sufficient to say here that Chapman's sources gave him in this case exactly what he most needed, a plot carefully involved and clearly worked out, and typical characters, limited in depth but sharply defined. His own genius for romantic poetry, his talent for vigorous dialogue, and his dexterity in the invention and handling of comic situation did the rest. Apart from certain excrescences in speech and incident, and a slight weakness of treatment in the solution, *All Fools* is the most nearly perfect of Chapman's plays.

How much *All Fools* owes to its sources we can best realise when we turn to what was probably Chapman's next succeeding comedy. The source of *May Day*, long unknown to Chapman's commentators, has been clearly shown by Stiefel (*Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, vol. 35) to be the *Alessandro* of the Italian poet, A. Piccolomini. In fact it would hardly be unfair to call *May Day* an adaptation of the Italian play, for Chapman has retained the three intrigues, and most of the characters, of his source. Yet he has been by no means a mere translator; he has discarded cer-



tain superfluous figures, added others, and transformed the stock braggadocio of Italian comedy into a typically Elizabethan figure. And his advance in power of dramatic construction is shown by the fact that he has bound the severed intrigues of the Italian play closely together in the character of Lodovico, whose restless energy, like Lemot's in *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, leads him to take an active part in them all, and thus to serve as the mainspring of the whole action.

Yet *May Day* is by no means one of the best of Chapman's comedies. Based as it is upon an Italian comedy of intrigue, the interest lies wholly in the action, and this is so hurried and involved as to perplex and weary the reader. It is impossible to take any lively interest in the characters, for the reason, I suppose, that these stock figures of Italian comedy were incapable of the humanising and vitalising treatment which Terence, and Chapman after him, succeeded in applying to the types of the New Comedy. And the play as a whole quite lacks the poetry and the breath of romance which illuminates and enlivens *All Fools*, *The Gentleman Usber*, and *Monsieur D'Olive*. The prose dialogue is capital, but verse is almost wholly absent. In this respect, also, though superior in construction, *May Day* closely resembles *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, — another reason for fixing its date before, not after, Chapman's best romantic comedies.

If *Sir Giles Goosecap* was written by Chapman about 1601 or 1602, as I have tried to show elsewhere,<sup>1</sup> it would seem at first glance to denote a dis-

<sup>1</sup> *The Authorship of Sir Giles Goosecappe: Modern Philology*, July, 1906.

tinct relapse both in Chapman's conception of comedy and in his power of execution, for it is markedly inferior in both these qualities to *All Fools* and *May Day*. It seems to have been one of Chapman's first plays for the Children of the Chapel, then acting at Blackfriars. And in his attempt to hit the taste of this audience and working, as it seems, without a model before him, the author came largely under the influence of Jonson, then the leading playwright for this company. The satiric description, in Act 1, sc. 1, of *dramatis personae* not yet upon the stage is a palpable borrowing of one of Jonson's well-known devices, and if Mr. Fleay is right in his conjecture that the various knights who appear in the play are personal caricatures, we should have another marked imitation of Jonson. More interesting, however, in relation to Chapman's later development is the appearance in *Sir Giles* for the first time of a romantic love-story of a high and serious type, founded, as Professor Kittredge has shown,<sup>1</sup> upon Chaucer's *Troilus and Cryseide*. The scenes which deal with this theme are written for the most part in verse, studded with passages of lofty, but, at times, somewhat obscure poetry. As a whole *Sir Giles* is not a play of which the author had reason to be proud, and it may be for this reason that Chapman never owned it; but these love-scenes might well be the prototype of some of his finest work in *The Gentleman Usber* and *Monsieur D'Olive*.

*The Gentleman Usber* marks the triumph of poetic and romantic comedy in Chapman's work. Mr. Swin-

<sup>1</sup> *Journal of Germanic Philology*, vol. 2, pp. 7-13.

burne notes that this play is "distinguished from all Chapman's other works by the serious grace and sweetness of the love-scenes, and the higher tone of feminine character and masculine regard which is sustained throughout the graver passages." A more detailed examination of the play will be made later. It is enough to say here that Chapman nowhere else appears more original, or after the action has once started more completely in sympathy with and master of his subject. The romantic love-story — a theme rather in the vein of Fletcher than of earlier dramatists — is lightened and diversified by comic scenes ranging from frank buffoonery and gross farce to little masterpieces of high comedy. In the figure of Bassiolo Chapman created a character at once more real and more genuinely humorous than any that he had been hitherto able to conceive. But even in the scenes which are dominated by this figure the comic entertainment is furnished not so much by the revelation of his character as by the exquisitely ridiculous situations in which he is involved. Here as elsewhere Chapman holds to the necessity of action and situation in comedy.

In *Monsieur D'Olive* we find Chapman's talents as a comic and a romantic poet combined, but by no means so successfully blended as in *The Gentleman Usher*. The play is composed of two distinct plots which have only the slightest connection with each other. The first deals with a purely romantic theme; the second with the gulling of Monsieur D'Olive, the character who gives his name to the play. The arrangement seems to me somewhat mechanical; each

act falls into two scenes, and, with the exception of the last scene of the play, where an unsuccessful attempt is made to combine the two plots in a common denouement, the first scene regularly deals with the romantic story, the second with the comic underplot. And as Swinburne has pointed out, "the main interest is more and more thrust aside" as the play goes on, until at the close "it is fairly hustled into a corner." Curiously enough, considering Chapman's earlier work, the underplot is notably deficient in action. The trick which the courtiers play upon D'Olive is far from furnishing sufficient material for a comic action, and as a matter of fact the original underplot comes to an end in the fourth act, where a new intrigue has to be devised to bring its main figure once more before the public and include him in the final solution of the play. On the other hand, the figure of Monsieur D'Olive is Chapman's most elaborate piece of characterisation. Half-wit, half-gull, and wholly Elizabethan in his mingled good nature, vanity, and volubility, he is one of the most diverting figures in the whole range of contemporary comedy. In a sense he belongs to the humorous characters which Jonson had introduced to the Elizabethan stage, but although he was doubtless meant as a satiric portrait of the giddy-pated, fortune-hunting courtiers who had flocked in their hundreds to welcome the accession of James I, there is not the slightest trace of that earnestness, not to say bitterness, of moral reprobation which Jonson would have thrown into his delineation of such a figure. The influence of Jonson may be felt also, I believe, in the racy, idiomatic

prose in which D'Olive betrays his follies to a delighted world. It is unfortunate that Jonson's influence over his friend did not extend farther and lead him to devise a proper plot in which to set this well-drawn character. Only an analysis of the comic scenes of *Monsieur D'Olive* will reveal their utter emptiness of action, and this is the more remarkable, since, as I have pointed out, it is as a rule in action and incident that Chapman's comic force consists. One can only conjecture that the influence of Jonson's comedy of humours, and possibly the stage success of Bassiolo in *The Gentleman Usher*, may have induced Chapman to compose this underplot which relies for effect solely upon a humorous character study.

The influence of Jonson is, of course, even more apparent in *Eastward Ho*, where Chapman was collaborating with Jonson and Marston. An exact assignment of the scenes of this play has not yet been made, except by Mr. Fleay,<sup>1</sup> who, without giving any reason for his opinion, ascribes Acts I-II, i, to Marston, Acts II, ii-IV, i, to Chapman, and the conclusion to Jonson. That Chapman wrote the part here assigned to him no student of his comedies can doubt. The only question is whether he did not write considerably more. My own opinion, after a repeated reading of the play, would be that Jonson furnished the plot, Chapman wrote practically the whole play, and Marston touched it up here and there with satire on the Scotch and on King James's knights, and, in Swinburne's phrase, "dropped one or two momentary

<sup>1</sup> *Chronicle of the English Drama*, vol. 2, p. 81.



indecencies to attest his passage." Such an assignment would account at once for the admirable construction and precise characterisation of the play, for its genial and sunny temper far more characteristic of Chapman than of either of his fellows, and for the ease and naturalness of the general conduct of the action.<sup>1</sup>

Assuming, as I think we are justified in doing, that a very considerable portion of this excellent comedy belongs, so far at least as the actual composition goes, to Chapman, we find him here engaged on a realistic comedy of contemporary English life akin to Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* and Dekker's *Shoemaker's Holiday*; and even if the credit of the construction and the characterisation belong, as they probably do, to Jonson, it is hard to find due terms of praise for Chapman's admirable execution. Particularly remarkable for their comic force are the scenes in which Gertrude sets out in her coach amid the plaudits of admiring neighbours to "dress up" that castle in the air which she fancies she has won by marriage, and the later scene, where stranded in her poor garret she clings desperately to her shreds of nobility and sadly contrasts the behaviour of her own knight with that of the Knight of the Sun or Palmerin of England. Eminently characteristic of Chapman's manner of letting the audience into the

<sup>1</sup> Bearing in mind Chapman's tendency to repeat himself, I would call attention to the similarity of Gertrude's behaviour in I, ii (a scene assigned by Mr. Fleay to Marston), to that of Elimine in *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria* (Chapman's *Dramatic Works*, vol. I, pp. 27-28), and to the still more striking similarity between the behaviour of Security in III, ii, and III, iii, and that of Gostanzo toward Rinaldo and Marc. Antonio in *All Fools* (III, i, and IV, i).

secret of a comic situation is the way in which Security is induced to play the go-between for his own wife and the gay Sir Petronel ; and Chapman's love of farcical stage effect is never more happily displayed than in the scene where the shipwrecked Security in dripping gown and nightcap is rebuked by his spouse for spending the night abroad at taverns. So successful indeed in conception, construction, and detailed execution is this lively comedy that one can only regret that Chapman and Jonson did not form a literary partnership as close and lasting as that of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Chapman's last comedy, *The Widow's Tears*, printed in 1612, but probably written much earlier,<sup>1</sup> has never received the attention it deserves. Possibly its brutally cynical tone toward women has disgusted the commentators, but it is certainly permitted a comic writer to take this tone. Congreve, for example, is none the less one of the greatest of English comic dramatists because of his utter disbelief in women's vows and women's tears. And if a dramatist takes for his theme the story of the Ephesian matron as told by Petronius, it is hard to see what other tone he could adopt. As a matter of fact, *The Widow's Tears* is written with amazing force and sparkles with cynical humour. The character of Tharsalio, in particular, who wins his goal by sheer audacity, and whose rooted distrust of woman-kind is based upon his own unsavoury experiences, is one that Fletcher might have envied. The adaptation of the classic story to a dramatic form is, up to a certain

<sup>1</sup> Fleay, *Chronicle of the English Drama*, vol. 1, p. 61, dates it ca. 1605.

point, a marvel of ingenuity, and Chapman's substitution of the disguised husband for the stranger of the Petronian tale as the widow's tempter — an unconscious reversion to the earlier Oriental version<sup>1</sup> of the story — is a true stroke of dramatic genius. It points directly to the only proper solution of the plot, the widow's pretended recognition of her husband's disguise and her imposition upon him of this belief by dint of feminine audacity and voluble reiteration. But the actual solution in the drama is perhaps the most hopeless muddle in Elizabethan comedy. It is quite impossible to make out what effect Cynthia's declaration that she had recognised her husband has upon the wretched man. Nor can we at all accept the whispered mediation of Tharsalio's wife as a proper substitute for the legitimate conclusion of the play, an *éclaircissement* between husband and wife and a restitution of the lady to her old position in her husband's confidence on the basis of his belief in her protestations. The truth seems to be that Chapman, left without a clue for such a solution in the source he used, and possibly pressed for time in preparing his drama for the stage, simply evaded the solution altogether, and substituted for it a scene of broad farce where a foolish magistrate of the well-known Elizabethan type talks a flood of nonsense in the manner of Dogberry and Verges. Chapman at his best was no master of construction, but none of his dramas exhibits so hopelessly an inept conclusion as *The Widow's Tears*.

<sup>1</sup> See *Die treulose Wittwe und ihre Wanderung durch die Welt-literatur*, Ed. Griesbach, Stuttgart, 1877.



*The Ball*, licensed in 1632, was printed five years after Chapman's death as the joint work of Chapman and Shirley. That the play as a whole belongs to Shirley<sup>1</sup> there cannot be the slightest doubt. It is, however, possible that one or two of the passages which the licenser forced Shirley to omit were filled up by Chapman, and Freshwater's account of his travels in v, i, in its vigorous prose and farcical jumble of absurdities is distinctly reminiscent of Chapman's style.

The foregoing survey of Chapman's comedies has, perhaps, made it possible to attempt an estimate of his gifts and limitations as a comic dramatist, and the relation in which he stood to his contemporary labourers in this field. Perhaps the most noticeable defect of Chapman is his want of constructive ability. On the whole more nearly allied to Jonson than to any other Elizabethan poet, not only by the circumstances of his life but by his scholarly acquirements and the general temper of his mind, he quite lacks Jonson's architectonic genius. With only one or two exceptions Chapman's plays are ill-planned and badly proportioned; and these exceptions, *All Fools*, *Eastward Ho*, and, perhaps, *May Day*, are all cases where, so far as plot and structure are concerned, Chapman was working upon models furnished him by an elder, or, in one case, by a contemporary dramatist. That this defect was inherent and not merely due to lack of acquaintance with the requirements of the stage

<sup>1</sup> See Fleay, *Chronicle of the English Drama*, vol. 2, pp. 238-239; Ward, *English Dramatic Literature*, vol. 3, p. 107; Koeppel, *Quellen und Forschungen*, Heft 82, sub *The Ball*.

is shown by the appearance of the grave faults that have been pointed out in such late work as *Monsieur D'Olive* and *The Widow's Tears*. That Chapman was not ignorant of stage effect is shown by numerous scenes of high comic force whose effectiveness could only be heightened by actual representation. But he seems from the beginning to have lacked the ability to plan and execute a play as a well-proportioned whole.

Chapman, it must further be confessed, is no great master of characterisation. He seems to have lacked almost entirely the range and depth of human sympathy which enabled men such as Dekker and Heywood, certainly his inferiors in intellectual ability, to create characters that still retain the breath of life with which these poets endowed them. Chapman is too often inclined to crowd his stage with puppet-like figures only slightly differentiated from each other and quite devoid of life. This fault is particularly noticeable in his earlier work. It is difficult for the reader, it must have been quite impossible for the spectator, to keep in mind the mob of gentlemen who crowd the boards in *An Humorous Day's Mirth* and *May Day*. And if in the latter case the fault was originally that of the Italian dramatist whose work Chapman is adapting, it is significant that the English poet has rather added to than diminished Piccolomini's swollen list of *dramatis personae*. Under the influence of his study of Latin comedy and guided, perhaps, by the example of Jonson, Chapman came in time to learn the value of restraint in this respect and the need of distinguishing between his figures. He is most generally successful, I think, when working

on stock types, such as those furnished by Latin comedy, as in *All Fools*, and in such "humorous" figures as the swaggering captain in *May Day*, the jealous husband in *All Fools*, or that "true map of a gull" who gives his name to *Monsieur D'Olive*. But he is not altogether unsuccessful in the sphere of romantic comedy; Clarence, the poet-lover, and his mistress, Eugenia, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, Vincentio and his friend Strozza in *The Gentleman Usher*, are distinctly conceived and attractively presented. Margaret, the heroine of the latter play, is one of the most delightful girls outside the plays of Shakespeare; and the audacity, ready wit, and quenchless good-humour of Tharsalio in *The Widow's Tears*, raise him distinctly above the stock figure of the impudent gentleman adventurer.

The general impression left by a repeated and consecutive reading of Chapman's comedies is one of lively and vigorous comic force. This is due, in the main, I believe, to the abundance of action that characterises these plays. With the possible exception of *Sir Giles Goosecap*, the action of Chapman's comedies calls rather for pruning than for reënforcement; and this is the more notable since his tragedies are as a rule very deficient in action. I take it that the theory of dramatic composition which checked Chapman's hand in the composition of his graver works was cast aside when he turned to comedy; and his early apprenticeship to Henslowe must have taught him that a lively bustling plot with plenty of amusing incident would cover a multitude of sins. Accordingly he was often careless of construction, wasted little time in psycho-

logical analysis of character, and as a rule seldom delayed the action to display his wit.

It is quite in keeping with this abundant action that Chapman's humour should be one of incident and situation rather than of character and dialogue. It ranges all the way from the clownery of such figures as Sir Giles and Poggio, through the broad farce of certain scenes in *The Blind Beggar*, or the intoxication of Corteza, to genuine specimens of high comedy in *All Fools* and *The Gentleman Usurer*. Chapman is, I think, specially a master of ludicrous situation. I know few scenes in any literature more essentially comic in the mere situation than those in which Valerio's mock repentance obtains his father's feigned forgiveness, or Bassiolo's gulled importunity wins from the assumed prudery of Margaret the favour of a letter to her lover. It is in scenes like these that Chapman's comic genius appears at its highest. We feel that he himself perceives the value of the situation, elaborates it, and wrests from it all of comic that it contains. And Chapman has the special merit in his comedy of keeping the audience always in touch with the action. He makes little or no use of the element of surprise, which is so prominent a feature of Fletcherian and later comedy. No matter how completely the characters in the action may be gulled, the reader always comprehends the cause and looks forward to the consequence, and so obtains a double gust from the situation.

A word should be said in passing of Chapman's style as a comic dramatist. Like most of the Elizabethans proper he is ambidextrous and uses prose or

verse as the occasion demands. In blank verse he was, as his first play shows, originally a student of Marlowe, but he soon worked out a style of his own. In tragedy this was elaborate, elevated, sententious, and at times turgid and obscure. In comedy on the other hand it is, to quote Swinburne's happy phrase, "limpid and luminous as running water," rising at times to heights of impassioned poetry, and sinking easily again to familiar and fluent dialogue. No poet before Fletcher, I believe, was able to impart to blank verse so easy and conversational a tone.

Chapman's prose, like that of most of his contemporaries, was strongly coloured by the influence of Lyly. This is particularly noticeable in the set speeches of *All Fools* and *Monsieur D'Olive*. Where Chapman escapes from this influence and is content to speak like a man of this world, his prose is racy and vigorous, simpler, I think, and more idiomatic than that of Jonson, more forcible and effective than that of any other of his contemporaries, with the one exception of Shakespeare.

## II

The main source of *All Fools*, as was pointed out by Langbaine, is the *Heautontimorumenos* of Terence. A second source of considerable importance in the characterisation and final solution of Chapman's play has recently been pointed out in the *Adelphi* of Terence.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> By Miss Woodbridge in *The Journal of Germanic Philology*, vol. 1, p. 338 ssq.; and independently and more fully in a paper



It is not without interest to note that in the very year that Chapman composed *All Fools* for Henslowe's company, Ben Jonson wrote *The Case is Altered*, like Chapman's play a contamination of two Latin comedies, in this case the *Captivi* and *Aulularia* of Plautus. Considering the close personal relations that existed between Chapman and Jonson at this time, one is almost forced to believe that the appearance of these plays represents a conscious attempt on the part of the two scholarly dramatists to domesticate Latin comedy upon the Elizabethan stage; and the fact that in both cases two Latin plays were combined to make a single English one goes to show that both dramatists considered the plot and incident of a Latin comedy too slight and scanty to hold the attention of an Elizabethan audience.

It is no injustice to the fame of Jonson to say that of these two attempts Chapman's is distinctly the superior. *The Case is Altered* adheres almost slavishly to its originals, and the two plots are rather placed in juxtaposition than blended into one harmonious whole. *All Fools*, on the other hand, seems to me almost a perfect model for work of this sort. Chapman has treated his originals with a free hand, and while retaining the main structure and numerous incidents and even at times translating almost directly from the Latin, he has cut away and added at discretion, and has wholly modernised the spirit of the play. I have pointed out in the *Notes* many particular instances read before the English Seminary, at Princeton, by C. W. Kennedy, in 1904.



where Chapman either adheres to or deviates from his originals. Certain changes which he has made in the *dramatis personae* and their effect upon the general tone of the play are, however, well worth noting. Bacchis, the courtesan of the *Heautontimorumenos*, has become Gratiana, the secret wife of the hero; Antiphila, the daughter of Chremes, who had been exposed as an infant and by mere accident restored to her parents, is represented by Bellanora, who has never left her father's house. In like fashion the intriguing slave, Syrus, has been transformed into a younger brother of the hero, a quick-witted, roguish "clerk of Padua." With these changes the whole atmosphere of the New Comedy, an atmosphere of courtesans, exposed infants, and rascally slaves, disappears, and the play becomes at once wholly modern. This transformation is aided also by the sub-plot of Cornelio's jealousy, apparently Chapman's own invention, and distinctly Elizabethan rather than classical in spirit.

Chapman's skill is further seen in his omission of the "self-torturing" motive of the play which he chose for the basis of his plot and his substitution for it of the strong contrast in character between the two fathers, which he found in the *Adelphi*. The whole intrigue of *All Fools* turns upon the harsh character of Gostanzo, who corresponds to Demea in the *Adelphi*, and upon his son's natural unwillingness to confess to him his secret marriage until he has made sure beforehand of forgiveness. It is not too much, indeed, to say that the characterisation and mutual relations of the *dramatis personae* of *All Fools* find their

source rather in the *Adelphi* than in the *Heautontimorumenos*.

In one respect, indeed, the *Adelphi* has influenced the structure of *All Fools* and, perhaps, not altogether to its advantage. Swinburne has noted as the one slight blemish of the English play "that the final scene of discovery . . . is somewhat hurriedly despatched, with too rapid a change of character and readjustment of relations." Inasmuch as Chapman had transformed the courtesan of the *Heautontimorumenos* into the secret wife of *All Fools*, it was of course impossible that the solution of the Latin play, in which Bacchis is dismissed and her lover consents to marry a neighbour's daughter, should be retained. For this solution Chapman has substituted that of the *Adelphi*, where the stern father suddenly becomes mild, consents to the marriage of his elder son with a poor girl, and allows the younger to retain his mistress. But while Terence has carefully motivated this change of front, Chapman introduces it suddenly and without warning. It is possible, indeed, to explain Gostanzo's transformation in the last scene on the hypothesis that he realises that his anger is fruitless and wisely resolves to make the best of what is after all not so bad a business. Yet even with this explanation the fact remains that Gostanzo's change of mind is rather dramatically admissible than psychologically true.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Another objection urged by Professor Koepfel (*Quellen und Forschungen*, 1897) to the construction of *All Fools* seems to me to lack real weight. I have dealt with this objection in a note on the passage (III, i, 83-84).

After all it is, of course, idle to look for depth of characterisation and psychological truth in a play like *All Fools*. The characters, borrowed directly from Latin comedy, are rather types than distinct and well-rounded individuals. We have here the familiar figures of the New Comedy, the stern father, the indulgent father, the riotous son, and the witty intriguer who sets the action going. It is, I think, greatly to Chapman's credit that, while adopting these threadbare types, he has contrived to make them so real and freshly entertaining. And he has, moreover, succeeded in throwing about these stock figures and this old-world intrigue a mingled atmosphere of Elizabethan realism and romance. Valerio's secret marriage and Fortunio's secret love give a romantic interest to *All Fools* which is quite lacking in its prototypes. And the repeated touches of realism, the adventure of Valerio with the bailiffs, his vanity in his courtly accomplishments, and the final scene in the Half Moon Tavern, with its accompaniment of dice, tobacco, a "noise" of music, and the pledging of healths, complete the transformation of the play of Terence into a modern comedy of intrigue and of manners.

*The Gentleman Usber* presents so remarkable a contrast to *All Fools* as to give us a striking impression of Chapman's range and versatility as a comic dramatist. The construction is far more loose and irregular, the characterisation more individual and human, the poetry more fervent and impassioned, and the prevailing interest is shifted from a series of amusing intrigues to a tender and romantic love-story. Chapman's women are as a

rule not particularly attractive figures ; the young wives of *All Fools* are little more than puppets ; the widows of his last comedy are, to put it mildly, no better than they should be. But the matron and the maid in *The Gentleman Usher* — Cynanche, the perfect helpmate, and Margaret, the merry, modest, and devoted sweetheart — are alone sufficient to redeem Chapman from the charge of having been consistently cynical in his attitude toward women.

No source has yet been discovered for the story of *The Gentleman Usher*. I have shown elsewhere that certain characters and incidents seem to have been taken over from Chapman's earlier play, *Sir Giles Goosecap*.<sup>1</sup> These, however, are wholly subordinate and do not affect the main story. I fancy that this may yet be discovered in some French or Italian novel. Chapman was by no means strong in invention, and I am inclined to believe him incapable of creating a story so simple, straightforward, and well-balanced as that of Vincentio and Margaret. On the other hand, if the story had already been dramatised, Chapman, who in *All Fools* and *May Day* had shown himself so capable an adapter, would hardly have floundered and stumbled through two whole acts before getting under way.

It is to this long delay in starting the action that I am inclined to attribute, in part at least, the strange neglect which has overtaken this most delightful of Chapman's comedies. It requires no little patience indeed to push resolutely through the first two acts,

<sup>1</sup> *The Authorship of Sir Giles Goosecappe, Modern Philology*, July, 1906.

which are at once notably deficient in the central interest and filled to overflowing with incidental matter, the clowneries of Pogio, the pedantries of Sarpego, and the disgusting farce of Corteza's drunkenness — to say nothing of the various masks and shows which, however diverting they may have been to a contemporary audience, have, in the lapse of time, become stale and flat. But the reader who has the courage to go on will reap a large reward. From the time the action is properly started at the beginning of Act III, it runs along swiftly and smoothly with sparkling interchange of comedy and romance. In the last act, indeed, it assumes a serious and almost tragic tone, which at the very close of the play, when the fortunes of the lovers have touched the nadir, is dissipated by the appearance of a wonder-working physician who heals their wounds and joins their hands. The cruel father is reconciled to the match, the intriguing enemy is exposed and banished, and the play ends as a romantic comedy should do with the sound of wedding-bells. No other of Chapman's comedies has, I think, so well worked out and satisfactory a conclusion. And this is in large measure because the solution, with its miraculous cure of Strozza, and its *deus ex machina* in the person of Benivemus, harmonises admirably with the romantic tone of the play. It speaks well for Chapman's judgement and discrimination as an artist that such a facile and, as it were, supernatural solution of a tangled plot, which appears nowhere else in his work, should have been admitted here where alone it is in keeping.



As is eminently fitting in a romantic comedy, the characterisation in *The Gentleman Usher* is at once more individual and more interesting than in *All Fools*. Chapman's grasp of character and firmness of touch is seen even in such minor parts as those of Poggio, Alphonso, Corteza, and Cynanche. The main interest centres, naturally, in the figures of the lovers, their constant friend, Strozza, and their gull and go-between, Bassiolo. Vincentio is slightly but surely drawn. Without any attempt at elaborate analysis Chapman has here given us a wholly satisfactory portrait of a romantic young lover, good-tempered, high-spirited, and devoted to his mistress. Strozza, too, is a distinctly human figure, far above the mere stock confident of comedy. Of Margaret's charm I have already spoken, but it is hard to pass over in silence the qualities that go to constitute that charm, the modesty with which she repels the advances of the Duke, the gaiety with which she befools Bassiolo, the heart-broken sorrow for the supposed loss of her lover, and the fine unselfishness with which she rejects her lover's offer to wed her after "her beauty's sacrifice." Above all, in the noble passage where she and the Prince exchange vows and bind themselves in a marriage ceremony of their own devising, the passionate purity of her mind banishes from the scene the faintest suspicion of a baser motive. One trembles to think how such a situation would have been treated by Fletcher. But the heroine of Chapman's play is more nearly akin to Juliet than to any female figure that Fletcher was ever able to conceive.



The character of Bassiolo also demands a word, the more so because Swinburne has passed him over in silence, and Professor Ward, as well as Professor Koepel, appears to regard him merely as an unsuccessful imitation of Malvolio. Such a judgement, I am bound to say, seems to me quite unsatisfactory. It is quite possible that the success of Malvolio upon the stage may have suggested to Chapman, writing a few years after the first performance of *Twelfth Night*, the notion of trying his hand upon the figure of a conceited gentleman usher. But the similarity between the two figures lies wholly upon the surface. Both occupy the same position in the world, and both are tricked into believing that their merits have won for them a favour which will advance them above this rank. Here, however, the likeness ends. At heart Malvolio is a bad-tempered peacock, Bassiolo a good-natured goose. There is not a trace in Chapman's figure of the soured Puritanism which leads Malvolio to interfere in the revels of Sir Toby and his friends, nor a shadow of that overweening self-love which makes Olivia's usher so easy a mark for the palpable trickery of Maria. On the contrary, it requires the strongest personal effort of the Prince himself, seconded by gifts and kind embraces, to persuade Bassiolo that his merits have indeed exalted him to be a great man's favourite. And if the action of this scene should seem impossible to us, we must remember that it would by no means appear so in an age which was only too familiar with base fellows exalted to be their sovereign's favourites. We have such an instance, in fact, in this play itself, and Bassiolo might well imag-

ine that his claims to be the Prince's favourite were as good as those of Medici to be Alphonso's minion. Malvolio is something too seriously conceived to be a purely comic character; he is sick of self-love; the device that is put upon him only stimulates the expression of his swollen self-conceit, and at the close of the play he breaks from the laughing throng of his tormentors with a bitter cry for revenge. Bassiolo, on the other hand, is by no means so confident of his good fortune. At the approach of danger he is more than ready to desert his friend, and expresses a well-founded belief that he has been gulled. His struggle between greed and vanity in the last scene of the fourth act, his reckless bravado in the fifth when he has once chosen his part, his outcry against the wicked Prince when he anticipates punishment, and his instant *volte-face* when he learns that Vincentio is reconciled to his father, are pure emanations of the comic spirit. Nor is it difficult to look beyond the close of the play and see Bassiolo installed as the efficient, officious, and wholly spoiled major-domo in the household of Vincentio and Margaret.

Finally, as *All Fools* looks back to the past, *The Gentleman Usber* is an anticipation of the future in comedy. It is in many ways a forerunner of later Jacobean comedy, particularly that of Fletcher. The atmosphere of the play is one of courtly romance. The plot, turning as it does upon a prince's love-affair, — troubled and for a time broken off by the passion of a monarch for his son's mistress, — is a common theme with Fletcher; and the way in which the comic relief is

blended with the romantic plot is to me distinctly more like the manner of Fletcher than like that of earlier writers. The construction, particularly in its fondness for reverses and surprise, — see especially Act v, — is rather romantic than classic and dimly anticipates the deft craftsmanship of Fletcher along these lines. The characters themselves, the prince and his mistress, the amorous monarch, the villainous favourite, the devoted wife, and the beldame, Corteza, would fit easily into the frame of more than one of Fletcher's comedies. The easy gaiety with which the character of Bassiolo is handled brings him nearer to the "humorous" figures of Fletcher than those of Jonson; and Strozza, in his loyalty to his friend, his scorn of the intriguing courtier, and his frank outspokenness, seems to me a clear prototype of the honest soldier so common in Fletcher's work. None of the peculiar metrical characteristics of Fletcher appear, so far as I can see, in *The Gentleman Usher*; but the ease and fluency with which Chapman employs blank verse in dialogue in such scenes as III, ii, and v, i, in this play, is, at the least, suggestive of Fletcher's careless and colloquial mastery of this form of verse.

The question of Chapman's relation to Fletcher has not yet, I believe, received its due attention. I have no wish to exaggerate the importance of this relation, or to make Fletcher a disciple of Chapman. But I am inclined to think that the later writer caught more than one hint from his predecessor, and to believe that a comparative study of their work would show that in certain plays, *Sir Giles Goosecap*, *Monsieur D'Olive*,

and especially *The Gentleman Usher*, Chapman was the first to strike into that field of romantic comedy which is now so peculiarly associated with the name of Fletcher.

## TEXT

*All Fooles* was first printed in quarto in 1605 for Thomas Thorpe. Mr. Sidney Lee informs me that the devices of this edition show the printer to have been the G. Eld who four years later set up Shakespeare's *Sonnets* for T. T. (the same Thomas Thorpe). There was but one early edition of *All Fooles*, for the variations in different copies of the Quarto of 1605 are no greater than one expects to find in Elizabethan books of the same edition. Thus in 1, i, 184, A and D read *unusering*; five other Qq, *unnurishing*. In 11, i, 9, most Qq read *Adsolve*; M, and a copy in the possession of T. J. Wise, *resolve*. In 11, i, 30, A, B, D read *veale*; M, *weale*. In 1, i, 3, the Garrick copy in the British Museum reads *straines*; A, D, M, and the King's copy in the British Museum, *steaines*. See also footnote, p. 81. For the significance of my lettering of the Quartos, see the third paragraph below. One point which might serve to distinguish various copies of this Quarto as belonging to an earlier or later state of the impression is the presence or absence of the parenthesis, ( ), before the last word of the *Epilogue*. See note *ad loc.* p. 139.

The first reprint of this comedy appeared in the *Select Collection of Old Plays* edited by Isaac Reed and published by Dodsley in 1780. It was next reprinted in Walter Scott's *Ancient British Drama*, 1810. J. P. Collier included it in his *Select Collection of Old Plays* (a new edition of Dodsley), printing the Dedication (see Appendix) for the first time and emending the text in various places. A professedly exact reprint appeared in *The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman*, published by Pearson, 1873, and edited, as the present editor is informed by Pearson & Co., by R. H. Shepherd. This retained the old spelling and punctuation, but is marred by several omissions, misprints, etc. Mr. Shepherd presented a modernised text in *The Works of George Chapman — Plays* (Chatto and Windus, 1874-75). The text of the Mermaid Edition (*George Chapman*, edited by W. L. Phelps, 1895) is based upon the reprint of 1873, with modernised spelling and punctuation.

The present edition is based upon the editor's transcript of a copy of the Quarto formerly belonging to Drummond of Hawthornden and now in the Library of Edinburgh University. This transcript has been collated with copies in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, the British Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the Bodleian Library. The result of this collation has been the discovery of numerous minor variations in spelling and punctuation and a few corrections made while the edition was in press. These are noted in the variants. The original spelling has been retained, though the capitalisation has been modernised, and the use of italics for proper names disregarded. The confusing punctuation of the original text has been revised throughout, but wherever the original seemed to indicate a different meaning from that adopted by the editor, it has been recorded in the variants.

A few obvious misprints of the Quarto I have corrected silently, as *custodie* for Qq cuffodie, in iv, 334. Other corrections are indicated by brackets, [ ], as are all additions to the original stage-directions. In the footnotes I have used the symbols, Qq, to note a consensus of the Quartos, A, a reading of the copy in the Advocates' Library, D, of the Drummond Quarto, B, of the two copies in the British Museum, M, of the Malone copy in the Bodleian. For modern editions Do stands for the Dodsley of 1780, Co for Collier's edition, P for the Pearson reprint, and S for Shepherd's modernised edition. Changes by the present editor are denoted by "Emend. ed."

In the Quartos the play is simply divided into acts. These have been subdivided into scenes. In designating speakers the whole name is given for the first speech in each scene, an abbreviation thereafter. These abbreviations have been normalised to avoid the confusion of the Quarto.



**All Fooles**

## SOURCES

Langbaine, *An Account of the English Dramatic Poets*, 1691, long ago pointed out that this comedy "seems to be built in part upon the same Fabrick with Terence's *Heautontimorumenos*." Professor Koeppel once more called attention to this fact in his *Quellen-Studien zu den Dramen George Chapmans, etc.* (*Quellen und Forschungen*, Heft 82, 1897). Professor Koeppel, however, did not note that Chapman had also made use of another play by Terence, the *Adelphi*. This was first pointed out by Miss Woodbridge in *The Journal of Germanic Philology*, vol. i, pp. 338, *seq.*, and later, but quite independently and more fully, in a paper read at Princeton University by C. W. Kennedy, English Fellow. Mr. Kennedy showed that *All Fools* is as regards the main plot a *contaminatio* of the *Heautontimorumenos* and the *Adelphi*. The many resemblances in characters, situation, and even speech between *All Fools* and the comedies of Terence on which it is founded are pointed out in the *Notes* to this edition of Chapman's play.

The sub-plot relating to the jealousy of Cornelio is thought by Professor Koeppel to have been suggested by the *Merry Wives of Windsor*; but the only resemblance between the two plays is in their common presentation of a jealous husband, a figure peculiar neither to Shakespeare nor Chapman. Stier (*Chapman's All Fools, etc.*, Halle, 1904) sees certain resemblances to Jonson's *Kitely*. From the dragging action of the under-plot the present editor is inclined to believe that this part of the play was Chapman's own invention.

# AL FOOLE2

A  
Comedy, Presented at the Black  
*Fryers, And lately before*  
his Maieftie.

Written by *George Chapman.*



AT LONDON,  
*Printed for Thomas Thorpe.*  
1 6 0 5.

*Cod*  
*Man A*  
*John G. G. G.*

## ACTORS

GOSTANZO { Knights.  
MAR[c]. ANTONIO }

VALERIO, sonne to Gostanzo.

FORTUNIO, elder sonne to Marc. Antonio.

RYNALDO, the younger.

DARIOTTO { Courtiers.  
CLAUDIO }

CORNELIO, a start-up Gentleman.

CURIO, a Page.

KYTE, a Scrivener.

FRAUNCES POCK, a Surgeon.

[A Drawer.]

GAZETTA, wife to Cor[nelio].

BELLONORA, daughter to Gostanzo.

GRATIANA, stolne wife to Valerio.

## PROLOGUS

*The fortune of a stage (like Fortunes selfe)  
Amazeth greatest judgements: and none knowes  
The hidden causes of those strange effects,  
That rise from this Hell, or fall from this Heaven.*

*Who can shew cause why your wits that, in ayme 5  
At higher objects, scorne to compose playes,  
(Though we are sure they could, would they vouch-  
safe it!)*

*Should (without meanes to make) judge better farre  
Then those that make; and yet yee see they can;  
For without your applause wretched is he 10  
That undertakes the stage, and he's more blest  
That with your glorious favours can contest.*

*Who can shew cause why th'ancient comick vaine  
Of Eupolis and Cratinus (now reviv'd,  
Subject to personall application) 15  
Should be exploded by some bitter splenes,  
Yet merely comicall and harmelesse jestes  
(Though nere so witty) be esteem'd but toyes,  
If voide of th'other satyrismes sauce?*

*Who can shew cause why quick Venerian jestes 20  
Should sometimes ravish, sometimes fall farre short  
Of the just length and pleasure of your eares  
When our pure dames thinke them much lesse obscene*

*Then those that winne your panegyrick splene?  
 But our poore doomes (alas) you know are nothing ; 25  
 To your inspired censure ever we  
 Must needs submit, and there's the mistery.*

*Great are the giftes given to united heades ;  
 To gifts, attyre, to faire attyre, the stage  
 Helps much, for if our other audience see 30  
 You on the stage depart before we end,  
 Our wits goe with you all, and we are fooles.  
 So Fortune governes in these stage events  
 That merit beares least sway in most contents.  
 Auriculas asini quis non habet ? 35  
 How we shall then appeare, we must referre  
 To magicke of your doomes, that never erre.*

27 *mistery*, all Qq except B. P. L., which reads, as does Co, *misery*.



# Al Fooles

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ACTUS PRIMI SCÆNA PRIMA.

[*A Street in Florence.*]

*Enter Rynaldo, Fortunio, Valerio.*

*Rynaldo.* Can one selfe cause, in subjects so  
alike

As you two are, produce effect so unlike ?  
One like the turtle, all in mournefull straines  
Wailing his fortunes, th'other like the larke,  
Mounting the sky, in shrill and cheerefull notes 5  
Chaunting his joyes aspir'd ; and both for love.  
In one, love rayseth by his violent heate  
Moyst vapours from the heart into the eyes,  
From whence they drowne his brest in dayly  
showers ;

In th'other, his divided power infuseth 10  
Onely a temperate and most kindly warmth,  
That gives life to those fruites of wit and vertue,  
Which the unkinde hand of an uncivile father  
Had almost nipt in the delightsome blossome.

3 *straines*. All Qq except that in Garrick Collection (B. M. —  
C. 13, c. 10), and B. P. L., steaines.

*Fortunio.* O, brother, love rewards our services 15  
With a most partiall and injurious hand,  
If you consider well our different fortunes.  
Valerio loves, and joyes the dame he loves ;  
I love, and never can enjoy the sight  
Of her I love, so farre from conquering 20  
In my desires assault, that I can come  
To lay no battry to the fort I seeke,  
All passages to it so strongly kept  
By straite guard of her father.

*Ryn.* I dare sweare,  
If just desert in love measur'd reward, 25  
Your fortune should exceed Valerios farre ;  
For I am witnes (being your bedfellow)  
Both to the dayly and the nightly service  
You doe unto the deity of love  
In vowes, sighes, teares, and solitary watches ; 30  
He never serves him with such sacrifice,  
Yet hath his bowe and shaftes at his commaund.  
Loves service is much like our humorous lords,  
Where minions carry more than servitors :  
The bolde and carelesse servant still obtaines ; 35  
The modest and respective nothing gaines.  
You never see your love unlesse in dreames,  
He, Hymen puts in whole possession.  
What differrent starres raig'n'd when your loves  
were borne,  
He forc't to weare the willow, you the horne ? 40

But, brother, are you not asham'd to make  
Your selfe a slave to the base Lord of love,  
Begot of Fancy and of Beauty borne?  
And what is Beauty? a meere quintessence,  
Whose life is not in being, but in seeming; 45  
And therefore is not to all eyes the same,  
But like a cousoning picture, which one way  
Shewes like a crowe, another like a swanne.

And upon what ground is this Beauty drawne?  
Upon a woman, a most brittle creature, 50  
And would to God (for my part) that were all.

*For.* But tell me, brother, did you never love?

*Ryn.* You know I did and was belov'd againe,  
And that of such a dame as all men deem'd  
Honour'd, and made me happy in her favours. 55  
Exceeding faire she was not; and yet faire  
In that she never studyed to be fayrer  
Then Nature made her; beauty cost her no-  
thing.

Her vertues were so rare, they would have made  
An Æthyop beautifull, at least so thought 60  
By such as stood aloofe, and did observe her  
With credulous eyes; but what they were indeed  
Ile spare to blaze, because I lov'd her once;  
Onely I found her such, as for her sake  
I vowe eternall warres against their whole sexe, 65  
Inconstant shuttle-cocks, loving fooles and  
jesters,

Men rich in durt and tytles, sooner woone  
 With the most vile then the most vertuous,  
 Found true to none; if one amongst whole hun-  
       dreds

Chance to be chaste, she is so proude withall, 70  
 Wayward and rude, that one of unchaste life  
 Is oftentimes approv'd a worthier wife:

Undressed, sluttish, nasty, to their husbands;  
 Spung'd up, adorn'd, and painted to their lovers;  
 All day in cesselesse uprore with their hous-  
       holdes, 75

If all the night their husbands have not pleas'd  
       them;

Like hounds most kinde, being beaten and  
       abus'd,

Like wolves most cruell, being kindlyest us'd.

*For.* Fye, thou prophan'st the deity of their  
       sexe.

*Ryn.* Brother, I read that Ægipt heretofore 80

Had temples of the riches[t] frame on earth,

Much like this goodly edifice of women;

With alablaster pillers were those temples

Uphele and beautified, and so are women;

Most curiously glaz'd, and so are women; 85

Cunningly painted too, and so are women;

In out-side wondrous heavenly, so are women;

But when a stranger view'd those phanes within,

In stead of gods and goddesses he should finde  
A painted fowle, a fury, or a serpent ; 90  
And such celestiall inner parts have women.

*Valerio.* Rynaldo, the poore foxe that lost his  
tayle

Perswaded others also to loose theirs :  
Thy selfe, for one, perhaps, that for desert  
Or some defect in thy attempts refus'd thee, 95  
Revil'st the whole sexe, beauty, love, and all.  
I tell thee Love is Natures second sonne,  
Causing a spring of vertues where he shines ;  
And as without the sunne, the worlds great eye,  
All colours, beauties, both of Arte and Nature, 100  
Are given in vaine to men, so without Love  
All beauties bred in women are in vaine,  
All vertues borne in men lye buried ;  
For Love informes them as the sunne doth  
colours,

And as the sunne, reflecting his warme beames 105  
Against the earth, begets all fruites and flowers,  
So Love, fayre shining in the inward man,  
Brings foorth in him the honourable fruites  
Of valour, wit, vertue, and haughty thoughts,  
Brave resolution, and divine discourse : 110  
O, tis the Paradice, the Heaven of earth.  
And didst thou know the comfort of two hearts  
In one delicious harmony united,  
As to joy one joy, and thinke both one thought,

Live both one life, and therein double life, 115  
To see their soules met at an enter-view  
In their bright eyes, at parle in their lippes,  
Their language kisses, and t'observe the rest,  
Touches, embraces, and each circumstance  
Of all Loves most unmatched ceremonies, 120  
Thou wouldst abhorre thy tongue for blasphemy.  
O who can comprehend how sweet Love tastes,  
But he that hath been present at his feastes?

*Ryn.* Are you in that vaine too, Valerio?  
Twere fitter you should be about your charge, 125  
How plow and cart goes forward; I have knowne  
Your joyes were all imployde in husbandry,  
Your study was how many loades of hay  
A meadow of so many acres yeelded,  
How many oxen such a close would fat. 130  
And is your rurall service now converted  
From Pan to Cupid, and from beastes to wo-  
men?

O, if your father knew this, what a lecture  
Of bitter castigation he would read you!

*Val.* My father? why, my father? does he  
thinke 135

To rob me of my selfe? I hope I know  
I am a gentleman, though his covetous humour  
And education hath transformed me bayly,  
And made me overseer of his pastures;  
Ile be my selfe in spite of husbandry. 140



*Enter Gratiana.*

And see, bright heaven, here comes my husbandry, *Amplecti-*

Here shall my cattle graze, here nectar *tur eam.*  
drinke,

Here will I hedge and ditch, here hide my treasure.

O poore Fortunio, how wouldst thou triumph,  
If thou enjoy'dst this happines with my sister ! 145

*For.* I were in heaven if once twere come  
to that.

*Ryn.* And me thinkes tis my heaven that I  
am past it.

And should the wretched Machevilian,  
The covetous knight, your father, see this sight,  
Lusty Valerio ?

*Val.* Sfoote, sir, if he should, 150  
He shall perceive ere long my skill extends  
To something more then sweaty husbandry.

*Ryn.* Ile beare thee witnes, thou canst skill  
of dice,  
Cards, tennis, wenching, dauncing, and what not !  
And this is something more then husbandry ; 155  
Th'arte knowne in ordinaries and tabacco  
shops,

Trusted in tavernes and in vaulting houses,  
And this is something more than husbandry ;  
Yet all this while thy father apprehends thee  
For the most tame and thriftie groome in Europe. 160

*For.* Well, he hath venter'd on a mariage  
Would quite undoe him, did his father know it.

*Ryn.* Know it? alas, sir, where can he be-  
stow

This poore gentlewoman he hath made his wife,  
But his inquisitive father will heare of it, 165  
Who like the dragon to th'esperean fruite,  
Is to his haunts? Slight, hence! the olde knight  
comes.

*Gostanzo.* Rynaldo? *Intrat Gostanzo.*

*Ryn.* Whose that calles? What, Sir

*Gostanzo?* *Omnes aufugiunt.*

How fares your knighthood, sir?

*Gost.* Say, who was that  
Shrunke at my entry here? Was't not your  
brother? 170

*Ryn.* He shrunke not, sir; his busines call'd  
him hence.

*Gost.* And was it not my sonne that went out  
with him?

*Ryn.* I saw not him; I was in serious speech  
About a secret busines with my brother.

*Gost.* Sure twas my sonne; what made he  
here? I sent him 175  
About affaires to be dispacht in hast.

*Ryn.* Well, sir, lest silence breed unjust sus-  
pect,

166 *th'esperean.* So Qq; Co, th' Hesperean.

Ile tell a secret I am sworne to keep,  
And crave your honoured assistance in it.

*Gost.* What ist, Rynaldo ?

*Ryn.* This, sir ; twas your sonne. 180

*Gost.* And what yong gentlewoman grac'st  
their company ?

*Ryn.* Thereon depends the secret I must utter :  
That gentlewoman hath my brother maryed.

*Gost.* Maryed ? What is she ?

*Ryn.* Faith, sir, a gentlewoman :  
But her unnurishing dowry must be tolde 185  
Out of her beauty.

*Gost.* Is it true, Rynaldo ?  
And does your father understand so much ?

*Ryn.* That was the motion, sir, I was en-  
treating

Your sonne to make to him, because I know  
He is well spoken, and may much prevaile 190  
In satisfying my father, who much loves him  
Both for his wisdom and his husbandry.

*Gost.* Indeede, he's one can tell his tale, I tell  
you ;  
And for his husbandry —

*Ryn.* O sir, had you heard  
What thrifty discipline he gave my brother 195  
For making choyce without my father's know-  
ledge

And without riches, you would have admyr'd  
him.

*Gost.* Nay, nay, I know him well ; but what  
was it ?

*Ryn.* That in the choyce of wives men must  
respect

The chiefe wife, riches ; that in every course 200  
A man's chiefe load-starre should shine out of  
riches ;

Love nothing hartely in this world but riches ;  
Cast off all friends, all studies, all delights,  
All honesty, and religion for riches :  
And many such, which wisdomes sure he learn'd 205  
Of his experient father ; yet my brother  
So soothes his rash affection, and presumes  
So highly on my fathers gentle nature,  
That he's resolv'd to bring her home to him,  
And like enough he will.

*Gost.* And like enough 210  
Your silly father, too, will put it up ;  
An honest knight, but much too much indulgent  
To his presuming children.

*Ryn.* What a difference  
Doth interpose it selfe twixt him and you !  
Had your sonne us'd you thus !

*Gost.* My sonne ? alas ! 215  
I hope to bring him up in other fashion,  
Followes my husbandry, sets early foote

Into the world ; he comes not at the citty,  
Nor knowes the citty artes —

*Ryn.* But dice and wenching.  
*Aversus.*

*Gost.* Acquaints himselfe with no delight but  
getting,

220

A perfect patterne of sobriety,  
Temperance, and husbandry to all my houshold.  
And what's his company, I pray ? not wenches.

*Ryn.* Wenches ? I durst be sworne he never  
smelt

A wenches breath yet, but me thinkes twere fit 225  
You sought him out a wife.

*Gost.* A wife, Rynaldo ?  
He dares not lookee a woman in the face.

*Ryn.* Sfoote, holde him to one ; your sonne  
such a sheep ?

*Gost.* Tis strange in earnest.

*Ryn.* Well, sir, though for my thriftlesse  
brothers sake

230

I little care how my wrong'd father takes it,  
Yet for my fathers quiet, if your selfe  
Would joyne hands with your wi[s]e and to-  
ward sonne,

I should deserve it some way.

224-226 *Wenches . . . wife.* This speech is printed as 2 ll. in  
Qq: *Wenches . . . breath. Yet . . . wife.*

224 *be sworne.* So A and D. B1, B2, M, *besworne.*

233 *wise.* Emend. S. Qq, wife.

*Gost.* Good Rynaldo,  
I love you and your father, but this matter 235  
Is not for me to deale in, and tis needlesse ;  
You say your brother is resolv'd, presuming  
Your father will allow it.

*Enter Marcantonio.*

*Ryn.* See, my father!  
Since you are resolute not to move him, sir,  
In any case conceale the secret by way 240  
*Abscondit se.*

Of an attonement, let me pray you will.

*Gost.* Upon mine honour.

*Ryn.* Thankes, sir.

*Marc. Antonio.* God save thee, honourable  
Knight Gostanzo.

*Gost.* Friend Marc Antonio, welcome! and  
I thinke

I have good newes to welcome you withall. 245

*Ryn.* [*aside*]. He cannot holde.

*Marc.* What newes, I pray you, sir?

*Gost.* You have a forward, valiant, eldest  
sonne,

But wherein is his forwardnes and valour?

*Marc.* I know not wherein you intend him  
so.

*Gost.* Forward before, valiant behinde, his  
duety, 250

238-241 See . . . will. Qq print these four lines as three :  
See . . . sir, In . . . secret ; By . . . will.



That he hath dar'd before your due consent  
To take a wife.

*Marc.* A wife, sir? what is she?

*Gost.* One that is rich enough: her hayre  
pure amber,

Her forehead mother of pearle, her faire eyes  
Two wealthy diamants, her lips mines of rubies,<sup>255</sup>  
Her teeth are orient pearle, her necke pure ivory.

*Marc.* Jest not, good sir, in an affayre so  
serious;

I love my sonne, and if his youth reward me  
With his contempt of my consent in mariage,  
Tis to be fear'd that his presumption buildes not<sup>260</sup>  
Of his good choyce, that will beare out it selfe,  
And being bad, the newes is worse then bad.

*Gost.* What call you bad? is it bad to be  
poore?

*Marc.* The world accounts it so; but if my  
sonne

Have in her birth and vertues held his choice<sup>265</sup>  
Without disparagement, the fault is lesse.

*Gost.* Sits the winde there? Blowes there so  
calme a gale

From a contemned and deserved anger?  
Are you so easie to be disobay'd?

*Marc.* What should I doe? If my enamour'd  
sonne

270

Have been so forward, I assure my selfe  
He did it more to satisfie his love  
Then to incense my hate, or to neglect me.

*Gost.* A passing kinde construction; suffer  
this,

You ope him doores to any villany; 275  
He'le dare to sell, to pawne, runne ever ryot,  
Despise your love in all, and laugh at you.  
And that knights competency you have gotten  
With care and labour, he with lust and idlenesse  
Will bring into the stypend of a begger, 280  
All to maintaine a wanton whirly-gig,  
Worth nothing more then she brings on her back,  
Yet all your wealth too little for that back.  
By heaven, I pittie your declining state,  
For, be assur'd, your sonne hath set his foote 285  
In the right path-way to consumption:  
Up to the heart in love; and for that love  
Nothing can be too deare his love desires:  
And how insatiate and unlymited  
Is the ambition and the beggerly pride 290  
Of a dame hoysed from a beggers state  
To a state competent and plentifull,  
You can not be so simple not to know.

*Marc.* I must confesse the mischiefe; but, alas,  
Where is in me the power of remedy? 295

*Gost.* Where? In your just displeasure! Cast  
him off,

Receive him not, let him endure the use  
Of their enforced kindnesse that must trust him  
For meate and money, for apparrell, house,  
And every thing belongs to that estate, 300  
Which he must learne with want of misery,  
Since pleasure and a full estate hath blinded  
His dissolute desires.

*Marc.* What should I doe?  
If I should banish him my house and sight,  
What desperate resolution might it breed 305  
To runne into the warres, and there to live  
In want of competencie, and perhaps  
Taste th' unrecoverable losse of his chiefe limbes,  
Which while he hath in peace, at home with me,  
May with his spirit ransome his estate 310  
From any losse his mariage can procure?

*Gost.* Ist true? Ne, let him runne into the warre,  
And lose what limbes he can; better one branch  
Be lopt away then all the whole tree should  
perish;  
And for his wants, better young want then olde. 315  
You have a younger sonne at Padoa,  
I like his learning well, make him your heire,  
And let your other walke; let him buy wit  
Att's owne charge, not at's fathers; if you loose  
him,  
You loose no more then that was lost before; 320  
If you recover him, you finde a sonne.

*Marc.* I cannot part with him.

*Gost.* If it be so,  
 And that your love to him be so extreame,  
 In needfull daungers ever chuse the least ;  
 If he should be in minde to passe the seas, 325  
 Your sonne Rynaldo (who tolde me all this)  
 Will tell me that, and so we shall prevent it ;  
 If by no sterne course you will venture that,  
 Let him come home to me with his faire wife ;  
 And if you chaunce to see him, shake him up, 330  
 As if your wrath were hard to be reflected,  
 That he may feare hereafter to offend  
 In other dissolute courses. At my house  
 With my advice and my sonnes good example,  
 Who shall serve as a glasse for him to see 335  
 His faults and mend them to his president,  
 I make no doubt but of a dissolut sonne  
 And disobedient to send him home  
 Both dutifull and thriftie.

*Marc.* O Gostanzo !  
 Could you do this, you should preserve your selfe 340  
 A perfect friend of mee, and mee a sonne.

*Gost.* Remember you your part, and feare not  
 mine ;  
 Rate him, revile him, and renounce him too.  
 Speake, can you doo't, man ?

*Marc.* Ile do all I can.

*Exit Mar* [*c. Antonio*].

*Gost.* Ahlas, good man, how Nature over-345  
wayes him !

*Rynaldo comes foorth.*

*Ryn.* God save you, sir.

*Gost.* Rynaldo, all the newes  
You told mee as a secret, I perceive  
Is passing common ; for your father knowes it ;  
The first thing he related was the marriage.

*Ryn.* And was extreemly moov'd ?

*Gost.* Beyond all measure ; 350  
But I did all I could to quench his furie,  
Told him how easie t'was for a young man  
To runne that amorous course, and though his  
choyce  
Were nothing rich, yet shee was gentlie borne,  
Well quallified and beautifull ; but hee still 355  
Was quite relentles, and would needes renounce  
him.

*Ryn.* My brother knowes it well, and is resolv'd  
To trayle a pyke in field rather then bide  
The more feard push of my vext fathers furie.

*Gost.* Indeed that's one way ; but are no  
more meanes 360  
Left to his fine wits then t'incence his father  
With a more violent rage, and to redeeme  
A great offence with greater ?

*Ryn.* So I told him ;  
But to a desperat minde all breath is lost.

*Gost.* Go to, let him be wise and use his  
 friendes,

365

Amongst whom Ile be formost to his father.

Without this desperate errour he intends

Joynd to the other Ile not doubt to make him

Easie returne into his fathers favour,

So he submit himselfe, as duetie bindes him; 370

For fathers will be knowne to be them selves,

And often when their angers are not deepe

Will paint an outward rage upon their lookes.

*Ryn.* All this I told him, sir; but what sayes  
 hee?

"I know my father will not be reclaymde; 375

Heele thinke that if he wincke at this offence,

T'will open doores to any villanie;

Ile dare to sell, to pawne, and run all ryot,

To laugh at all his patience, and consume

All he hath purchast to an honord purpose 380

In maintenance of a wanton whirligigg

Worth nothing more then she weares on her  
 backe."

*Gost.* [*aside*]. The very words I usd t'in-  
 cense his father. —

But, good Rinoldo, let him be advise.

How would his father grieve, should he be maynd 385

Or quite miscarie in the ruthles warre?

*Ryn.* I told him so; but better farr (sayd hee)

381 *wanton.* Emend. Do; Qq, wenton.



One branch should utterly be lopt away  
Then the whole tree of all his race should perish;  
And for his wants better yong want, then eld. 390

*Gost.* [*aside*]. By heaven the same words still  
I usde t' his father.

Why comes this about? — Well, good Rinaldo,  
If hee dare not indure his fathers lookes,  
Let him and his faire wife come home to me  
Till I have quallified his fathers passion. 395  
He shall be kindly welcome and be sure  
Of all the intercession I can use.

*Ryn.* I thanke you, sir; Ile try what I can doe,  
Although I feare me I shall strive in vaine.

*Gost.* Well, try him, try him. *Exit* [*Gostanzo*].

*Ryn.* Thanks, sir, so I will. 400

See this olde, politique, dissembling knight,  
Now he perceives my father so affectionate,  
And that my brother may hereafter live  
By him and his with equall use of either,  
He will put on a face of hollowe friendship. 405  
But this will proove an excellent ground to sowe  
The seede of mirth amongst us; Ile go seeke  
Valerio and my brother, and tell them  
Such newes of their affaires as they 'le admire.  
*Exit* [*Rynaldo*].

## [SCÆNA SECUNDA.]

*Before the House of Cornelio.]*

*Enter Gazettea, Bellonora, Gratiana.*

*Gazetta.* How happie are your fortunes above mine !

Both still being woode and courted ; still so feeding

On the delightes of love that still you finde  
An appetite to more ; where I am cloyde,  
And being bound to love sportes, care not for them. 5

*Bellonora.* That is your fault, *Gazetta* ; we have loves

And wish continuall company with them  
In honour'd marriage rites, which you enjoy.

But seld or never can we get a looke  
Of those we love. *Fortunio*, my deare choyce, 10  
Dare not be knowne to love me, nor come neere  
My fathers house, where I as in a prison  
Consume my lost dayes and the tedious nights,  
My father guarding me for one I hate.

And *Gratiana* here, my brothers love, 15  
Joyes him by so much stelth that vehement feare  
Drinckes up the sweetnesse of their stolne delightes :

Where you enjoye a husband and may freely  
Performe all obsequies you desire to love.

Gaz. Indeede I have a husband, and his love 20  
Is more then I desire, being vainely jelouse.  
Extreames, though contrarie, have the like ef-  
fects :

Extreame heate mortifies like extreame colde ;  
Extreame love breedes sa[t]ietie as well  
As extreame hatred, and too violent rigour 25  
Tempts chastetie as much as too much licence.  
There's no mans eye fixt on mee but doth  
pierce

My husbandes soule. If any aske my wel-fare,  
He straight doubts treason practis'd to his bed,  
Fancies but to himselfe all likelihoods 30  
Of my wrong to him, and layes all on mee  
For certaine trueths ; yet seekes he with his  
best

To put disguise on all his jelosie,  
Fearing, perhaps, least it may teach me that  
Which otherwise I should not dreame upon. 35  
Yet lives he still abroad at great expence,  
Turns merely gallant from his farmers state,  
Uses all games and recreations,  
Runnes races with the gallants of the court,  
Feastes them at home, and entertaines them  
costly, 40

And then upbraydes mee with their companie.

23 *Extreame heate.* Emend. Do ; Qq, Extreames heate.

24 *satiety.* Emend. Do ; Qq, sacietie.

*Enter Cornelio.*

See, see, wee shal be troubl'd with him now.

*Cornelio.* Now ladyes, what plots have we  
now in hand?

They say when onely one dame is alone,  
Shee plots some mischiefe; but if three together, 45  
They plot three hundred. Wife, the ayre is sharpe,  
Y'ad best to take the house least you take cold.

*Gaz.* Ahlas! this time of yeere yeeldes no such  
danger.

*Cor.* Goe in, I say; a friend of yours at-  
tends you.

*Gaz.* Hee is of your bringing, and may stay. 50

*Cor.* Nay, stand not chopping logicke; in, I  
pray.

*Gaz.* Ye see, gentlewomen, what my hap-  
pines is;

These humors raigne in mariage; humors, hu-  
mors.

*Exit [Gazetta], be*

*Gratiana.* Now by my sooth, I am followeth.  
no fortune teller,

And would be loth to proove so, yet pronounce 55  
This at adventure that t'were indecorum

This heffer should want hornes,

*Bell.*

Fie on this love!

I rather wish to want then purchase so.

42 See, see, wee. Emend S. All Qq but M, wee wee. shal be.  
Qq, shalbe.

*Gra.* In deede such love is like a smokie fire  
 In a cold morning ; though the fire be cheerefull, 60  
 Yet is the smoke so sowre and combersome,  
 T'were better lose the fire then finde the smoke.  
 Such an attendant then as smoke to fire  
 Is jelosie to love ; better want both  
 Then have both.

*Enter Valerio and Fortunio.*

*Valerio.* Come, Fortunio, now take hold 65  
 On this occasion, as my selfe on this :  
 One couple more would make a barly-breake.

[*Gra.*] I feare, Valerio, we shall breake too  
 soone ;  
 Your fathers [jealous espial] will displease us.

*Val.* Well, wench, the daye will come his  
 Argus eyes 70  
 Will shut, and thou shalt open. Sfoote, I thinke  
 Dame Natures memorie begins to fayle her :  
 If I write but my name in mercers bookes,  
 I am as sure to have at sixe months end  
 A rascole at my elbow with his mace 75  
 As I am sure my fathers not farre hence ;  
 My father yet hath ought Dame Nature debt  
 These threescore yeeres and ten, yet cals not on  
 him ;

68 *Gra.* Emend. ed. Qq, *For.* See *Notes*, p. 124.

69 *jealous espial.* Emend. ed. Qq, *Ielosie Spy-all.* S, *jealous spy-all.* See *Notes*, p. 121.

69 *displease.* Dr. Bradley suggests 'disperse.'

But if shee turne her debt-booke over once,  
 And finding him her debtor, do but send 80  
 Her Sergeant, John Death, to arrest his body,  
 Our soules shall rest, wench, then, and the free  
 light

Shall triumph in our faces, where now night,  
 In imitation of my fathers frownes,  
 Lowres at our meeting.

*Enter Rinald[o].*

See where the scholler comes. 85

*Rynaldo.* Downe on your knees, poore lovers,  
 reverence learning.

*Fortunio.* I pray thee, why, Rinaldo?

*Ryn.* Marke what cause  
 Flowes from my depth of knowledge to your  
 loves,  
 To make you kneele and blesse me while you  
 live.

*Val.* I pray thee, good scholard, give us cause. 90

*Ryn.* Marke then, erect your eares: you know  
 what horror  
 Would flye on your love from your fathers  
 frownes,  
 If he should know it. And your sister here,  
 (My brothers sweete hart) knowes as well what  
 rage

90 *scholard.* Emend. ed. Qq, Scholards.

94 *as well.* Qq, aswell.



Would sease his powers for her, if he should  
knowe

95

My brother woo'd her, or that she lov'd him.  
Is not this true? Speake all.

*Omnes.*

All this is true.

*Ryn.* It is as true that now you meete by  
stelth

In depth of midnight, kissing out at grates,  
Clime over walles. And all this Ile reforme. 100

*Val.* By logicke?

*Ryn.* Well, sir, you shall have all meanes  
To live in one house, eate and drinke together,  
Meete and kisse your fils.

*Val.* All this by learning?

*Ryn.* I, and your frowning father know all  
this.

*Val.* I, marry, small learning may prove that. 105

*Ryn.* Nay, he shall know it, and desire it too,  
Welcome my brother to him and your wife,  
Entreating both to come and dwell with him.  
Is not this strange?

*For.* I, too strange to be true.

*Ryn.* Tis in this head shall worke it; there-  
fore, heare: 110

Brother, this lady you must call your wife,  
For I have tolde her sweet harts father here  
That she is your wife; and because my father  
(Who now beleeves it) must be quieted

Before you see him, you must live a while 115  
As husband to her in his fathers house.

Valerio, here 's a simple meane for you  
To lye at racke and manger with your wedlocke;  
And, brother, for your selfe to meete as freely  
With this your long desir'd and barred love. 120

*For.* You make us wonder.

*Ryn.* Peace, be ruld by mee,  
And you shall see to what a perfect shape  
Ile bring this rude plott, which blind Chaunce  
(the ape  
Of counsaile and advice) hath brought foorth  
blind.

Valerio, can your heat of love forbear 125  
Before your father, and allow my brother  
To use some kindnes to your wife before him?

*Val.* I, before him I do not greatlie care,  
Nor anie where in deed; my sister heere  
Shall be my spie; if shee will wrong her selfe, 130  
And give her right to my wife, I am pleasd.

*For.* My dearest life, I know, will never feare  
Anie such will or thought in all my powers.  
When I court her then, thinke I thinke tis thee,  
When I embrace her, hold thee in mine armes. 135  
Come, let us practise gainst wee see your father;

*Val.* Soft, sir, I hope you need not do it yet.  
Let mee take this time.

*Ryn.* Come, you must not touch her.

*Val.* No, not before my father !

*Ryn.*

No, nor now,

Because you are so soone to practise it, 140

For I must bring them to him presentlie.

Take her, Fortunio ; goe hence man and wife,

Wee will attend you rarely with fixt faces.

Valerio, keep your countenance and con[ferme]

Your father in your forged sheepishnes, 145

Who thinks thou dar'st not looke upon a wench,

Nor knowest at which end to begin to kisse her.

*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Primi.*

139 *father* ! Emend. ed. Qq, Father ?

144 *conferme* Emend. ed. Qq, conseave. P. A. Daniel suggests 'conserve.' See *Notes*, p. 122.

*Primi.* Qq, Prima.

ACTUS SECUNDI SCÆNA PRIMA.

[*A Street in Florence, before the House of Gostanzo.*]

*Gostanzo, Marcantonio.*

*Gostanzo.* It is your owne too simple lenitie  
And doting indulgence showne to him still  
That thus hath taught your sonne to be no sonne;  
As you have us'd him, therefore, so you have  
him.

Durst my sonne thus turne rebell to his dutie, 5  
Steale up a match unshuting his estate  
Without all knowledge of or friend or father,  
And, to make that good with a worse offence,  
Resolve to run beyond sea to the warres?  
Durst my sonne serve me thus? Well, I have  
stayd him, 10

Though much against my disposition,  
And this howre I have set for his repayre  
With his young mistresse and concealed wife,  
And in my house here they shall sojourne both  
Till your blacke angers storme be over-blowne. 15

*Marc. Antonio.* My angers storme? Ah, poore  
Fortunio,

One gentle word from thee would soone resolve  
The storme of my rage to a showre of teares.

9 *Resolve.* Most Qq, Adsolve. M and a copy belonging to T J.  
Wise correct.

*Gost.* In that vaine still? Well, Marcantonio,  
 Our olde acquaintance and long neighbourhood 20  
 Ties my affection to you and the good  
 Of your whole house; in kinde regard whereof  
 I have advise you for your credite sake,  
 And for the tender welfare of your sonne,  
 To frowne on him a little; if you do not, 25  
 But at first parle take him to your favour,  
 I protest utterly to renownce all care  
 Of you and yours and all your amities.

They say hee's wretched that out of himselfe  
 Cannot draw counsell to his proper weale, 30  
 But hee's thrice wretched that has neither coun-  
 sell

Within himselfe, nor apprehension  
 Of counsaile for his owne good from another.

*Marc.* Well, I will arme my selfe against this  
 weaknes

The best I can; I long to see this Hellene 35  
 That hath enchaunted my young Paris thus,  
 And 's like to set all our poore Troye on fire.

*Enter Valerio with a Page.*

*Gost.* Here comes my sonne; withdraw, take  
 up your stand;  
 You shall heare odds betwixt your sonne and mine.

*Marc.* [*Antonio*] *retyres himselfe.*

30 *weale.* So M. Most Qq, veale.

37 *Troye.* Emend. Do. Qq, Trope.

*Marc.* [*Antonio*], *etc.* In Qq this direction stands after l. 37.

*Valerio.* Tell him I can not doo't ; shall I be  
made

40

A foolish novice, my purse set a broch  
By everie cheating come you seaven, to lend  
My money and be laught at ? Tell him plaine  
I professe husbandrie, and will not play  
The prodigall like him gainst my profession.

45

*Gost.* [*aside to Marc.*]. Here's a sonne.

*Marc.* [*aside to Gost.*]. An admirable  
sparke !

*Page.* Well, sir, Ile tell him so. *Exit Page.*

*Val.* Sfoote, let him lead

A better husbands life and live not idly,  
Spending his time, his coyne, and selfe on  
wenches.

*Gost.* Why, what 's the matter, sonne ?

50

*Val.* Cry mercie, sir ; why, there comes mes-  
sengers

From this and that brave gallant, and such gal-  
lants

As I protest I saw but through a grate.

*Gost.* And what 's this message ?

*Val.* Faith, sir, hee's disappointed

Of payments, and disfurnisht of meanes present ;

55

If I would do him the kind office therefore  
To trust him but some seven-night with the  
keeping

Of fourtie crownes for mee, hee deeply sweares,



As hee's a gentleman, to discharge his trust ;  
And that I shall eternally endeare him 60  
To my wisht service he protestes and contestes.

*Gost.* Good words, Valerio ; but thou art too  
wise

To be deceiv'd by breath ; Ile turne thee loose  
To the most cunning cheater of them all.

*Val.* Sfoote, hee's not ashamde besides to  
charge mee 65

With a late promise ; I must yeeld, in deed,  
I did (to shift him with some contentment)  
Make such a frivall promise.

*Gost.* I, well done ;

Promises are no fetters ; with that tongue  
Thy promise past, unpromise it againe. 70

Wherefore has man a tongue, of powre to speake,  
But to speake still to his owne private purpose ?  
Beastes utter but one sound ; but men have  
change

Of speach and reason, even by Nature given  
them,

Now to say one thing and an other now, 75  
As best may serve their profitable endes.

*Marc.* [*aside*]. Ber-ladie, sound instructions  
to a sonne !

*Val.* Nay, sir, he makes his claime by debt of  
friendship.

*Gost.* Tush, friendship's but a terme, boy ;  
the fond world

Like to a doting mother glases over 80  
 Her childrens imperfections with fine tearmes;  
 What she calls frindship and true humane  
 kindnes

Is onely want of true experience :  
 Honestie is but a defect of witt,  
 Respect but meere rusticitie and clownerie. 85

*Marc. [aside].* Better and better ! Soft, here  
 comes my sonne.

*Enter Fortunio, Rinaldo, and Gratiana.*

*Rynaldo [aside].* Fortunio, keepe your coun-  
 tenance. See, sir, here

The poore young married couple, which you  
 pleasd

To send for to your house.

*Gost.*

Fortunio, welcome,

And in that welcome I imploy your wives, 90  
 Who I am sure you count your second selfe.

*He kisses her.*

*Fortunio.* Sir, your right noble favours do ex-  
 ceede

All powre of worthy gratitude by words,  
 That in your care supplie my fathers place.

*Gost.* Fortunio, I cannot chuse but love you, 95  
 Being sonne to him who long time I have lov'd ;  
 From whose just anger my house shall protect you  
 Till I have made a calme way to your meetings.

86 *Better . . . sonne.* Q prints as two lines : *Better . . . better.*  
*Soft . . . sonne.*

*For.* I little thought, sir, that my fathers love  
Would take so ill so sleight a fault as this. 100

*Gost.* Call you it sleight? Nay, though his  
spirit take it

In higher manner then for your lov'd sake  
I would have wisht him, yet I make a doubt,  
Had my sonne done the like, if my affection  
Would not have turnd to more spleene then  
your fathers; 105

And yet I quallifie him all I can,  
And doubt not but that time and my perswasion  
Will worke out your excuse, since youth and  
love

Were th'unresisted orgaines to seduce you;  
But you must give him leave, for fathers must 110  
Be wonne by penitence and submission,  
And not by force or opposition.

*For.* Ahlas, sir, what advise you mee to doe?  
I know my father to be highly moov'd,  
And am not able to endure the breath 115  
Of his exprest displeasure, whose hote flames  
I thinke my absence soonest would have quencht.

*Gost.* True, sir, as fire with oyle, or else like  
them

That quench the fire with pulling downe the  
house.

You shall remaine here in my house conceal'd 120

Till I have wonne your father to conceive  
Kinder opinion of your oversight.

Valerio, entertaine Fortunio

And his faire wife, and give them conduct in.

*Val.* Y' are welcome, sir.

*Gost.* What, sirha, is that all? 125  
No entertainment to the gentlewoman?

*Val.* Forsooth, y' are welcome by my fathers  
leave.

*Gost.* What, no more complement? Kisse  
her, you sheepes-head,  
Why, when? Go, go, sir, call your sister hither.

*Exit Val[erio].*

Ladie, youle pardon our grosse bringing up? 130  
Wee dwell farre off from court you may perceive:  
The sight of such a blazing starre as you  
Dazles my rude sonnes witts.

*Gratiana.* Not so, good sir,  
The better husband the more courtlier ever.

*Ryn.* In deed a courtier makes his lipps go  
farre, 135  
As he doth all things else.

*Enter Velerio, [and] Bell[onora].*

*Gost.* Daughter, recive  
This gentlewoman home, and use her kindly.  
*She kisses her.*

128 *What . . . sheepes-head.* Qq as two ll. : *What . . . complement? Kisse . . . sheepes-head.*

*Bellonora.* My father bids you kindly welcome,  
lady,

And therefore you must needs come well to mee.

*Gra.* Thanke you, for-soth.

*Gost.* Goe, dame, conduct-am in. 140

*Exeunt Rinaldo, Fortunio, Bell[onora],*

*Gra[tiana].*

Ah, errant sheepes-head, hast thou liv'd thus  
long

And dar'st not looke a woman in the face?

Though I desire especially to see

My sonne a husband, shall I therefore have him

Turne absolute cullion? Lets see, kisse thy  
hand. 145

Thou kisse thy hand? thou wip'st thy mouth,  
by th' masse.

Fie on thee, clowne! They say the world's  
growne finer,

But I for my part never saw young men

Worse fashin'd and brought up then now adayes.

Sfoote, when my selfe was young, was I not kept 150

As farre from court as you? I thinke I was;

And yet my father on a time invited

The Dutchesse of his house; I, beeing then

About some five and twentie yeares of age,

Was thought the onelie man to entertaine her; 155

I had my conge — plant myselfe of one legg,

148 *young men.* Qq print as one word.

Draw backe the tother with a deepe fetcht honor,  
 Then with a bell regard advant mine eye  
 With boldnes on her verie visnomie, —  
 Your dauncers all were counterfets to mee ; 160  
 And for discourse in my faire mistresse presence,  
 I did not, as you barraine gallants doe,  
 Fill my discourses up drinking tobacco ;  
 But on the present furnisht ever more  
 With tales and practisde speeches ; as some times, 165  
 “ What ist a clocke ? What stuff’s this petti-  
     coate ?

What cost the making ? What the frindge and all ?  
 And what she had under her petticoate ? ”  
 And such like wittie complements ; and for need,  
 I could have written as good prose and verse 170  
 As the most beggerlie poet of am all,  
 Either accrostique, *Exordion*,  
*Epithalamions*, *Satyres*, *Epigrams*,  
*Sonnets in doozens*, or your *Quatorzaines*  
*In any Rime*, *Masculine*, *Feminine*, 175  
*Or Sdruciolla*, or *cooplets*, *Blancke Verse* ;  
 Y’are but bench-whistlers now a dayes to them  
 That were in our times. Well, about your hus-  
     bandrie ;

Go, for, i’fayth, th’art fit for nothing else.

*Exit Val [erio], prodit Mar [c. Antonio].*

174 *Quatorzaines*. Emend. ed. Qq, Quatorzaines.

176 *Sdruciolla*. Emend. ed. Q, Sdrnciolla ; Co, Sdruciolo.



*Marc.* Ber-Ladie ! you have plaide the courtier rarelie.

180

*Gost.* But did you ever see so blanck a foole, When he should kisse a wench, as my sonne is ?

*Marc.* Ahlas, tis but a little bashfulnes ; You let him keepe no companie, nor allow him Monie to spend at fence and dauncing-scholes ; 185 Y' are too seveere, y' faith.

*Gost.* And you too supple. Well, sir, for your sake I have staide your sonne From flying to the warres ; now see you rate him To staie him yet from more expencefull courses, Wherein your lenitie will encourage him. 190

*Marc.* Let me alone ; I thank you for this kindnes.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Valerio and Rinaldo.*

*Ryn.* So, are they gone ? Now tell me, brave Valerio,

Have I not wonne the wreath from all your wits,  
Brought thee t'enjoy the most desired presence  
Of thy deare love at home, and with one labour 195  
My brother t'enjoy thy sister, where  
It had beene her undooing t'have hime seene,  
And ma[d]e thy father crave what he abhorres,  
T'entreate my brother home t'enjoy his daughter,  
Commaund thee kisse thy wench, chide for not  
kissing ;

200

And work[t] all this out of a Machevil,  
A miserable politician ?

I thinke the like was never plaid before !

*Val.* Indeede I must commend thy wit of  
force,

And yet I know not whose deserves most praise <sup>205</sup>  
Of thine or my wit : thine for plotting well,  
Mine that durst undertake and carrie it  
With such true forme.

*Ryn.* Well, th' evening crownes the daie ;  
Persever to the end, my wit hath put  
Blinde Fortune in a string into your hand ; <sup>210</sup>  
Use it discreetlie, keepe it from your father,  
Or you may bid all your good daies good night.

*Val.* Let me alone, boy.

*Ryn.* Well, sir, now to varie  
The pleasures of our wits ; thou knowst, Valerio,  
Here is the new turnd gentlemans faire wife, <sup>215</sup>  
That keepes thy wife and sister companie,  
With whome the amorous courtier, Doriotto,  
Is farre in love, and of whome her sowre husband  
Is passing jelous, puts on eagles eies  
To prie into her carriage. Shall wee see <sup>220</sup>  
If he be now from home, and visite her.

*Enter Gazetta sowing, Cornelio following.*  
See, see, the prisoner comes.

*Val.*

But soft, sir, see

Her jelous jaylor followes at her heeles.

Come, we will watch some fitter time to boord  
her,

And in the meane time seeke out our mad crue. 225  
My spirit longs to swagger.

*Ryn.*

Goe too, youth,

Walke not too boldly; if the sergeants meete  
you,

You may have swaggering worke your bellie  
full.

*Val.* No better copesmates!

Ile go seeke am out with this light in my hand; 230  
The slaves grow proud with seeking out of us.

*Exeunt [Valerio and Rinaldo]. Gazetta sits  
and sings sowing.*

*Cornelio.* A prettie worke; I pray what flowers  
are these?

*Gazetta.* The pancie this.

*Cor.* O, thats for lovers thoughtes.

Whats that, a columbine?

*Gaz.* No, that thankles flower

Fitts not my garden.

*Cor.* Hem! Yet it may mine. 235

This were a prettie present for some friend,

226-27 *Goe . . . meete you.* Qq print as one line.

*Gazetta . . . sowing.* Qq give this direction after l. 229.

234-235 *No . . . mine.* Qq break the lines thus: *No . . .  
garden. Him ? . . . mine.*

235 *Hem !* Emend. Do. Qq, Him ?

Some gallant courtier, as for Doriotto,  
One that adores you in his soule, I know.

*Gaz.* Mee? Why mee more then your selfe,  
I pray?

*Cor.* O yes, hee adores you, and adhornees mee. 240  
Yfaith, deale plainelie, doe not his kisses relish  
Much better then such pessants as I am?

*Gaz.* Whose kisses?

*Cor.* Doriottoes; does he not  
The thing you wot on?

*Gaz.* What thing, good Lord?

*Cor.* Why, lady, lie with you.

*Gaz.* Lie with mee? 245

*Cor.* I, with you.

*Gaz.* You with mee, indeed.

*Cor.* Nay, I am told that he lies with you too,  
And that he is the onely whore-maister  
About the cittie.

*Gaz.* Yf he be so onely,  
Tis a good hearing that there are no more. 250

*Cor.* Well, mistresse, well, I will not be  
abusde;

Thinke not you daunce in netts; for though  
you do not

Make brode profession of your love to him,  
Yet do I understand your darkest language,  
Your treads ath'toe, your secret jogges and  
wringes, 255

Your entercourse of glaunces ; every tittle  
Of your close amorous rites I understand ;  
They speake as loud to mee, as if you said :  
“ My dearest Dariotto, I am thine.”

*Gaz.* Jesus, what moodes are these ? Did  
ever husband 260  
Follow his wife with jelosie so unjust ?  
That once I lov'd you, you your selfe will sweare.  
And if I did, where did you lose my love ?  
In deed this strange and undeserved usage  
Hath powre to shake a heart were nere so settled ; 265  
But I protest all your unkindnes never  
Had strength to make me wrong you, but in  
thought.

*Cor.* No ? not with Doriotto ?

*Gaz.* No, by heaven !

*Cor.* No letters past, nor no designes for  
meeting ?

*Gaz.* No, by my hope of heaven !

*Cor.* Well, no time past ; 270

Goe, goe ; goe in and sow.

*Gaz.* Well, bee it so. *Exit Gaz[etta].*

*Cor.* Suspition is (they say) the first degree  
Of deepest wisdomes ; and how ever others  
Inveygh against this mood of jelousy,  
For my part I suppose it the best curb 275  
To check the ranging appetites that raigne  
In this weake sexe. My neighbours poynt at me

For this my jealousy ; but should I doe  
 As most of them doe, let my wife fly out  
 To feasts and revels and invite home gallants, 280  
 Play Menelaus, give them time and place,  
 While I sit like a well-taught wayting-woman,  
 Turning her eyes upon some worke or picture,  
 Read in a booke, or take a fayned nap,  
 While her kind lady takes one to her lap ? 285  
 No, let me still be poynted at and thought  
 A jelouse asse, and not a wittally knave.  
 I have a shew of courtyers haunt my house,  
 In shew my friends, and for my profit too ;  
 But I perceive um and will mock their aymes 290  
 With looking to their marke, I warrant um.  
 I am content to ride abroad with them,  
 To revell, dice, and fit their other sports ;  
 But by their leaves Ile have a vigilant eye  
 To the mayne chaunce still. See my brave  
 comrades. 295

*Enter Dariotto, [and Page,] Claudio, and Valerio :*  
*Valerio putting up his sword.*

*Dariotto.* Well, wag, well, wilt thou still de-  
 ceive thy father,  
 And being so simple a poore soule before him,  
 Turne swaggerer in all companies besides ?  
*Claudio.* Hadst thou bin rested, all would have  
 come forth.



*Val.* Soft, sir, there lyes the poynt ; I do not  
doubt 300

But t' have my pennyworths of these rascals one  
day ;

Ile smoke the buzzing hornets from their nests,  
Or else Ile make their lether jerkins stay.

The whorson hungry horse-flyes ! Foot, a man  
Cannot so soone, for want of almanacks, 305

Forget his day but three or foure bare moneths,  
But strait he sees a sort of corporals

To lye in ambuscado to surprize him.

*Dar.* Well, thou hadst happy fortune to es-  
cape um.

*Val.* But they thought theirs was happier to  
scape me. 310

I walking in the place where mens law suites  
Are heard and pleaded, not so much as dreaming  
Of any such encounter, steps me forth  
Their valiant fore-man with the word, "I rest  
you."

I made no more adoe, but layd these pawes 315

Close on his shoulders, tumbling him to earth ;

And there sate he on his posteriors

Like a baboone ; and turning me about,

I strayt espyed the whole troope issuing on me.

I stept me backe, and drawing my olde friend  
heere, 320

Made to the midst of them, and all unable

T'endure the shock, all rudely fell in rout,  
And downe the stayres they ranne with such a  
fury,

As meeting with a troope of lawyers there,  
Man'd by their clyents, some with ten, some  
with twenty,

Some five, some three — he that had least had  
one —

Upon the stayres they bore them downe afore  
them;

But such a rattling then was there amongst them  
Of ravisht declarations, replications,

Rejoynders and petitions, all their bookes

And writings torne and trod on, and some lost,

That the poore lawyers comming to the barre,

Could say nought to the matter, but instead,

Were fayne to rayle and talke besides their bookes

Without all order.

*Clau.* Fayth, that same vayne of rayling  
Became now most applausive; your best  
poet is

He that rayles grossest.

*Dar.* True, and your best foole  
Is your broad rayling foole.

*Val.* And why not, sir?

325 *with twenty.* Query, Is not this second *with* a printer's error? The line is better without it. Co omits it.

336 *Became.* S, is become. Co, has become.

For by the gods, to tell the naked trueth, 340  
What objects see men in this world but such  
As would yeeld matter to a rayling humour ?  
When he that last yere carryed after one  
An empty buckram bag, now fills a coach,  
And crowds the senate with such troops of clyents 345  
And servile followers, as would put a mad spleene  
Into a pigeon.

*Dar.* Come, pray leave these crosse capers,  
Let's make some better use of precious time.  
See, here's Cornelio : come, lad, shall we to dice ?

*Cor.* Any thing I.

*Clau.* Well sayd, how does thy wife ? 350

*Cor.* In health, God save her.

*Val.* But where is she, man ?

*Cor.* Abroad about her businesse.

*Val.* Why, not at home ?

Foot, my masters, take her to the court,  
And this rare lad her husband : and — doest  
heare ? —

Play me no more the miserable farmer, 355  
But be advise by friends, sell all ith countrey,  
Be a flat courtier, follow some great man,  
Or bring thy wife there, and sheele make thee great.

*Cor.* What, to the court ? Then take me for  
a gull.

*Val.* Nay, never shun it to be cald a gull ; 360  
For I see all the world is but a gull,

One man gull to another in all kinds :

A marchant to a courtier is a gull,

A clyent to a lawyer is a gull,

A maryed man to a bacheler, a gull, 365

A bacheler to a cuckold is a gull,

All to a poet, or a poet to himselfe.

*Cor.* [*aside*]. Hark, Dariotto, shall we gull this guller?

*Dar.* [*aside*]. He gulls his father, man, we cannot gull him.

*Cor.* [*aside*]. Let me alone. — Of all mens wits alive 370

I most admyre Valerioes, that hath stolne,

By his meere industry, and that by spurts,

Such qualities as no wit else can match

With plodding at perfection every houre;

Which, if his father knew eche gift he has, 375

Were like enough to make him give all from him :

I meane, besides his dycing and his wenching,

He has stolne languages, th'Italian, Spanish,

And some spice of the French, besides his daunc-  
ing,

Singing, playing on choyce instruments : 380

These he has got almost against the hayre.

*Clau.* But hast thou stolne all these, Valerio?

*Val.* Toyes, toyes, a pox; and yet they be  
such toyes

As every gentleman would not be without.

*Cor.* Vayne glory makes yee judge [um] lyte,  
yfayth. 385

*Dar.* Afore heaven, I was much deceyv'd in  
him;

But hee's the man indeed that hides his gifts,  
And sets them not to sale in every presence.  
I would have sworne his soule were far from  
musike;

And that all his choyce musike was to heare 390  
His fat beastes bellow.

*Cor.* Sir, your ignorance  
Shall eftsoone be confuted. Prythee, Val,  
Take thy theorbo for my sake a little.

*Val.* By heaven, this moneth I toucht not a  
theorbo!

*Cor.* Toucht a theorbo! marke the very word! 395  
Sirra, goe fetch. *Exit Page.*

*Val.* If you will have it, I must needes con-  
fesse

I am no husband of my qualities.

*He untrusses and capers.*

*Cor.* See what a caper there was!

*Clau.* See agayne!

*Cor.* The best that ever; and how it be-  
comes him! 400

*Dar.* O that his father saw these qualities!

385 *um.* Emend. ed. Co suggests, 'em light. Qq, on. See  
*Notes*, p. 126.

*Enter a Page with an instrument.*

*Cor.* Nay, that's the very wonder of his wit,  
To carry all without his fathers knowledge.

*Dar.* Why, we might tell him now.

*Cor.* No, but we could not,  
Although we think we could; his wit doth  
charme us. 405

Come, sweet Val, touch and sing.

[*Val.*] Foote, will you heare  
The worst voyce in Italy?

*Enter Rinaldo.*

*Cor.* O God, sir. *He sings.*  
Courtiers, how like you this?

*Dar.* Beleeve it, excellent.

*Cor.* Is it not naturall?

*Val.* If my father heard me,  
Foot, hee'd renounce me for his naturall sonne. 410

*Dar.* By heaven, Valerio, and I were thy  
father,

And lov'd good qualities as I doe my life,  
Ide disinherit thee: for I never heard  
Dog howle with worse grace.

*Cor.* Go to, Signeur Courtier,  
You deale not courtly now to be so playne, 415  
Nor nobly, to discourage a young gentleman,  
In vertuous qualities, that has but stolne um.

406 *Val.* Emend. ed. Qq, *Dar.*

407-408 *O God . . . this.* Qq print this as one line, including stage-direction.



*Clau.* Call you this touching a theorbos ?

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Exeunt all but Val[erio] and Rin[aldo].*

*Val.* How now, what's heere ?

*Rin.* Zoones, a plot layd to gull thee.  
Could thy wit thinke th[y] voyce was worth  
the hearing ? 420

This was the courtiers and the cuckolds project.

*Val.* And ist eene so ? Tis very well, Mast.  
Courtier

And Dan Cornuto, Ile cry quit with both :  
And first Ile cast a jarre betwixt them both,  
With firing the poore cuckolds jelousy. 425

I have a tale will make him madde  
And turne his wife divorced loose amongst us.  
But first let's home, and entertayne my wife.  
O father, pardon, I was borne to gull thee. .  
*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus secundi.*

420 *thy.* Emend. S. Qq, the.

422-425 *And . . . jelousy.* Qq print this as three ll. of prose,  
thus : *And ist. . . Dan | Cornuto . . . jarre | betwixt . . .*  
*jelousy.*

423 *And.* Qq, &.

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

[*A Street in Florence, before the House of Gostanzo.*]

*Enter Fortunio, Bellanora, Gratiana, Gostanzo following closely.*

*Fortunio.* How happy am I that by this sweet  
meanes

I gayne accesse to your most loved sight,  
And therewithall to utter my full love,  
Which but for vent would burne my entrayles  
up!

*Gostanzo [aside].* Byth masse, they talke too  
softly.

*Bellanora.* Little thinks 5

The austere mind my thrifty father beares  
That I am vowd to you, and so am bound  
From him who for more riches he would force  
On my disliking fancy.

*Fort.* Tis no fault  
With just deeds to defraud an injury. 10

*Gost. [aside].* My daughter is perswading him  
to yeeld

In dutifull submission to his father.

*Enter Valerio.*

*Val.* Do I not dreame? do I behold this  
sight

With waking eyes? or from the ivory gate  
Hath Morpheus sent a vision to delude me? 15  
Ist possible that I, a mortall man,  
Should shrine within mine armes so bright a god-  
desse,

The fayre Gratiana, beautyes little world?

*Gost.* [*aside*]. What have we heere?

*Val.* My deerest myne of gold, 20  
All this that thy white armes enfold,  
Account it as thine owne free-hold.

*Gost.* Gods my deare soule, what suddē change  
is here!

I smell how this geare will fall out, yfayth.

*Val.* Fortunio, sister; come, let's to the gar-  
den. 25

*Exeunt* [*Valerio, Gratiana, Fortunio, and  
Bellonora*].

*Gost.* Sits the wind there, yfayth? see what  
example

Will worke upon the dullest appetite.

My sonne last day so bashfull that he durst not  
Looke on a wench, now courts her; and, byr-lady!  
Will make his friend Fortunio weare his head 30  
Of the right moderne fashion. What, Rinaldo!

*Enter Rin* [*aldo*].

*Ryn* [*aldo*]. I feare I interrupt your privacy.

*Gost.* Welcome, Rinaldo, would 'thad bin  
your hap

To come a little sooner, that you might  
Have seene a handsome sight: but let that  
passe,

35

The short is that your sister Gratiana  
Shall stay no longer here.

*Ryn.*

No longer, sir?

Repent you then so soone your favour to her,  
And to my brother?

*Gost.*

Not so, good Rinaldo;

But to prevent a mischief that I see

40

Hangs over your abused brothers head.

In briefe, my sonne has learn'd but too much  
courtship.

It was my chaunce even now to cast mine eye  
Into a place where to your sister entred

My metamorphosde sonne: I must conceale

45

What I saw there; but to be playne, I saw

More then I would see: I had thought to make

My house a kind receypt for your kind brother;

But Ide be loth his wife should find more kind-

nesse

Then she had cause to like of.

*Ryn.*

What's the matter? 50

Perhaps a little complement or so.

*Gost.* Wel, sir, such complement perhaps may  
cost

Married Fortunio the setting on:

Nor can I keepe my knowledge ; he that lately  
Before my face I could not get to looke 55  
Upon your sister, by this light, now kist her,  
Embrac't and courted with as good a grace  
As any courtyer could : and I can tell you  
(Not to disgrace her) I perceyv'd the dame  
Was as far forward as himselfe, byth masse. 60

*Ryn.* You should have schoold him for 't.

*Gost.* No, Ile not see 't :  
For shame once found, is lost ; Ile have him thinke  
That my opinion of him is the same  
That it was ever ; it will be a meane  
To bridle this fresh humour bred in him. 65

*Ryn.* Let me then schoole him ; foot, Ile  
rattle him up.

*Gost.* No, no, Rinaldo, th'onely remedy  
Is to remove the cause, carry the object  
From his late tempted eyes.

*Ryn.* Alas, sir, whither ?  
You know my father is incenst so much 70  
Heele not receyve her.

*Gost.* Place her with some friend  
But for a time, till I reclayme your father :  
Meane time your brother shall remaine with me.

*Ryn. (to himselfe).* The care's the lesse then ;  
he has still his longing,  
To be with this gulls daughter.

74 to himselfe. Qq place this in left hand margin of the page.

*Gost.*

What resolve you ? 75

I am resolv'd she lodges here no more :

My friends sonne shall not be abusde by mine.

*Ryn.* Troth, sir, Ile tell you what a sudden  
toyComes in my head ; what think you if I brought  
her

Home to my fathers house ?

*Gost.*

I, mary, sir ; 80

Would he receyve her ?

*Ryn.*

Nay, you heare not all :

I meane with use of some device or other.

*Gost.* As how, Rinaldo ?*Ryn.*

Mary, sir, to say

She is your sonnes wife, maryed past your know-  
ledge.*Gost.* I doubt, last day he saw her, and will  
know her

85

To be Fortunioes wife.

*Ryn.*

Nay, as for that

I will pretend she was even then your sonnes  
wife,

But fayned by me to be Fortunioes,

Onely to try how he would take the matter.

*Gost.* 'Fore heaven, 'twere pretty !*Ryn.*

Would it not doe well ? 90



*Gost.* Exceeding well, in sadnesse.

*Ryn.* Nay, good sir,

Tell me unfaynedly, do ye lik't indeed ?

*Gost.* The best that ere I heard.

*Ryn.* And do you thinke

Heele swallow downe the gudgion ?

*Gost.* A my life

It were a grosse gob would not downe with  
him ;

95

An honest knight, but simple, not acquainted  
With the fine slights and policies of the world  
As I my selfe am.

*Ryn.* Ile go fetch her strait ;

And this jest thrive t'will make us princely  
sport :

But you must keepe our counsell, second all, 100  
Which to make likely, you must needs some-  
times

Give your sonne leave (as if you knew it not)  
To steale and see her at my fathers house.

*Gost.* I, but see you then that you keepe good  
gard

Over his forward, new begun affections ; 105  
For, by the Lord, heele teach your brother else  
To sing the cuckooes note : spirit will breake out,  
Though never so supprest and pinioned.

*Ryn.* Especially your sonnes : what would he  
be,

If you should not restrayne him by good counsell ?

110

*Gost.* Ile have an eye on him, I warrant thee.  
Ile in and warne the gentlewoman to make ready.

*Ryn.* Wel, sir, & Ile not be long after you.

*Exit Gost* [*anzo*].

Heaven, heaven, I see these politicians  
(Out of blind Fortunes hands) are our most  
fooles ;

115

Tis she that gives the lustre to their wits,  
Still plodding at traditionall devices ;  
But take um out of them to present actions,  
A man may grope and tickle um like a trowt,  
And take um from their close deere holes as fat  
As a Phisician, and as giddy-headed  
As if by myracle heaven had taken from them  
Even that which commonly belongs to fooles.  
Well, now let's note what black ball of debate  
Valerioes wit hath cast betwixt Cornelio  
And the inamoured courtier ; I beleewe  
His wife and he will part : his jelousy  
Hath ever watcht occasion of divorce,  
And now Valerioes villany will present it.  
See, here comes the twyn-courtier his companiõ.

125

*Enter Claud* [*io*].

*Claudio.* Rinaldo, well encountred.

*Ryn.*

Why, what newes ?

*Clau.* Most sudden and infortunate, Rinaldo :  
Cornelio is incenst so 'gainst his wife  
That no man can procure her quiet with him.  
I have assayd him, and made Marc Antonio 135  
With all his gentle rethorike second me,  
Yet all, I feare me, will be cast away.  
See, see, they come: joyne thy wit, good  
Rinaldo,  
And helpe to pacify his yellow fury.

*Ryn.* With all my heart, I consecrate my  
wit 140  
To the wisht comfort of distressed ladies.

*Enter Cornelio, Marc Ant[onio], Valerio, [and] Page.*

*Cornelio.* Will any man assure me of her good  
behaviour?

*Val.* Who can assure a jelous spirit? you  
may be afayrd of the shaddow of your eares, 145  
& imagine thẽ to be hornes: if you will assure  
your selfe, appoynt keepers to watch her.

*Cor.* And who shall watch the keepers?

*Marc. Antonio.* To be sure of that be you her  
keeper. 150

*Val.* Well sayd, and share the hornes your  
selfe: for that's the keepers fee.

*Cor.* But say I am gone out of town & must  
trust others, how shall I know if those I trust be  
trusty to me? 155

*Ryn.* Mary, sir, by a singular instinct, given

naturally to all you maryed men, that if your wives play legerdeheele, though you bee a hundred miles off, yet you shall be sure instantly to find it in your forheads. 160

*Cor.* Sound doctrine, I warrant you: I am resolv'd, ifaith.

*Page.* Then give me leave to speak, sir, that hath all this while bene silent: I have heard you with extreme patience, now, therefore, 165  
pricke up your eares, and vouchsafe me audience.

*Clau.* Good boy, a mine honour!

*Cor.* Pray, what are you, sir?

*Page.* I am here, for default of better, of 170  
counsel with the fayre Gazetta, and though her selfe had bene best able to defend her selfe, if she had bin here and would have pleasd to put forth the buckler which Nature hath given all women, I meane her tongue — 175

*Val.* Excellent good boy!

*Page.* Yet since she either vouchsafes it not, or thinks her innocence a sufficient shield against your jelous accusations, I wil presume to undertake the defence of that absent & 180  
honorable lady, whose sworne knight I am, and in her of all that name (for lady is growne a common name to their whole sex), which sex

182 *her of all that.* So Qq. Co, her all of that.

I have ever loved frō my youth, and shall never  
cease to love till I want wit to admire. 185

*Marc.* An excellent spoken boy!

*Val.* Give eare, Cornelio, heere is a yong  
Mercurio sent to perswade thee.

*Cor.* Well, sir, let him say on.

*Page.* It is a heavy case to see how this light 190  
sex is tūbled and tost from post to pillar under  
the unsavory breath of every humourous peas-  
ant: Gazetta, you sayd, is unchaste, disloyall,  
and I wot not what; alas, is it her fault? is  
shee not a woman? did she not suck it (as oth- 195  
ers of her sex doe) from her mothers brest? and  
will you condemne that as her fault which is  
her nature? Alas, sir, you must consider a  
woman is an unfinisht creature, delivered  
hastly to the world before Nature had set to 200  
that seale which should have made them per-  
fect. Faultes they have (no doubt); but are  
wee free? Turne your eye into your selfe (good  
Signeur Cornelio) and weygh your owne imper-  
fections with hers. If shee be wanton abroad, 205  
are not you wanting at home? if she be amor-  
ous, are not you jelous? if she be high set, are  
not you taken downe? if she be a courtizan, are  
not you a cuckold?

*Cor.* Out, you rogue!

210

*Ryn.* On with thy speech, boy!

*Marc.* You doe not well, Cornelio, to discourage the bashfull youth.

*Clau.* Forth, boy, I warrant thee.

*Page.* But if our owne imperfections will <sup>215</sup> not teach us to beare with theirs, yet let their vertues perswade us: let us indure their bad qualities for their good; allow the prickle for the rose, the bracke for the velvet, the paring for the cheese, and so forth. If you say they <sup>220</sup> range abroad, consider it is nothing but to avoyd idlenesse at home: their nature is still to be doing: keepe um a doing at home: let them practise one good quality or other, either sowing, singing, playing, chiding, dauncing, or so, & <sup>225</sup> these will put such idle toyes out of their heads into yours: but if you cannot find them variety of businesse within dores, yet at least imitate the ancient wise citizens of this city, who used carefully to provide their wives gardens neere <sup>230</sup> the towne, to plant, to graft in, as occasion served, onely to keep um from idlenesse.

*Val.* Everlasting good boy!

*Cor.* I perceyve your knavery, sir, and will yet have patience. 235

*Ryn.* Forth, my brave Curio.

*Page.* As to her unquietnesse (which some have rudely tearm'd shrewishnesse), though the fault be in her, yet the cause is in you. What so



calme as the sea of it own nature? Arte was <sup>240</sup>  
never able to equall it: your dycing tables, nor  
your bowling alleys are not comparable to it;  
yet if a blast of wind do but crosse it, not so  
turbulent & violent an element in the world. So  
(Nature, in lieu of womens scarcity of wit, hav- <sup>245</sup>  
ing indued them with a large portion of will)  
if they may (without impeach) injoy their willes,  
no quieter creatures under heaven: but if the  
breath of their husbāds mouthes once crosse their  
wils, nothing more tempestuous. Why thē, sir, <sup>250</sup>  
should you husbands crosse your wives willes  
thus, considering the law allowes thē no willes  
at all at their deaths, because it intended they  
should have their willes while they lived?

*Val.* Answere him but that, Cornelio. <sup>255</sup>

*Cor.* All shall not serve her turne, I am  
thinking of other matters.

*Marc.* Thou hast halfe wonne him, wag; ply  
him yet a little further.

*Page.* Now (sir) for these cuckooish songs of <sup>260</sup>  
yours, of cuckolds, hornes, grafting, and such  
like, what are they but meere imaginary toyes,  
bred out of your owne heads as your owne, and  
so by tradition delivered from man to man, like  
scar-crowes, to terrify fooles from this earthly <sup>265</sup>  
paradice of wedlock; coyn'd at first by some  
spent poets, superannated bachelers, or some that

were scarce men of their hands ; who, like the  
 foxe, having lost his taile, would perswade others  
 to lose theirs for company ? Agayne, for your<sup>270</sup>  
 cuckold, what is it but a meere fiction ? Shew  
 me any such creature in nature ; if there be, I  
 could never see it, neyther could I ever find  
 any sensible difference betwixt a cuckold and a  
 christen creature. To conclude, let poets coyne,<sup>275</sup>  
 or fooles credit, what they list ; for mine owne  
 part, I am cleere of this opinion, that your  
 cuckold is a meere Chymæra, and that there are  
 no cuckoldes in the world — but those that have  
 wives : and so I will leave them. 280

*Cor.* Tis excellent good, sir ; I do take you,  
 sir, d' ye see ? to be, as it were, bastard to the  
 sawcy courtier that would have me father more  
 of your fraternity, d' ye see ? & so are instructed  
 (as we heare) to second that villayne with your<sup>285</sup>  
 tounge, which he has acted with his tenure piece,  
 d'ye see ?

*Page.* No such matter, a my credit, sir.

*Cor.* Wel, sir, be as be may, I scorn to set  
 my head against yours, d' ye see ? when in the<sup>290</sup>  
 meane time I will fircke your father, whether  
 you see or no. *Exit [Cornelio] drawing his rapier.*

*Ryn.* Gods my life, Cornelio ! *Exit [Rinaldo].*

*Val.* Have at your father, ifaith, boy, if he  
 can find him. 295

*Marc.* See, he comes here, he hast mist him.

*Enter Dariot* [to].

*Dariotto.* How now, my hearts, what, not a wench amongst you?

Tis a signe y'are not in the grace of wenches  
That they will let you be thus long alone.

*Val.* Well, Dariotto, glory not too much 300  
That for thy briske attyre and lips perfumde  
Thou playest the stallyon ever where thou  
com'st;

And like the husband of the flocke, runn'st  
through

The whole towne heard, and no mans bed secure,  
No womans honour unattempted by thee. 305

Thinke not to be thus fortunate for ever,  
But in thy amorous conquests at the last  
Some wound will slice your mazer: Mars him-  
selfe

Fell into Vulcans snare, and so may you.

*Dar.* Alas, alas, fayth, I have but the name: 310  
I love to court and wyne; and the consent,  
Without the act obtayn'd, is all I seeke.  
I love the victory that drawes no blood.

*Clau.* O, tis a high desert in any man  
To be a secret lecher; I know some, 315  
That (like thy selfe) are true in nothing else.

*Marc.* And, me thinks, it is nothing if not told;  
At least the joy is never full before.

*Val.* Well, Dariotto, th' hadst as good confesse,

The sunne shines broad upon your practises. 320  
Vulcan will wake and intercept you one day.

*Dar.* Why, the more jelous knave and cox-combe he !

What, shall the shaking of his bed a little  
Put him in motion ? It becomes him not ;  
Let him be duld and stald, and then be quiet. 325  
The way to draw my costome to his house  
Is to be mad and jelous ; tis the sauce  
That whets my appetite.

*Val.* Or any mans :

*Sine periculo friget lusus.*

They that are jelous, use it still of purpose 330  
To draw you to their houses.

*Dar.* I, by heaven !

I am of that opinion. Who would steale  
Out of a common orchard ? Let me gayne  
My love with labour, and injoy 't with feare,  
Or I am gone.

*Enter Rinaldo.*

*Ryn.* What, Dariotto here ? 335

Foot, dar'st thou come neere Cornelioes house ?

*Dar.* Why ? is the bull run mad ? what ayles  
he, trow ?

*Ryn.* I know not what he ayles, but I would  
wish you

To keepe out of the reach of his sharpe hornes :  
For, by this hand, heele gore you.

*Dar.*

And why me 340

More then thy selfe, or these two other whelps ?  
You all have basted him as well as I.

I wonder what 's the cause.

*Ryn.*

Nay, that he knowes,

And sweares withall, that wheresoere he meets  
you,

Heele marke you for a marker of mens wives. 345

*Val.* Pray heaven he be not jelous by some  
tales

That have bin told him lately ! did you never  
Attempt his wife ? hath no loves harbenger,  
No looks, no letters past twixt you and her ?

*Dar.* For look[s] I cannot answere ; I be-  
stow them

350

At large, and carelesly, much like the sunne :

If any be so foolish to apply them

To any private fancy of their owne,

(As many doe) it 's not my fault, thou knowest.

*Val.* Well, Dariotto, this set face of thine 355

(If thou be guilty of offence to him)

Comes out of very want of wit and feeling

What danger haunts thee : for Cornelio

Is a tall man, I tell you ; and 'twere best

You shund his sight awhile, till we might get 360

His patience, or his pardon ; for past doubt  
Thou dyest, if he but see thee.

*Enter Cornelio.*

*Ryn.* Foot, he comes.

*Dar.* Is this the cockatrice that kils with  
sight ?

How doest thou boy ? ha ?

*Cor.* Well.

*Dar.* What, lingring still  
About this paltry towne ? Hadst thou bin rulde <sup>365</sup>  
By my advice, thou hadst by this time bene  
A gallant courtyer, and at least a knight :  
I would have got thee dubd by this time cer-  
tayne.

*Cor.* And why then did you not your selfe  
that honour ?

*Dar.* Tush, tis more honour still to make a  
knight

370

Then tis to be a knight : to make a cuckold  
Then tis to be a cuckold.

*Cor.* Y'are a villayne !

*Dar.* God shield, man : villayne ?

*Cor.* I, Ile prove thee one.

*Dar.* What wilt thou prove a villayne ?

By this light thou deceyv'st me then. 375

*Cor.* Well, sir, thus I prove it.

[*Cornelio*] drawes. [*They fight*].

*Omnes.* Hold, hold, rayse the streets !



*Clau.* Cornelio !

*Ryn.* Hold, Darioto, hold !

*Val.* What, art thou hurt ?

*Dar.* A scratch, a scratch.

*Val.* Goe sirra, fetch a surgeon. [*Exit Page.*]

*Cor.* Youle set a badge on the jelous fooles  
head, sir ; 380

Now set a coxcombe on your owne.

*Val.* What's the cause of these warres, Da-  
rioto ?

*Dar.* Foot, I know not.

*Cor.* Well, sir, know and spare not ; I will  
presently bee divorst : and then take her amongst 385  
ye !

*Ryn.* Divorst ? nay, good Cornelio !

*Cor.* By this sword I will ; the world shall  
not disswade me. *Exit [Cornelio].*

*Val.* Why this has bin your fault now, Da-  
rioto ;

You youths have fashions, when you have ob-  
tei'nd 390

A ladies favour, straight your hat must weare it,  
Like a jacke-daw that, when he lights upon  
A dainty morsell, kaas and makes his brags,  
And then some kite doth scoope it from him  
straight,

Where if he fed without his dawish noise, 395  
He might fare better, and have lesse disturbance :

Forbeare it in this case ; and when you prove  
Victorious over faire Gazettas forte,  
Doe not, for pittie, sound your trumpe for joy,  
But keepe your valour close, and 'tis your honour. 400

*Enter Page and Pock.*

*Pock.* God save you, Signior Darioto.

*Dar.* I know you not, sir ; your name, I pray ?

*Pock.* My name is Pock, sir ; a practitioner  
in surgery.

*Dar.* Pock, the surgeon, y' are welcome, sir ; 405  
I know a doctor of your name, maister Pocke.

*Pock.* My name has made many doctors, sir.

*Ryn.* Indeede, tis a worshipfull name.

*Val.* Mary, is it, and of an auncient discent.

*Pock.* Faith, sir, I could fetch my pedigree 410  
far, if I were so dispos'd.

*Ryn.* Out of France, at least.

*Pock.* And if I stood on my armes as others  
doe —

*Dar.* No, doe not Pock, let others stand a 415  
their armes, and thou a thy legs as long as thou  
canst.

*Pock.* Though I live by my bare practise, yet  
I could shew good cardes for my gentilitie.

*Val.* Tush, thou canst not shake off thy gen- 420  
try, Pock, tis bred i'th bone ; but to the maine,  
Pock, what thinkest thou of this gentlemans  
wound, Pock, canst thou cure it, Pock ?

*Pock.* The incision is not deepe, nor the orifice exorbitant, the pericranion is not dislocated ; 425  
I warrant his life for forty crownes without perishing of any joynt.

*Dar.* Faith, Pock, tis a joynt I would be loath to loose for the best joynt of mutton in Italy.

*Ryn.* Would such a scratch as this hazard a 430  
mans head ?

*Pock.* I, byr-lady, sir, I have knowen some have lost there heads for a lesse matter, I can tell you ; therefore, sir, you must keepe good dyet : if you please to come home to my house 435  
till you be perfectly cur'd, I shall have the more care on you.

*Val.* Thats your onely course to have it well quickly.

*Pock.* By what time would he have it well, sir ? 440

*Dar.* A very necessary question. Canst thou limit the time ?

*Pock.* O, sir, cures are like causes in law, which may be lengthned or shortned at the discretion of the lawyer ; he can either keepe it 445  
greene with replications or rejoinders, or sometimes skinne it faire a'th outside for fashion sake, but so he may be sure 'twill breake out againe by a writt of error, and then has he his suite new to begin ; but I will covenant with 450

you, that by such a time Ile make your head as  
 sound as a bell; I will bring it to suppuration, and  
 after I will make it coagulate and growe to a  
 perfect cycatrice, and all within these ten dayes,  
 so you keepe a good dyet. 455

*Dar.* Well, come, Pock, weele talke farther  
 on 't within; it drawes neere dinner time, what's  
 a clock, boye?

*Page.* By your clock, sir, it should be almost  
 one, for your head rung noone some halfe houre 460  
 agoe.

*Dar.* Ist true, sir?

*Val.* Away, let him alone; though he came  
 in at the window, he sets the gates of your honor  
 open, I can tell you. 465

*Dar.* Come in, Pock, come, apply; and for  
 this deede

Ile give the knave a wound shall never bleed.

*Exeunt all but Rinal[do] and Valer[io].*

[*Val.*] So, sir, I thinke this knock rings lowd  
 acquittance

For my ridiculouse —

*Ryn.* Well, sir, to turne our heads to salve  
 your license, 470

Since you have usd the matter so unwisely  
 That now your father has discern'd your humor

*Exeunt all but.* Qq put this stage-direction after l. 469.

468 *Val.* Emend. ed. Qq give this speech to Dariotto.

In your too carelesse usage in his house,  
Your wife must come from his house to Ant-  
nios,

And he to entertaine her must be tould 475  
She is not wife to his sonne, but to you :  
Which newes will make his simple wit triumphe  
Over your father ; and your father, thinking  
He still is guld, will still account him simple :  
Come, sir, prepare your villanous witt to faine 480  
A kinde submission to your fathers fury,  
And we shall see what harty policie  
He will discover in his fained anger,  
To blinde Antonios eyes, and make him thinke  
He thinkes her hartely to be your wife. 485

*Val.* O, I will gull him rarely, with my  
wench

Lowe kneeling at my heeles before his furie,  
And injury shal be salv'd with injurie.

488 *shal be.* Qq, shalbe.

*Finis Actus 3.*

ACTUS 4. SCENA I.

[*A Street in Florence before the House of Gostanzo.*]

*Marc-Ant[onio], Gostanzo.*

*Marc. Antonio.* You see how too much wisdom  
dome evermore

Out-shootes the truth: you were so forwards  
still

To taxe my ignorance, my greene experience  
In these grey haire, for giving such advantage  
To my sonnes spirit that he durst undertake 5  
A secret match so farre short of his woorth:  
Your sonne so seasoned with obedience  
Even from his youth that all his actions relish  
Nothing but dutie and your angers feare.  
What shall I say to you, if it fall out 10  
That this most precious sonne of yours has  
plaide .

A part as bad as this, and as rebellious:  
Nay more has grosely guld your witt withall?  
What if my sonne has undergone the blame  
That appertain'd to yours? and that this wench 15  
With which my sonne is charg'd may call you  
father?

Shall I then say you want experience,  
Y'are greene, y'are credulous, easie to be blinded?



*Gostanzo.* Ha, ha, ha,  
 Good Marc-Antonio, when 't comes to that 20  
 Laugh at me, call me foole, proclaime me so,  
 Let all the world take knowledge I am an asse.

*Marc.* O the good God of Gods,  
 How blinde is pride? What eagles we are still  
 In matters that belong to other men, 25  
 What beetles in our owne? I tell you, Knight,  
 It is confest to be as I have tould you;  
 And Gratiana is by young Rinaldo  
 And your white sonne brought to me as his wife:  
 How thinke you now, sir?

*Gost.* Even just as before, 30  
 And have more cause to thinke honest Credulity  
 Is a true loadstone to draw on Decrepity:  
 You have a hart to open to imbrace  
 All that your eare receives: alas, good man,  
 All this is but a plot for entertainment 35  
 Within your house; for your poore sonnes yong  
 wife

My house without huge danger cannot holde.

*Marc.* Ist possible? What danger, sir, I pray?

*Gost.* Ile tell you, sir; twas time to take her  
 thence:

My sonne that last day you saw could not frame 40  
 His lookes to entertaine her, now, bir-lady!

19-22 *Ha . . . asse.* So arranged by Co. Qq print this as  
 three lines. *Ha . . . Antonio, When . . . so, Let . . . Asse.*

Is grone a courtier : for my selfe, unseene,  
Saw when he courted her, imbrac't and kist her,  
And, I can tell you, left not much undone  
That was the proper office of your sonne. 45

*Marc.* What world is this ?

*Gost.* I tolde this to Rinaldo,  
Advising him to fetch her from my house,  
And his yong wit not knowing where to lodge  
her

Unlesse with you, and saw that could not be  
Without some wyle, I presently suggested 50  
This queint devise, to say she was my sonnes :  
And all this plot, good Marc-Antonio,  
Flow'd from this fount onely to blinde [y]our  
eyes.

*Marc.* Out of how sweete a dreame have you  
awak't me ?

By heaven, I durst have laid my part in heaven 55  
All had bin true ; it was so lively handled,  
And drawne with such a seeming face of trueth :  
Your sonne had cast a perfect vaile of grieve  
Over his face, for his so rash offence  
To seale his love with act of marriage 60  
Before his father had subscrib'd his choyce ;  
My sonne (my circumstance lessening the fact)  
Intreating me to breake the matter to you,  
And, joyning my effectual perswasions

With your sonnes penitent submission, 65  
Appease your fury ; I at first assented,  
And now expect their comming to that purpose.

*Gost.* T'was well, t'was well : seeme to beleewe  
it still,  
Let art end what credulitie began ;  
When they come, suite your words and lookes 70  
to theirs,

Second my sad sonnes fain'd submission,  
And see in all points how my braine will answere  
His disguisde grieffe with a set countenance  
Of rage and choller ; now observe and learne  
To schoole your sonne by me.

*Intrant Rynaldo, Val[erio and ] Grat[iana].*

*Marc.* On with your maske ; 75  
Here come the other maskers, sir.

*Rynaldo.* Come on, I say,  
Your father with submission will be calm'd ;  
Come on ; downe a your knees.

*Gost.* Villaine, durst thou  
Presume to gull thy father ? doost thou not  
Tremble to see my bent and cloudy browes 80  
Ready to thunder on thy gracelesse head,  
And with the bolt of my displeasure cut  
The thred of all my living from thy life,  
For taking thus a beggar to thy wife ?

75-76 *On . . . sir.* One line in Qq. 77 *wil be.* Qq, wilbe.

77-78 *Your father . . . knees.* One line in Qq.

*Valerio.* Father, if that part I have in your  
blood,

85

If teares which so abundantly distill  
Out of my inward eyes, and for a neede,  
Can drowne these outward — [*aside to Rynaldo*]  
Lend me thy hand-kercher. —

And being indeed as many drops of blood  
Issuing from the creator of my hart,  
Be able to beget so much compassion  
Not on my life, but on this lovely dame,  
Whom I hold dearer —

90

*Gost.* Out upon thee, villaine !

*Marc.* Nay, good Gostanzo, thinke you are  
a father.

*Gost.* I will not heare a word ; out, out, upon  
thee !

95

Wed without my advise, my love, my knowledge,  
I, and a begger too, a trull, a blowse ?

*Ryn.* [*aside to Gostanzo*]. You thought not so  
last day, when you offerd her

A twelve months boord for one nights lodging  
with her.

*Gost.* [*aside to Rynaldo*]. Goe too, no more of  
that, peace, good Rinaldo !

100

It is a fault that only she and you know.

*Ryn.* [*aside to Gostanzo*]. Well, sir, go on, I  
pray.

*Gost.* Have I, fond wretch,

With utmost care and labour brought thee up,  
Ever instructing thee, omitting never  
The office of a kinde and carefull father, 105  
To make thee wise and vertuous like thy father;  
And hast thou in one acte everted all,  
Proclaim'd thy selfe to all the world a foole,  
To wedde a begger?

*Val.* Father, say not so!

*Gost.* Nay, shees thy owne; here, rise, foole,  
take her to thee, 110

Live with her still, I know thou countst thy selfe  
Happy in soule, onely in winning her:  
Be happy still; heere, take her hand, enjoy her;  
Would not a sonne hazard his fathers wrath,  
His reputation in the world, his birth-right, 115  
To have but such a messe of broth as this?

*Marc.* Be not so violent, I pray you, good  
Gostanzo,

Take truce with passion, licence your sad sonne  
To speake in his excuse.

*Gost.* What! what excuse?

Can any orator in this case excuse him? 120

What can he say? what can be said of any?

*Val.* Ahlas, sir, heare me! all that I can say  
In my excuse is but to shew loves warrant.

*Gost.* [*aside*]. Notable wagge!

*Val.* I know I have committed

109-116 *Father . . . this?* In M this whole passage is given  
to *Val.* Other Qq are correct.

A great impiety not to moove you first 125  
Before the dame I meant to make my wife.  
Consider what I am, yet young and greene,  
Beholde what she is; is there not in her  
I, in her very eye, a power to conquer  
Even age it selfe and wisdome? Call to minde, 130  
Sweete father, what your selfe being young have  
bin;

Thinke what you may be, for I doe not thinke  
The world so farre spent with you but you may  
Looke back on such a beauty, and I hope  
To see you young againe, and to live long 135  
With young affections; wisdome makes a man  
Live young for ever: and where is this  
wisdome

If not in you? Ahlas, I know not what  
Rests in your wisdom to subdue affections,  
But I protest it wrought with me so strongly 140  
That I had quite bin drownd in seas of teares  
Had I not taken hold in happy time  
Of this sweete hand; my hart had beene  
consum'de

T'a heape of ashes with the flames of love,  
Had it not sweetly bin asswag'd and cool'd, 145  
With the moist kisses of these sugred lippes.

*Gost. [aside to Marc.].* O, puisant wag, what  
huge large thongs he cuts  
Out of his friend Fortunios stretching leather!



*Marc.* [*aside*]. He knows he does it but to  
blinde my eyes.

*Gost.* [*aside*]. O excellent, these men will  
put up any thing. 150

*Val.* Had I not had her, I had lost my life,  
Which life indeed I would have lost before  
I had displeasd you, had I not receav'd it  
From such a kinde, a wise, and honour'd  
father.

*Gost.* [*aside*]. Notable boy !

*Val.* Yet doe I here renounce 155  
Love, life, and all, rather then one houre longer  
Indure to have your love eclipsed from me.

*Gratiana.* O, I can hold no longer ; if thy  
words

Be us'd in earnest, my Valerio,  
Thou woundst my hart, but I know tis in jest. 160

*Gost.* [*aside*]. No, Ile be sworne she has her  
lyripoope too.

*Gra.* Didst thou not sweare to love me spight  
of father

And all the world, that nought should sever us  
But death it selfe.

*Val.* I did, but if my father  
Will have his sonne foresworne, upon his soule 165

160 *tis* Emend. Co. Qq, *tist*.

162-164 *Didst . . . father.* Qq print this : *Didst . . . world*  
(with & for *And*) *That . . . selfe. I . . . father.*

The blood of my black perjurie shall lye,  
For I will seeke his favour though I dye.

*Gost.* No, no, live still, my sonne ; thou well  
shalt know

I have a fathers hart ; come, joyne your hands ;  
Still keepe thy vowes, and live together still 170  
Till cruell death set foote betwixt you both.

*Val.* O, speake you this in earnest ?

*Gost.* I, by heaven !

*Val.* And never to recall it ?

*Gost.* Not till death.

*Ryn.* Excellent sir, you have done like your  
selfe !

What would you more, Valerio ?

*Val.* Worshipfull father ! 175

*Ryn.* Come, sir, come you in, and celebrate  
your joyes. *Exeunt all save the old men.*

*Gost.* O Marc-Antonio,

Had I not armd you with an expectation,  
Would not this make you pawne your very  
soule,

The wench had bin my sonnes wife ?

*Marc.* Yes, by heaven ! 180

A knaverie thus effected might deceive  
A wiser man then I, for I ahlas,  
Am noe good polititian, plaine beleeving,  
Simple honesty, is my policy still.

168 live . . . sonne. Query, live still my sonne.

*Gost.* The visible markes of folly, honesty, 185  
And quick credulitie, his yonger brother.  
I tell you, Marc-Antonio, there is mutch  
In that young boy, my sonne.

*Marc.* Not much honesty,  
If I may speake without offence to his father.

*Gost.* O God, you cannot please me better, sir! 190  
H'as honesty enough to serve his turne,  
The lesse honesty ever the more wit.  
But goe you home, and use your daughter kindly,  
Meane time Ile schoole your sonne : and do you  
still

Dissemble what you know, keepe off your sonne ; 195  
The wench at home must still be my sonnes wife,  
Remember that, and be you blinded still.

*Marc.* You must remember, too, to let your  
sonne  
Use his accustomm'd visitations,  
Onely to blinde my eyes.

*Gost.* He shall not faile : 200  
But still take you heede, have a vigilant eye  
On that slie childe of mine, for by this light,  
Heele be too bould with your sonnes forehead els.

*Marc.* Well, sir, let me alone, Ile beare a  
braine.

*Exeunt [Marc. Antonio and Gostanzo.]*

185-186 *The visible . . . brother.* Qq print this as one line.

188-189 *Not much . . . father.* Qq print this as one line.

*Enter Valerio [and] Rynaldo.*

*Val.* Come, they are gone.

*Ryn.* Gone, they were farre gone heere. 205

*Val.* Guld I my father, or guld he himselfe ?  
Thou toldst him Gratiana was my wife,  
I have confest it, he has pardoned it.

*Ryn.* Nothing more true, enow can wnesse  
it.

And therefore when he comes to learne the  
truth, 210

(As certainly for all these slie disguises  
Time will strip Truth into her nakednesse),  
Thou hast good plea against him to confesse  
The honor'd action, and to claime his pardon.

*Val.* Tis true, for all was done, he deeply  
swore, 215

Out of his hart.

*Ryn.* He has much faith the whiles,  
That swore a thing so quite against his hart.

*Val.* Why, this is pollicie.

*Ryn.* Well, see you repaire,  
To Gratiana daily, and enjoy her  
In her true kinde ; and now we must expect 220  
The resolute and ridiculous divorce  
Cornelio hath sued against his wedlock.

*Val.* I thinke it be not so ; the asse dotes on  
her.

*Ryn.* It is too true, and thou shalt answere it,

For setting such debate twixt man and wife: 225  
See, we shall see the solemne maner of it.

*Enter Cor[nelio], Darioto, Claud[io], Notarie, Page,  
Gazetta, Bell[onora, and] Gratiana.*

*Bellonora.* Good Signior Cornelio, let us poore  
gentlewomen intreate you to forbear.

*Cornelio.* Talke no more to me, Ile not be  
made cuckold in my owne house: Notarie, read 230  
me the divorce.

*Gazetta.* My deare Cornelio, examine the  
cause better before you condemne me.

*Cor.* Sing to me no more, syren, for I will heare  
thee no more, I will take no compassion on thee. 235

*Page.* Good Signior Cornelio, be not too man-  
kinde against your wife; say y<sup>e</sup>are a cuckold (as  
the best that is may be so at a time) will you  
make a trumpet of your owne hornes?

*Cor.* Goe too, sir, y<sup>e</sup>are a rascall! Ile give 240  
you a fee for pleading for her one day. Notary,  
doe you your office.

*Val.* Goe too, Signior, looke better to your  
wife, and be better advised before you grow to  
this extremitie. 245

*Cor.* Extremitie? go too, I deale but too  
mercifully with her. If I should use extremitie  
with her, I might hang her and her copesmate,  
my drudge here; how say you M[aster] Notary,  
might I not doe it by law? 250

*Notary.* Not hang am, but you may bring them both to a white sheete.

*Cor.* Nay, by the masse, they have had too much of the sheete already.

*Not.* And besides you may set capitall letters<sup>255</sup> on their foreheads.

*Cor.* What's that to the capitall letter thats written in minde? I say for all your law, Maister Notary, that I may hang am; may I not hang him that robs me of my honour as well as he<sup>260</sup> that robs me of my horse?

*Not.* No, sir, your horse is a chattell!

*Cor.* Soe is honour: a man may buy it with his peny, and if I may hang a man for stealing my horse (as I say), much more for robbing mee<sup>265</sup> of my honour; for why? if my horse be stolne, it may bee my owne fault; for why? eyther the stable is not strong enough, or the pasture not well fenc't, or watcht, or so foorth. But for your wife that keepes the stable of your honour,<sup>270</sup> let her be lockt in a brazen towre, let Argus himselfe keepe her, yet can you never bee secure of your honour; for why? she can runne through all with her serpent noddle: besides you may hang a Locke upon your horse, and so can you<sup>275</sup> not upon your wife.

*Ryn.* But I pray you, sir, what are the pre-

<sup>258</sup> minde. So Qq. See Notes, p. 132.



sumptions on which you would build this divorce ?

*Cor.* Presumption enough, sir, for besides their<sup>280</sup>  
entercourse, or commerce of glances that past  
betwixt this cockrill-drone and her at my table  
the last Sunday night at supper, their winckes,  
their beckes, — due gard ! — their treads a' the  
toe (as by heaven I sweare she trode once upon<sup>285</sup> .  
my toe instead of his), this is chiefly to be noted :  
the same night she would needs lie alone, and  
the same night her dog barkt — did you not heare  
him, Valerio ?

*Val.* And understand him too, Ile be sworne<sup>290</sup>  
of a booke.

*Cor.* Why, very good, if these be not manifest  
presumptions now, let the world be judge.  
Therefore without more ceremony, Maister  
Notarie, plucke out your instrument. 295

*Not.* I will, sir, if there be no remedie.

*Cor.* Have you made it strong in law, Maister  
Notary ? have you put in words enough ?

*Not.* I hope so, sir, it has taken me a whole  
skinne of parchment, you see. 300

*Cor.* Very good, and is “egresse” and “re-  
gresse” in ?

*Not.* Ile warrant you, sir, it is *forma juris*.

*Cor.* Is there no hoale to be found in the  
ortography ? 305

*Not.* None in the world, sir.

*Cor.* You have written *Sunt* with an *S*, have you not?

*Not.* Yes, that I have.

*Cor.* You have done the better for quietnesse<sup>310</sup> sake: and are none of the autenticall dashes over the head left out? If there be, Maister Notary, an error will lye [on't].

*Not.* Not for a dashe over head, sir, I warrant you, if I should oversee; I have seene that<sup>315</sup> tryed in Butiro & Caseo, in Butler and Casons case, *decimo sexto* of Duke Anonimo.

*Ryn.* Y' ave gotten a learned Notarie, Signior Cornelio.

*Cor.* Hees a shroad fellow indeed; I had as<sup>320</sup> leeve have his head in a matter of felony or treason as any notary in Florence. Read out, Maister Notary; harken you, mistresse; gentlemen, marke, I beseech you.

*Omnes.* We will all marke you, sir, I war-<sup>325</sup> rant you.

*Not.* I thinke it would be something tedious to read all, and therfore, gentlemen, the summe is this: That you, Signior Cornelio, gentleman, for divers & sundry waighty and mature con-<sup>330</sup> siderations, you especially moving, specifying

<sup>313</sup> *on't.* Suggested by O. G. (Octavius Gilchrist) in footnote to Co. Qq, out.

all the particulars of your wives enormities in a scedule hereunto annexed, the transcript whereof is in your owne tenure, custodie, occupation, & keeping: That for these the aforesaid<sup>335</sup> premises, I say, you renounce, disclaime, and discharge Gazetta frõ being your leeful, or your lawfull, wife: And that you eftsoones deuide, disjoyne, seperate, remove, & finally eloigne, sequester, & divorce her, frõ your bed & your<sup>340</sup> boord: That you forbid her all accesse, repaire, egresse, or regresse, to your person or persons, mansion or mansions, dwellings, habitations, remainences, or abodes, or to any shop, sellar, sollar, easements chamber, dormer, and so forth,<sup>345</sup> now in the tenure, custody, occupation, or keeping of the said Cornelio; notwithstanding all former contracts, covenants, bargaines, conditions, agreements, compacts, promises, vows, affiances, assurances, bonds, billes, indentures,<sup>350</sup> pole-deedes, deeds of guift, defesances, feoffments, endowments, vowchers, double vowchers, privie entries, actions, declarations, explications, rejoinders, surrejoinders, rights, interests, demands, claymes, or titles whatsoever, hereto-<sup>355</sup> fore betwixt the one and the other party, or parties, being had, made, past, covenanted & agreed, from the beginning of the world till the day of the date hereof, given the 17. of Novem-

ber 1500 and so forth. Here, sir, you must set 360  
to your hand.

*Cor.* What els, Maister Notary? I am resolute, ifaith.

*Gaz.* Sweete husband, forbear.

*Cor.* Avoyde, I charge thee in the name of 365  
this divorce: thou mightst have lookt to it in  
time, yet this I will doe for thee; if thou canst  
spie out any other man that thou wouldest cuck-  
olde, thou shalt have my letter to him: I can do  
no more. More inke, Maister Notary, I wright 370  
my name at large.

*Not.* Here is more, sir.

*Cor.* Ah, asse, that thou could not know thy  
happinesse till thou hadst lost it! How now?  
my nose bleed? shall I write in blood? what, 375  
onely three drops? Sfoote thi's ominous: I  
will not set my hand toot now certaine. Mais-  
ter Notary, I like not this abodement: I will  
deferre the setting too of my hand till the next  
court day: keepe the divorce, I pray you, and 380  
the womant in your house together.

*Omnes.* Burne the divorce, burne the divorce!

*Cor.* Not so, sir, it shall not serve her turne.  
M[aster] Notary, keep it at your perill, &, gen-  
tlemen, you may be gone, a Gods name; what 385  
have you to doe to flocke about me thus? I am

neither howlet, nor cuckooe. Gentlewomen, for Gods sake, medle with your owne cases, it is not fit you should haunt these publike assemblies.

*Omnes.* Well, farewell, Cornelio. 390

*Val.* Use the gentlewoman kindly, Maister Notary.

[*Not.*] As mine owne wife, I assure you, sir.

*Exeunt* [*all but Cornelio and Claudio*].

*Clau.* Signior Cornelio, I cañot but in kindenes tell you that Valerio by counsaile of Rinaldo 395 hath whispered all this jealosie into your eares; not that he knew any just cause in your wife, but only to be revengd on you for the gull you put upon him when you drew him with his glory to touch the theorbo. 400

*Cor.* May I beleeeve this?

*Clau.* As I am a gentleman: and if this accident of your nose had not falne out, I would have told you this before you set too your hand.

*Cor.* It may well be, yet have I cause enough 405 To perfect my divorce, but it shall rest Till I conclude it with a counterbuffe Given to these noble rascals: Claudio, thanks: What comes of this, watch but my braine a little,

393 *Not.* Emend. S. Qq assign this speech to *Val.*

395 *Valerio.* Emend. Co. Qq, *Balerio*, which misled Do. into printing *Bellanora*.

And yee shall see, if like two partes in me 410  
I leave not both these gullers wits imbrierd ;  
Now I perceive well where the wilde winde sits,  
Heres gull for gull and wits at warre with wits.  
*Exeunt [Claudio and Cornelio.]*



ACTUS QUINTI SCENA PRIMA.

[*A Street in Florence.*]

*Rinaldo solus.*

[*Rynaldo.*] Fortune, the great commandresse  
of the world,

Hath divers wayes to advance her followers :  
To some she gives honour without deserving,  
To other some deserving without honour,  
Some wit, some wealth, and some wit without  
wealth,

Some wealth without wit, some nor wit nor  
wealth,

But good smocke-faces, or some qualities  
By nature without judgement, with the which  
They live in sensuall acceptation,  
And make show onely, without touche of sub-  
stance.

My fortune is to winne renowne by gulling.  
Gostanzo, Darioto, and Cornelio,  
All which suppose in all their different kindes  
Their witts entyre, and in themselves no piece,  
All at one blow, my helmet yet unbruisde,  
I have unhorst, laid flat on earth for guls.  
Now in what taking poore Cornelio is

11 *gulling.* Qq, comma after *gulling.* 12 Qq, period after *Cornelio.*

Betwixt his large divorce and no divorce,  
 I long to see, and what he will resolve:  
 I lay my life he cannot chew his meate, 20  
 And lookes much like an ape had swallowed  
     pilles;

And all this comes of bootelesse jealousie:  
 And see where bootelesse jealousie appeares.

*Enter Cornel[io].*

Ile bourd him straight; how now, Cornelio?  
 Are you resolv'd on the divorce, or no? 25

*Cornelio.* What's that to you? looke to your  
     owne affaires,

The time requires it; are you not engag'd  
 In some bonds forfeit for Valerio?

*Ryn.* Yes, what of that?

*Cor.* Why, so am I my selfe;  
 And both our dangers great; he is arrested 30  
 On a recognizance by a usuring slave.

*Ryn.* Arrested? I am sorry with my hart,  
 It is a matter may import me much;  
 May not our bayle suffize to free him, thinke  
     you?

*Cor.* I thinke it may, but I must not be  
     seene in't, 35

Nor would I wish you, for we both are parties,  
 And liker farre to bring our selves in trouble  
 Then beare him out: I have already made  
 Meanes to the officers to sequester him

In private for a time, till some in secret 40  
Might make his father understand his state,  
Who would perhaps take present order for him  
Rather then suffer him t'endure the shame  
Of his imprisonment. Now, would you but goe  
And breake the matter closely to his father, 45  
(As you can wisely doo't) and bring him to him,  
This were the onely way to save his credit,  
And to keepe off a shrowd blow from our selves.

*Ryn.* I know his father will be moov'd past  
measure.

*Cor.* Nay, if you stand on such nice cere-  
monies, 50

Farewell our substance: extreame diseases  
Aske extreame remedies, better he should storme  
Some little time then we be beate for ever  
Under the horred shelter of a prison,

*Ryn.* Where is the place?

*Cor.* Tis at the Halfe Moone Taverne; 55  
Hast, for the matter will abide no staye.

*Ryn.* Heaven send my speed be equall with  
my hast. *Exit [Rynaldo].*

*Cor.* Goe, shallow scholler, you that make  
all guls,

You that can out-see cleere-ey'd jeolousie,  
Yet make this slight a milstone, where your braine 60  
Sticks in the midst amazd. This gull to him  
And to his fellow guller shall become

More bitter then their baiting of my humour :  
 Heere at this taverne shall Gostanzo finde  
 Fortunio, Darioto, Claudio, 65  
 And amongst them, the ringleader, his sonne,  
 His husband, and his Saint Valerio,  
 That knowes not of what fashion dice are made,  
 Nor ever yet lookt towards a red lettice,  
 (Thinkes his blinde sire), at drinking and at dice, 70  
 With all their wenches, and at full discover  
 His owne grose folly and his sonnes distempers;  
 And both shall know, (although I be no schol-  
 ler)

Yet I have thus much Latin as to say  
*Jam sumus ergo pares.* *Exit [Cornelio].* 75

[SCENA SECUNDA.]

*A Room in the Half Moon Tavern.]*

*Enter Valerio, Fortunio, Claudio, Page, Grat[iana],  
 Gazetta, [and] Bellanora. A Drawer or two,  
 setting a table.*

*Valerio.* Set me the table heere, we will shift  
 roomes

To see if Fortune will shift chances with us :  
 Sit, ladies, sit ; Fortunio, place thy wench,  
 And, Claudio, place you Dariotos mistresse.  
 I wonder where that neate spruce slave becomes : 5

71 *With all.* Qq, *Withall.*

I thinke he was some barbers sonne, by th' masse ;  
Tis such a picked fellow, not a haire  
About his whole bulke but it stands in print,  
Each pinne hath his due place, not any point  
But hath his perfect tie, fashion, and grace ; 10  
A thing whose soule is specially imployde  
In knowing where best gloves, best stockings,  
wasecotes

Curiously wrought, are solde ; sacks milleners  
shops

For all new tyres and fashions, and can tell yee  
What new devices of all sorts there are, 15  
And that there is not in the whole Rialto  
But one new-fashion'd wast-cote, or one night-  
cap,

One paire of gloves, pretty or well perfum'd ;  
And from a paire of gloves of halfe a crowne  
To twenty crownes will to a very scute 20  
Smell out the price : and for these womanly parts  
He is esteem'd a witty gentleman.

*Fortunio.* See, where he comes.

*Enter Darioto.*

*Dariotto.* God save you, lovely ladies.

*Val.* I, well said, lovely Paris, your wall eye  
Must ever first be gloting on mens wives ; 25  
You thinke to come upon us, being halfe drunke,  
And so to part the freshest man amongst us ;  
But you shall over-take us, Ile be sworne.

*Dar.* Tush, man, where are your dice? Lets fall to them.

*Claudio.* We have bin at am. Drawer, call for more. 30

*Val.* First lets have wine, dice have no perfect edge

Without the liquid whetstone of the sirrope.

*For.* True, and to welcome Darioto's latenes,

He shall (unpledg'd) carouze one crowned cup  
To all these ladies health.

*Dar.* I am well pleasd. 35

*Val.* Come on, let us varie our sweete time  
With sundry excercises. Boy, tabacco!

And, drawer, you must get us musique too;  
Calls in a cleanly noyse, the slaves grow lowzy.

*Drawer.* You shall have such as we can get  
you, sir. *Exit [Drawer].* 40

*Dar.* Let's have some dice, I pray thee: they  
are clenly.

*Val.* Page, let mee see that leafe!

*Page.* It is not leafe, sir,  
Tis pudding cane tabacco.

*Val.* But I meane  
Your linstock, sir, what leafe is that, I pray?

*Page.* I pray you see, sir, for I cannot read. 45

42-44 *It is . . . pray.* Qq print this as 2 ll.: *It is . . . Tabacco! But I . . . pray.*



*Val.* Sfoote, a rancke stincking satyre; this  
had been

Enough to have poysned everie man of us.

*Dar.* And now you speake of that, my boy  
once lighted

A pipe of cane tabacco with a peece

Of a vild ballad, and Ile sweare I had

50

A singing in my head a whole weeke after.

*Val.* Well, th' old verse is, *A potibus incipe  
io-c-um.*

*Enter Drawer with wine and a cupp.*

Drawer, fill out this gentlemans carowse,

And harden him for our societie.

*Dar.* Well, ladies, heere is to your honourd  
healths.

55

*For.* What, Dariotto, without hat or knee?

*Val.* Well said, Fortunio. O, y'are a rare  
courtier!

Your knee, good signior, I beseech your knee.

*Dar.* Nay, pray you, lets take it by degrees,  
Valerio; on our feete first, for this

60

Will bring's too soone upon our knees.

*Val.* Sir, there

Are no degrees of order in a taverne;

Heere you must, I charge yee, runne all a head;

59-62 Q prints this as three lines of prose: *Nay . . . our | feete  
. . . knees. | Sir . . . taverne.*

63 charge. Emend. S. Qq, chargd.

Slight, courtier, downe ;

I hope you are no elephant, you have joynts! 65

*Dar.* Well, sir, heere's to the ladies on my knees.

*Val.* Ile be their pledge.

*Enter Gostanzo and Rinaldo [behind].*

*For.* Not yet, Valerio,

This hee must drinke unpledgd.

*Val.* He shall not, I will give him this advantage.

*Gostanzo [aside].* How now ? whats heere ?  
are these the officers ? 70

*Rynaldo [aside].* Slight, I would all were well.

*Enter Cornelio [behind].*

*Val.* Heere is his pledge :

Heere's to our common friend Cornelioes health.

[*Dar.*] Health to Gazetta, poyson to her husband !  
*He kneeles.*

*Cornelio [aside].* Excellent guestes : these are my dayly guestes.

*Val.* Drawer, make even th' impartiall skales  
of Justice, 75

Give it to Claudio, and from him fill round.

Come, Darioto, sett mee, let [the] rest

Come in when they have done the ladyes right.

*Gost.* [*aside*]. "Sett me"! Doe you know  
what belongs to setting ?

73 *Dar.* Emend. ed. Qq, *Clau.* See *Notes*, p. 136.

77 *the.* Emend. ed. Qq, *mee.* See *Notes*, p. 136.

Ryn. [*aside*]. What a dull slave was I to be  
thus gull'd? 80

Cor. [*aside to Rynaldo*]. Why, Rinald, what  
meant you to intrap your friend,  
And bring his father to this spectacle?  
You are a friend in deed!

Ryn. Tis verie good, sir;  
Perhaps my friend, or I, before wee part,  
May make even with you.

For. Come, lets sett him round. 85

Val. Doe so: at all! A plague upon these  
dice.

Another health! Sfoote, I shall have no lucke  
Till I be druncke: come on, heere's to the com-  
fort

The cavalier, my father, should take in mee  
If he now saw mee and would do me right. 90

For. Ile pledge it, and his health, Valerio.

Gost. [*aside*]. Heere's a good husband.

Ryn. [*aside to Gostanzo*]. I pray you  
have patience, sir.

Val. Now have at all, an 'twere a thousand  
pound.

Gost. [*advancing*]. Hold, sir! I barr the dice.

Val. What, sir, are you there?

Fill's a fresh pottle! by this light, Sir Knight, 95  
You shall do right.

*Enter Marc. Ant[onio].*

Gost. O thou ungratious villaine.

[*Val.*] Come, come, wee shall have you now  
thunder foorth

Some of your thriftie sentences, as gravely:

“ For as much, Valerius, as every thing has time,  
and a pudding has two ; yet ought not satisfac-100  
tion to swerve so much from defalcation of well  
dispos’d people as that indemnitie should preju-  
dice what securitie doth insinuate.” A tryall,  
yet once againe.

*Marc.* Heere’s a good sight ! Y’are well en-  
countred, sir ;

105

Did I not tell you you’d oreshoote your selfe  
With too much wisdomes ?

*Val.* Sir, your wisest do so.  
Fill the old man some wine.

*Gost.* Heere’s a good infant !

*Marc.* Why, sir ? Ahlas, Ile wager with your  
wisdomes

His consorts drew him to it, for of him selfe 110  
He is both vertuous, bashfull, innocent ;  
Comes not at cittie ; knowes no cittie art,  
But plies your husbandrie ; dares not view a  
wench.

*Val.* Father, hee comes upon you.

*Gost.* Heere’s a sonne !

*Marc.* Whose wife is Gratiana now, I  
pray ?

115

*Gost.* Sing your old song no more, your  
braine's too short  
To reach into these pollicies.

*Marc.* Tis true,  
Mine eye's soone blinded : and your selfe would  
say so,  
If you knew all. Where lodg'd your sonne last  
night ?

Doe you know that with all your pollicie ? 120

*Gost.* Youle say he lodg'd with you, and did  
not I

Foretell you all this must for cullour sake  
Be brought about, onely to blinde your eyes ?

*Marc.* By heaven, I chaunc't this morne, I  
know not why,

To passe by Gratianas bed-chamber, 125  
And whom saw I fast by her naked side  
But your Valerio ?

*Gost.* Had you not warning given ?  
Did I not bidd you watch my courtier well,  
Or hee would set a crest a your sonnes head ?

*Marc.* That was not all, for by them on a  
stoole 130

My sonne sate laughing to see you so gull'd.

*Gost.* Tis too too plaine !

*Marc.* Why, sir, do you suspect it  
The more for that ?

118 *eye's*. Emend. S. Qq, eyes.

132-133 *Why, sir . . . that*. Q prints as one line.

*Gost.* Suspect it? Is there any  
So grosse a wittoll as, if t'were his wife,  
Would sit by her so tamelie?

*Marc.* Why not, sir, 135  
To blind my eyes?

*Gost.* Well, sir, I was deceiv'd,  
But I shall make it proove a deare deceit  
To the deceiver.

*Ryn.* Nay, sir, lets not have  
A new infliction set on an old fault :  
Hee did confesse his fault upon his knees, 140  
You pardned it, and swore twas from your hart.

*Gost.* Swore, a great peece of worke! The  
wretch shall know  
I have a daughter heere to give my land too ;  
Ile give my daughter all : the prodigall  
Shall not have one poore house to hide his head  
in. 145

*For.* I humblie thanke you, sir, and vow all  
duetie  
My life can yeelde you.

*Gost.* Why are you so thankfull?

*For.* For giving to your daughter all your lands,  
Who is my wife, and so you gave them mee.

*Gost.* Better and better!

*For.* Pray, sir, be not moov'd ; 150  
You drew mee kindlie to your house, and gave mee



Accesse to woe your daughter, whom I lov'd,  
And since (by honord mariage) made my wife.

*Gost.* Now all my choller flie out in your  
witts :

Good trickes of youth, y'faith, no indecorum, 155  
Knights sonne, knights daughter ; Marc. An-  
tonio,

Give mee your hand, there is no remedie,  
Mariage is ever made by destenie.

[*All applaud.*]

*Ryn.* Scilence, my maisters, now heere all  
are pleas'd,

Onelie but Cornelio, who lackes but perswasion 160  
To reconcile himselfe to his faire wife :

Good sir, will you (of all men our best speaker)  
Perswade him to receive her into grace?

*Gost.* That I will gladlie, and he shal be rul'd.  
Good Cornelio, I have heard of your wayward 165  
jelosie, and I must tell you plaine as a friend,  
y'are an asse, — you must pardon me, I knew  
your father —

*Ryn.* Then you must pardon him indeed, sir.

*Gost.* Understand mee : put case Dariotto 170  
lov'd your wife, whereby you would seeme to  
refuse her ; would you desire to have such a  
wife as no man could love but your selfe ?

164 *shal be.* Qq, shalbe.

165 *Good Cornelio.* Qq print as last words of l. 164.

*Marc.* Answere but that, Cornelio.

*Gost.* Understand mee : say Dariotto hath kist 175  
your wife, or perform'de other offices of that nature,  
whereby they did converse togeather at bedd  
and at boord, as friendes may seeme to doe —

*Marc.* Marke but the “Now understand  
mee”!

180

*Gost.* Yet if there come no proofes but that  
her actions were cleanlie, or in discreete private,  
why t'was a signe of modestie : and will you  
blow the horne your selfe, when you may keepe  
it to your selfe ? Goe to, you are a foole, under- 185  
stand mee!

*Val.* Doe understand him, Cornelio.

*Gost.* Nay, Cornalio, I tell you againe, I knew  
your father ; hee was a wise gentleman, and so  
was your mother : mee thinkes I see her yet, a 190  
lustie stoute woman, bore great children, — you  
were the verie skundrell of am all ; but let that  
passe. As for your mother, shee was wise, a  
most flippant tongue she had, and could set out  
her taile with as good grace as any shee in Flor- 195  
ence, come cut and long-tayle ; and she was  
honest enough too. But yet, by your leave,  
she would tickle Dob now and then as well as  
the best on am ; by Jove, it's true, Cornelio, I  
speake it not to flatter you : your father knew it 200

well enough, and would he do as you do, thinke you? set rascalles to undermine her or looke to her water, (as they say)? No, when he saw twas but her humour (for his owne quietnesse sake) hee made a backe-doore to his house for<sup>205</sup> convenience, gott a bell to his fore doore, and had an odd fashion in ringing by which shee and her mayde knew him, and would stand talking to his next neighbour to prolong time, that all thinges might be ridde clenly out a the way be-<sup>210</sup> fore he came, for the credite of his wife. This was wisdome now for a mans owne quiet.

*Marc.* Heere was a man, Cornelio!

*Gost.* What, I say! Young men thinke old men are fooles, but old men know young men<sup>215</sup> are fooles.

*Cor.* Why, harke you, you two knights; doe you thinke I will forsake Gazetta?

*Gost.* And will you not?

*Cor.* Why theer's your wisdome; why did<sup>220</sup> I make shew of divorce, thinke you?

*Marc.* Pray you why, sir?

*Cor.* Onelie to bridle her stout stomack: and how did I draw on the cullour for my divorce? I did traine the woodcocke Dariotto<sup>225</sup> into the net, drew him to my house, gave him opportunitie with my wife (as you say my father dealt with his wives friendes) onely to traine him

in: let him alone with my wife in her bed-chamber; and sometimes founde him a bedd<sup>230</sup> with her, and went my way backe again soft-lie, onelie to draw him into the pitte.

*Gost.* This was well handled in deed, Cornelio.

*Marc.* I, marrie, sir, now I commend your wisedome.

*Cor.* Why, if I had been so minded as you<sup>235</sup> thinke, I could have flung his pantable downe the staires, or doone him some other disgrace: but I winckt at it, and drew on the good foole more and more, onelie to bring him within my compasse.

240

*Gost.* Why, this was pollicie in graine.

*Cor.* And now shal the world see I am as wise as my father.

*Val.* Is't come to this? then will I make a speech in praise of this reconcilment, including<sup>245</sup> therein the praise and honor of the most fashionable and autenticall HORNE: stande close, gentles, and be silent.

*Hè gets into a chaire.*

*Gost.* Come on, lets heare his wit in this pot-able humour.

250

*Val.* The course of the world (like the life of man) is said to be devided into severall ages: as wee into infancie, childhood, youth, and so forward to old-age; so the world into the golden age, the silver, the brasse, the iron, the<sup>255</sup>

leaden, the wooden; and now into this present age, which wee tearme the *horned age*: not that but former ages have injoyde this benefite as well as our times; but that in ours it is more common, and neverthelesse pretious. It is said <sup>260</sup> that in the golden age of the world the use of gold was not then knowne — an argument of the simplicitie of that age; least therefore succeeding ages should hereafter impute the same fault to us which wee lay upon the first age, <sup>265</sup> that wee, living in the horned age of the world, should not understand the use, the vertue, the honour, and the very royaltie of the horne, I will in brieft sound the prayes thereof that they who are alreadie in possession of it may beare their <sup>270</sup> heades aloft as beeing proud of such loftie acowtrementes: and they that are but in possibilitie may be ravisht with a desire to be in possession.

A trophie so honorable, and unmatchedly powerfull that it is able to raise any man from <sup>275</sup> a beggar to an emperours fellow, a dukes fellow, a noble-mans fellow, aldermans fellow; so glorious, that it deserves to be worne (by most opinions) in the most conspicuous place about a man. For what worthier crest can you beare then the <sup>280</sup> horne? which if it might be seene with our mortall eyes, what a wonderfull spectacle would there be, and how highly they would ravish the

beholders! But their substance is incorporall, not falling under sence, nor mixt of the grosse<sup>285</sup> concretion of elementes, but a quintessence beyond them, a spirituall essence invisible and everlasting.

And this hath been the cause why many men have called their beeing in question, whether<sup>290</sup> there be such a thing in *rerum natura*, or not; because they are not to be seene: as though nothing were that were not to be seene. Who ever saw the winde? Yet what wonderfull effectes are seene of it. It drives the cloudes,<sup>295</sup> yet no man sees it: it rockes the house, beares downe trees, castles, steeples, yet who sees it? In like sort does your horne: it swelles the forehead, yet none sees it; it rockes the cradle, yet none sees it, so that you plainly perceive<sup>300</sup> sence is no judge of essence. The moone to any mans sence seemes to be horned; yet who knowes not the moone to be ever perfectly round. So likewise your heades seeme ever to be round when in deed they are oftentimes<sup>305</sup> horned. For their originall, it is unsearchable. Naturall they are not: for there is [no] beast borne with hornes more then with teeth. Created they were not, for *Ex nihilo nihil fit*.

<sup>307</sup> is no beast. Emend. ed. Qq, there is Beast. S, Where is beast?



Then you will aske mee, how came they into the <sup>310</sup> world? I know not; but I am sure women brought them into this part of the world, howsoever some doctors are of opinion that they came in with the Divell: and not unlike; for, as the Divell brought sinne into the worlde, but the <sup>315</sup> woman brought it to the man, so it may very well be that the Divell brought hornes into the world; but the woman brought them to the man.

For their power it is generall over the world: <sup>320</sup> no nation so barbarous, no countrey so proude, but doth equall homage to the horne. Europa when shee was carried through the sea by the Saturnian bull, was said (for feare of falling) to have held by the horne: and what is this but a <sup>325</sup> plaine shewing to us that all Europe, which took name from that Europa, should likewise hold by the horne. So that I say it is univer- sall over the face of the world, general over the face of Europe, and common over the face <sup>330</sup> of this countrey. What cittie, what towne, what village, what streete, nay what house, can quit it selfe of this prerogative? I have read that the lion once made a proclamation through all the forrest, that all horned beastes should de- <sup>335</sup> part foorthwith upon paine of death. If this

proclamation should be made through our forrest, Lord, what pressing, what running, what flying, would there be even from all the parts of it! he that had but a bunch of flesh in his <sup>340</sup> head would away : and some, foolishly fearefull, would imagine the shadow of his eares to be hornes : ahlas, how desart would this forrest be left !

To conclude : for there force it is irrenitable, <sup>345</sup> for were they not irrenitable, then might eyther propernesse of person secure a man, or wisdomes prevent am, or greatnesse exempt, or riches redeeme them ; but present experience hath taught us that in this case all these stand in no steade : <sup>350</sup> for we see the properst men take part of them, the best wits cannot avoide them (for then should poets be no cuckolds), nor can money redeeme them, for then would rich men fine for their hornes as they do for offices : but this is <sup>355</sup> held for a maxime, that there are more rich cuckolds then poore. Lastly, for continuance of the horne, it is undeterminable till death : neither doe they determine with the wives death (howsoever ignorant writers holde opinion they <sup>360</sup> doe) ; for as when a knight dies, his ladie still retaines the title of ladie ; when a company is

<sup>345</sup> and <sup>346</sup> *irrenitable*. Emend. ed., suggested by *New English Dictionary*. Qq, *irrevitable*.

cast, yet the captaine still retaines the title of captaine; so though the wife die by whom this title came to her husband, yet by the curtesie<sup>365</sup> of the city, he shal be a cuckold during life, let all ignorant asses prate what they list.

*Gost.* Notable wag! come, sir, shake hands with him,

In whose high honour you have made this speech.

*Marc.* And you, sir, come, joyne hands, y' are one amongst thẽ. 370

*Gost.* Very well done; now take your severall wives,

And spred like wilde-geese, though you now grow tame:

Live merily together and agree,

*Hornes cannot be kept off with jealousie.*

366 *shal be.* Qq, shalbe.

*FINIS.*

## EPILOGUE

*Since all our labours are as you can like,  
We all submit to you ; nor dare presume  
To thinke ther's any reall worth in them :  
Sometimes feastes please the cookes, and not the  
                  gwestes ;*

*Sometimes the gwestes, and curious cookes contemne  
                  them.*

5

*Our dishes we intirely dedicate  
To our kinde gwestes, but since yee differ so,  
Some to like onely mirth without taxations,  
Some to count such workes trifles, and such like ;  
We can but bring you meate, and set you stooles,  
And to our best cheere say you all are ( ) welcome.*

10

11 ( ) welcome. A B. M. (2 copies), Bod. (Malone), and  
B. P. L. have ( ). Drummond and Dyce lack it.

## Notes to *Al Fooles*

*For the meaning of single words see the Glossary.*

**2. Actors.** The name of Kyte, the scrivener, does not appear in the text of the play, where he is consistently mentioned as a notary. The name of the page occurs once only, III, 236. See *Notes ad loc.*

**3. Prologus.** This prologue was apparently written for the first production of *Al Fooles* at the Blackfriars Theatre. It had previously been performed at the Rose by the Admiral's Men, for whom Henslowe had purchased it on July 2, 1599. Whatever its success may have been, and it is worth noting that Chapman's first and far inferior comedy had proved a very successful investment for Henslowe,<sup>1</sup> it is plain that the author stood somewhat in awe of the more elegant and critical audience that gathered at the Blackfriars. This audience delighted especially in personal satire; it was before them that Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* and *Poetaster* were produced. Chapman's own play, *Sir Gyles Goosecappe*,<sup>2</sup> previously performed at this theatre, had contained a strong dash of this "personal application," and he seems to have feared, no doubt with good reason, that such a reversion to "merely comicall and harmlesse jests" as *Al Fooles* would fail to find favour with the audience. The prologue is in effect, then, a plea for suspension of judgement.

**3, 14. Eupolis and Cratinus:** Greek dramatists, of the age of Pericles, famous for the bitter personal satire of their comedies.

**4, 24. panegyrick splene:** the spleen in Chapman's day was supposed to be the seat of various emotions, not of ill-humour only. Cf. *The Maid's Tragedy*, III, ii, 270. The phrase here means "humour of applause."

**4, 27. mystery.** "Mystery" has here its modern meaning, "strange secret," as often in Shakespeare.

<sup>1</sup> *Henslowe's Diary*, inf. Feb. 12, 16, 19, 22, 26, Apr. 15, 26, May 3, 13, 18, June 3, 25, July 5, Nov. 6, 12, Dec. 2, 10, 23, 1596. Jan. 15, 25, March 14, Apr. 1, 1597.

<sup>2</sup> See as to date note on p. ix of *Biography*.

4, 28. **united heads**: the audience, particularly that part of it which sat upon the stage.

4, 29. **the stage**: the position on the stage assumed in private theatres by the gallants of the time. For their behaviour see Dekker, *Gulls Hornbook*, chap. vi.

4, 30. **other audience**: those in the pit and boxes.

4, 34. **merit . . . contents**. The merit (of a play) has little or nothing to do with the pleasure it gives most of the audience; "contents" is here a plural of the abstract noun, meaning "satisfaction," "pleasure."

4, 35. **Auriculas . . . habet?** Persius, *Sat.* 1, l. 121.

5, 1. **one selfe cause**: one and the same cause.

6, 38. **He**: instead of "him" for the sake of emphasis.

6, 40. **He . . . horne**: Fortunio, unable to obtain his love, wears the willow: Valerio, as a married man, is predestined, according to Rinaldo's cynical wit, to wear the horn, *i. e.* to be a cuckold.

7, 44. **And what . . . quintessence**: Chapman possibly had Marlowe's famous apostrophe to beauty (1 *Tamburlaine*, v, 1, 160-173) in his mind while writing this line.

7, 47. **a cousoning picture**: "It is a pretty art that in a pleated paper and table furrowed and indented men make one picture to represent several faces — that being viewed from one place or standing, did shew the head of a Spaniard, and from another the head of an ass." (*Humane Industry*, 1661, p. 76; quoted by Mr. Tollet in a note on *Twelfth Night*, v, 1, 224, in Johnson and Steeven's *Shakespeare*, 1778.) This reference I owe to Collier (*Select Collection of Old Plays*, v. 4, p. 112).

7, 51. **and would . . . all**. Would that women were no worse than brittle.

7, 55. **made me happy**: esteemed me fortunate.

7-8, 65-78. **I vowe . . . us'd**. Several reminiscences of Juvenal occur in this diatribe. *Vide Sat.* vi, il. 167-8, 462-3, 474-85. Cf. also *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1, ii (Chapman's *Dramatic Works*, Pearson, London, 1873, vol. 1, p. 199).

8-9, 80-90. **I read . . . serpent**. This passage seems a reminiscence of Herodotus, Book II, 65-74. The "painted fowle" is probably the phoenix, which Herodotus did not see "except in painting" (§ 73).



**9, 97-110. I tell thee Love . . . divine discourse :** Collier (*History of English Dramatic Poetry*, vol. 3, p. 257, n.) asserts that "the whole thought and some of the expressions are here borrowed from a madrigal by Andrea Navagero, which is inserted in Domenichi's collection of *Rime Diverse*, Venice, 1546, beginning—

Leggiadre donne, che quella bellezza  
Che natura vi diede, &c.

This poem occurs on p. 98, vol. 1, of *Rime Diverse*. It seems to me to have only a general resemblance to the passage in *Al Fooles*.

**10, 117. parle :** a dissyllable.

**11, 148. Machevilian :** the name of the great Florentine was at this time a by-word in England for an unscrupulous intriguer. Chapman uses "Machevilian" both as noun and adjective.

**11, 153. canst skill of :** understandest. "Skill" is the now obsolete verb.

**11, 156. tabacco shops :** "It should be observed that the houses of druggists (tobacconists) were not merely furnished with tobacco, but with conveniences for smoking it. Every well frequented shop was an academy of this 'noble art,' where professors regularly attended to initiate the country aspirant." Gifford's note to Jonson's *Alchemist*, I, i (p. 38). A knowledge of the proper method of "drinking tobacco" was an indispensable accomplishment of the gallants of the day. Barnaby Riche (*Honestie of this Age*, 1614) joins tobacco-houses with ale-houses and brothels much as Chapman does here.

**12, 164. gentlewoman :** trisyllabic, as often in Elizabethan poetry.

**12, 175. Sure twas my sonne :** this accidental discovery of Gostanzo's is the moving cause of the whole plot, since Rinaldo's assertion that Gratiana was Fortunio's wife and the whole subsequent entanglement springs from it. It compares favourably as a piece of stage-device with the wholly unexpected impudence with which in the *Heautontimorumenos* Syrus introduces Bacchis to his master's house under the pretence that she is Clinia's mistress. Chapman may have taken a hint from the *Adelphi*, where Demea surprises his son in the music girl's company.

**13, 193. Indeede he's one, etc. :** Gostanzo's pride in his son's eloquence resembles that of Demea. (*Adelphi*, III, iii, 58.)

**13, 195-196. What thrifty . . . knowledge :** cf. Syrus's report of the scolding Ctesipho administered to Aeschinus. (*Adelphi*, III, iii, 50-56.)

**14, 199-200. respect . . . riches :** regard riches as the true, or first, wife.

**14, 213-215. What a difference . . . you thus !** This speech is almost directly borrowed from the *Adelphi*, III, iii, 37-42. In Gostanzo's reply Chapman uses a speech of Demea's earlier in the *Adelphi* (I, ii, 14-16).

**15, 233. wise . . . sonne :** Collier retains the reading "wife" of the quartos. It is, however, an evident misprint. Gostanzo's wife is nowhere mentioned, and Rinaldo has just been praising Valerio's wisdom.

**17, 260-261. buildes . . . choyce :** is not grounded upon the goodness of his choice.

**17, 263. poore :** in the *Adelphi*, IV, vi, 10-11, Demea in like manner urges the poverty of Pamphila as an objection to her marriage with Aeschinus.

**17, 265-266. have in her . . . disparagement :** has made choice of a wife whose birth and virtues make her his equal. "Disparagement" has here its original meaning; see *Glossary*.

**17, 270. What should I doe ?** Marc. Antonio's easy and loving temper in this scene corresponds to that of Menedemus in the *Heautontimorumenos*, III, i, when Chremes tells him of his son's infatuation for Bacchis.

**18, 275. You ope him doores :** cf. *Heautontimorumenos*, III, i, 72. "Quantam fenestram ad nequitiam patefeceris."

**18, 278-80. knights competency . . . begger :** this prediction is borrowed from the *Heautontimorumenos*, III, i, where Chremes foretells the ruin of Menedemus by the extravagance of Bacchis. Chapman occasionally preserves the very phrases of the original, thus l. 284 corresponds to *Heautontimorumenos*, III, i, 54: "Sic me di amabunt, ut me tuarum miseritumst."

**19, 301. want of misery :** miserable poverty.

**19, 306. runne into the warres :** an adaptation from the *Heautontimorumenos*, I, i, 47-65, where the harsh rebukes of Menedemus to his son for his intrigue with Antiphila led to the young gentleman's flight from home and his enlisting in the Persian army.

**19, 316. Padoa:** apparently at this time the most famous in England of all Italian universities. The references to it in Elizabethan drama are innumerable. In *May-Day* Chapman introduces a foolish student of Padua come to Venice to learn the fashions of a town-gallant.

**23, 390. eld:** Collier changes the Quarto reading "eld" to "old" in order to make the passage correspond literally with Go-stanzo's speech, l. 315. There seems to me no need to insist upon such scrupulous exactness in Rinaldo's speech.

**25, 32. with his best:** by all possible means.

**26, 46, 47. ayre . . . cold:** cf. *Mother Bombie*, III, iii, 16.

**27, 68. Gra.** It seems plain from the following speech of Valerio that he is answering a remark of his wife. Hence this speech should belong to Gratiana. The phrase, "we shall breake," moreover, meaning "we shall be separated by your father's anger," is much more appropriate to her than to Fortunio. Several speeches are misassigned in the Quarto. Cf. III, i, 469, IV, 393, V, ii, 97.

**27, 69. jealous espiall.** All copies of the Quarto read *Ielosie Spy-all*, which Collier interprets as an appositive phrase, "jealousy, spy-all." This, however, seems very awkward. Shepherd's emendation "jealous spy-all" suggested to me what I believe to be the true reading "jealous espiall," from which the corruption in the text might easily proceed. Dr. Bradley suggests "jealouse spiall."

**27, 75. rascole . . . mace:** a bailiff, or sergeant, with his official staff.

**27, 78. cals:** "Nature" understood from the preceding line is the subject, — a not uncommon construction in Chapman.

**28, 87-88. what cause . . . loves:** what good cause my profound sagacity gives for you all to love me.

**28-29, 94-95. what rage . . . for her:** what anger against her would seize her father's mind.

**30, 118. lye at racke and manger:** live at ease. See *English Dialect Dictionary*, sub "rack."

**30-31, 138-139. not touch her . . . my father** | almost a translation of *Heautontimorumenos*, II, iii, 135-6.

**31, 144. conferme:** The reading of the Quarto "conseave,"

though accepted by Collier and Shepherd, who read "conceive," does not make good sense. Following a suggestion by Dr. Bradley I read "conferme," from which in MS. "conseave" might easily be derived. Dr. Bradley calls my attention to a passage in Shirley, *The Doubtful Heir*, v, ii (Dyce's edition, vol. 4, p. 344),

And I have satisfied these lords so well  
They are confirm'd in your just claim and person,

where the meaning is exactly the same.

**33, 20. olde acquaintance:** this is another instance of the influence of the *Adelphi*. In the *Heautontimorumenos* the acquaintance between the fathers is quite recent.

**33, 28. all your amities:** friendship with all of you, or you all as friends.

**34, 53. saw . . . a grate:** saw through a grating in a door, *i. e.* saw at distance only, was not intimate with.

**35, 67. to shift . . . contentment:** to satisfy and get rid of him. Unless some word like "hence" has been dropped from the line, "contentment" must be accented on the first syllable. Jonson (*The English Grammar*, chap. vii) asserted that all trisyllabic nouns are accented on the first syllable.

**36. Enter Fortunion, etc.:** this admirable scene, in which Gostanzo receives his son's secret wife thinking her the wife of his old friend's son, is Chapman's own invention and has no counterpart in either the *Heautontimorumenos* or the *Adelphi*. The feigned clownishness of Valerio and his reluctance to kiss his own wife is very admirable fooling.

**39, 153. of his house:** Collier changes without comment to "to his house," which probably is the sense. It is, however, an uncommon usage, and we might perhaps understand "of his house" as modifying "Dutchesse."

**40, 163. drinking tobacco:** at this time the ordinary phrase for smoking. In *Every Man out of his Humour* (III, iii), we have a picture of a gallant courting his mistress between whiffs of a pipe. Rosalind (*As You Like It*, iv, ii, 73-75) recommends a better way to the "gravelled" lover.

**40, 172-76. accrostique . . . Blancke Verse:** to display his versatility as a poet Gostanzo reels off the names of some popular forms of verse. "Exordion," *i. e.* Exordium, is properly speaking

not a form of verse, but merely an introduction whether in prose or metre. By "Sonnets in Doozens" he probably means songs or poems of twelve lines in length, such as Sidney's Sonnet LIV (Grosart, *Complete Poems of Philip Sidney*) or Shakespeare's Sonnet cxxvi. "Quatorzains" was a frequent technical designation of the true sonnet (see Lee, *Elizabethan Sonnets*, p. xxxiii). "Sdruciolla" are the triple, or dactylic, rhymes called *sdrucchiolo*, or slippery, in Italian. Sir John Harrington's translation of *Orlando Furioso*, 1591, in which such rhymes were lavishly employed, seems to have provoked considerable discussion. See his defence of his action in *An Apologie of Poetry*, prefixed to the translation [reprinted in Haslewood, *Ancient Critical Essays*].

41, 184-186. **You let him . . . y'faith**: a reminiscence and elaboration of Micio's comment on Demea's conduct toward his son (*Adelphi*, I, i, 39-40).

41-42, 198-201. **made . . . workt**: correct syntax demands that these verbs should be participles in composition with "have" (l. 193), but the numerous infinitives with which they are surrounded seem in the Quarto to have attracted them from their proper form. Chapman himself may have been responsible for the loose construction.

42, 206. **Of thine**: dependent upon "the wit," understood.

42, 208. **th' evening crownes the daie**: an old proverbial saying (*vide* Hazlitt, *English Proverbs*, p. 380).

42, 210. **in a string**: to be led about at will.

42. **Enter Gazetta sowing**: this stage-direction seems to show that the front scene in this act was conceived of as a street. At the rear two doors led into the houses of Gostanzo and Cornelio. After the exit of Gostanzo into his house and the subsequent entrance of Rinaldo and Valerio therefrom, Gazetta enters from her husband's house to take the air and sew before his door. I am inclined to think that all scenes in the play are laid in the same place, a street before the houses of Gostanzo and Cornelio, except the last, which is laid in a tavern.

43, 226. **swagger**: apparently a new bit of slang about the close of the sixteenth century. In his address "To the Understander" prefixed to *Achilles Shield* (1598), Chapman says:



"Swaggering is a new word among them [the captious young readers of the day] and round headed custom gives it privilege with much imitation, being created as it were by a natural Prosopopeia without etymology or derivation."

43, 230. **this light**: the sword which he here draws.

43, 233-234. **pancie . . . columbine**: Mr. Fleay (*Chronicle of English Drama*, vol. 1, p. 58) sees here a palpable imitation of the famous scene in *Hamlet* (iv, v) where Ophelia distributes flowers. The resemblance consists in the mention of pansy and columbine and in the meaning assigned or imputed to these flowers in both plays. Inasmuch as the columbine is not mentioned in the first Quarto of *Hamlet*, but appears in Q<sub>2</sub> (1604), Fleay holds that the present passage of *Al Fooles* indicates a revision of this play some time after 1603. I do not feel that this is a strong argument. The language of flowers was probably as familiar to Chapman as to Shakespeare, and Chapman has his own reasons for making the jealous Cornelio refer to the pansy, and to the columbine, the cuckold's flower.

44, 240. **adores . . . adhornes**: the second of these words used in the sense of "plants horns on" appears to be a coinage of Chapman's. This play on "adores" and "adhornes" appears again in *The Widow's Tears*, 1, i (vol. 3, p. 9).

44, 252. **Thinke . . . netts**: the phrases "to dance, to hide, or to march, in a net" were in proverbial use in Elizabethan English to denote an ineffectual attempt at concealment. Cf. *King Henry V*, 1, ii, 93, and *The Spanish Tragedy*, iv, iv, 118, with Professor Boas's note on the latter passage. The phrase is awkwardly applied here, and it might be better to read as Mr. P. A. Daniel suggests: "Think that you dance in nets."

46, 281. **Play Menelaus**: the allusion is to the hospitable reception given by Menelaus to Paris, *vide* Ovid, *Heroides: Epistola* xvi, 127:

Excipit hospitio, vir me tuus, etc.

46, 282. **well-taught, wayting-woman**: cf. *Monsieur D'Olive*, v, i (vol. 1, p. 245): "You may be waiting-woman to any dame in Europe: that Petrarch does good offices . . . As when any lady is in private courtship with this or that gallant, your Petrarch helps to entertaine time."



46, 291. **looking to . . . marke**: by taking care of the mark at which they aim (*i. e.* Gazette's honour) and so preventing their touching it.

47, 303. **lether jerkins**: the buff coats which were at this time the regular dress of the sergeants who arrested debtors.

47, 306. **Forget his day**: forget the day on which a debt, or bill, came due.

47, 307. **corporals**: the military term is here applied jestingly to the sergeant's underlings.

48, 334. **besides their bookes**: beyond their briefs, or without their notes, and therefore incoherently.

48, 336-38. **that same vayne . . . grossest**: this speech is probably a "gag" inserted during the revision of the play, with reference to the so-called "War of the Theatres." "Your best poet" may perhaps refer to Jonson, the leading poet at this time for the Blackfriars company.

49, 346-347. **put a mad spleene . . . pigeon**: cf. *Hamlet*, II, ii, 605.

50, 370-371. **Of all mens wits . . . Valerioes**: the trick played upon Valerio in this scene is responsible for the development of the under-plot, for which the ground has already been laid by the revelation of Cornelio's jealousy. It might be objected that such a fool as Cornelio was not likely to make a fool of Valerio. But Chapman seems to believe, with Lincoln, that "you can fool all of the people some of the time." Each of the leading characters in the play is "gulled" in turn by being attacked on the side of his "humour," or ruling passion, and Valerio's ruling passion is pride in his gallant accomplishments.

50, 378. **th' Italian**: Chapman forgets with characteristic Elizabethan carelessness that the scene of the play is laid in Italy.

50, 381. **against the hayre**: literally, "against the grain, contrary to one's inclination." Here, however, it must mean rather "in spite of a seeming impossibility."

51, 385. **judge um lyte**: Collier noted that the reading of the Quarto was unintelligible and proposed to read "'em light." It is more probable that "lyte" is the old adjective = little, and that "on" is a misprint for "um" = "'em," as often in this play.

**51, 395. Toucht a theorbo :** "touch" was the proper technical term for playing upon a stringed instrument.

**51, 398. husband :** here in the sense of an economical or frugal man, with an implied pun on the speaker's position as a "husband" = husbandman.

**51. untrusses :** loosens the "points" which tied his hose to his doublet, so as to gain more freedom for his capers.

**52, 406-407. Foote, will you . . . Italy ?** All previous editions give this speech to Dariotto, but it would be quite out of keeping with the situation for Dariotto to abuse Valerio's voice at this point. On the other hand the speech is an exact counterpart of ll. 383 and 394 in its "pride that apes humility."

**52, 409-410. naturall . . . naturall sonne :** in the first line "naturall" = "a gift of nature" (cf. *Twelfth Night*, I, iii, 29-30); in the second "natural" = "legitimate." Valerio means that Gostanzo would renounce a son with such gifts as his, as being no true son of such a father.

**55, 14. the ivory gate :** the gate through which in Greek mythology deluding dreams were said to come. *Vide Aeneid*, VI, 893-96, and *Odyssey*, XIX, 562.

**55, 20-22. My deerest . . . free-hold :** this embrace of Valerio corresponds to the caress which Clitipho bestows on Bacchis in the *Heautontimorumenos*, III, iii. There as here the action is observed and misinterpreted by the father.

**55, 28. last day :** this phrase gives the time of this scene and shows that a night has intervened between Acts II and III. The same interval occurs at the same place in the *Heautontimorumenos*.

**55, 30-31. weare . . . moderne fashion :** i. e. adorned with horns.

**56, 36-37. your sister . . . here :** the reason for the transfer of the mistress, or, as here, the secret wife, from one house to another is rather more satisfactory in this play than in the *Heautontimorumenos*. Nothing could have been likelier than that Chremes, after the rebuke he inflicted on Clitipho for taking liberties with a friend's mistress (*Heautontimorumenos*, III, iii), should have ordered the too tempting lady to be removed from his house. But he fails to do so, and the transfer is arranged later by Syrus for quite other than moral reasons.

56, 53. **the setting on**: *i. e.* of a pair of horns. Probably spoken with a gesture to the head.

58, 83-84. **to say . . . your sonnes wife**: this device of telling the truth with intent to deceive is the cardinal point on which both the *Heautontimorumenos* and *Al Fooles* turn. In the former, however, the intriguer, Syrus, does not tell Chremes of his device until the transfer has been effected. Professor Koepfel (*Quellen und Forschungen*, Heft 82, pp. 6, 7) thinks that Chapman in the haste of his adaptation has sinned against the natural character development of Gostanzo in permitting him to commit the "incredible folly" of believing that Marc. Antonio would receive Gratiana as Valerio's wife. But Chapman's *Al Fooles* is no hasty adaptation, and his departures from the original are usually carefully considered. It is Gostanzo's contempt for the "honest, simple knight" that makes him believe Marc. Antonio will swallow even this "gross gob." In fact Gostanzo is gulled through his master passion, self-conceit and contempt of his neighbour.

59, 91. **in sadnesse**: in earnest, truly.

59, 94. **swallow . . . gudgeon?** take the bait.

59, 107. **sing the cuckooes note**: be a cuckold.

59-60, 109-110. **what would . . . counsell?** Cf. *Heautontimorumenos*, III, iii, 30-31:

quid illum porro credis facturum . . .

Nisi eum . . . servas, castigas, mones?

60, 115. **Out of . . . hands**: when unhelped by Fortune.

60, 119. **grope . . . trowt**: "*Grope* or *tickle*, a kind of fishing, by putting one's hand into the water-holes where fish lie, and tickling them about the gills; by which means they'll become so quiet, that a man may take them in his hand." (Halliwell, *Dict. Rust.*) "Catching trout in this manner is an old . . . method of poaching, . . . can only be practised . . . when the water is exceedingly low." (Furness, note on *Twelfth Night*, II, v, 23.)

60, 123. **Even that . . . fooles**: even that small quantity of wit which fools generally possess.

60, 130. **his**: Dariotto's.

61, 134. **procure her quiet**: make her peace.

61, 139. **yellow fury**: jealousy.

61, 148. **And who . . . keepers**: a translation of the well-

known phrase of Juvenal, *quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* (*Sat.* vi, 347-8.)

61, 152. **keepers fee**: cf. an old rhyme quoted in Scott's *Woodstock*, chap. 31:

The haunch to thee,  
The breast to me,  
The hide and the hornes for the keeper's fee,

and 3 *King Henry VI*, III, i, 22.

62, 182. **in her of all that name**: Collier proposes to read "in her all of that name"; but the meaning is clear as it stands.

63, 188. **Mercurio**: Mercury, the god, among other things, of eloquence.

63, 200. **set to**: impressed.

63, 207-208. **high set . . . taken downe?** If she is high pitched, excited, are you not correspondingly dejected?

64, 219. **bracke**: a broken bit bearing the same relation to a whole piece of velvet as the paring to the cheese. Cf. Chapman's *Odyssey*, xvii, 249. Stier points out that the whole passage is a parody of a passage in Lyly's *Euphues*. (Lyly, *Works*, ed. by Bond, vol. 1, p. 179.)

64, 230-231. **gardens neere the towne**: Collier in his note on this line refers to a passage in Stubbes' *The Anatomy of Abuses*, to the effect that gardens in the suburbs were used as trysting-places by city wives and their lovers.

64, 236. **Curio**: this is the only place where the page's name is mentioned. I am inclined to suspect that it is not his name in this instance, but an abbreviation of "Mercurio," cf. l. 188. In this case whoever prepared the play for the press may have misunderstood its significance and, taking it as the page's name, included it in the *Dramatis Personae*.

65, 252. **the law . . . no wils**: by the Acts of 32 Hen. VII, c. 1 (1540), and 34 and 35 Hen. VIII, c. 5, married women, along with infants and idiots, were incapacitated to devise real estate.

At common law a married woman in England could not, with a few exceptions, make a will without her husband's license and consent until the *Married Women's Property Act*, 1882.

65, 267. **superannated**: Collier reads "superannuated," but "superannate" occurs in Elizabethan English.

66, 268. **men of their hands**: men of valour, here no doubt in the wars of love.

67, 301. **lips perfumde**: one of the marks of a courtier in Chapman's day. Cf. *As You Like It*, III, ii, 65.

67, 308-309. **Mars . . . Vulcans snare**: the well-known story, first appearing in the *Odyssey*, Book VIII.

67, 317-318. **And, me thinks . . . before**. This speech certainly seems to be out of keeping with the character of Marc. Antonio. Possibly Chapman's conception of Marc. Antonio is here, as elsewhere, coloured by that of Micio, the easy-going man of the world, in the *Adelphi*. (Cf. *Adelphi*, I, i, 16-18, and I, ii, 21-23.)

68, 329. **Sine periculo friget lusus**: Professor E. K. Rand suggests that Chapman, with memories of certain lines of Ovid (e. g. *Amores*, 2. 19; *Art of Love*, 2. 247, and 3. 603), may have fashioned his line from one of Terence (l. 732 of *Eunuchus*): "Verbum, hercle, hoc verum erit sine Cerere et libero friget Venus."

69, 341. **these . . . whelps**: i. e. Valerio and Claudio.

70, 372. **to be a cuckold**. With these words Dariotto probably makes horns at Cornelio. This accounts for the latter's outburst.

70, 376. **rayse the streets**: call on the passers-by for aid. (Cf. *Othello*, I, i, 168, 183.)

71, 391. **your hat . . . weare it**. It was a common practice for the Elizabethan lover to wear a "favour" of his lady, a glove, for example, in his hat.

72, 413. **Out of France**: one of the innumerable references of Elizabethan writers to *lues venerea* as of French origin.

72, 414. **stood on my armes**: prided myself upon my coat of arms.

72, 420. **shew good cardes for**: bring good proof of, show genealogical charts.

73, 430. **joynt of mutton**: probably "mutton" here, as so often in Elizabethan usage, for a loose woman.

73, 450. **writt of error**: a writ brought to procure the reversal of a judgement on the ground of error.

74, 464-465. **came in at the window**: is an illegitimate child. Valerio makes the charge here that Cornelio did above (lines 281-283). Cf. *King John*, I, i, 171, and *The Ball*, II, i.



74, 469-470. **So, sir . . . ridicule**: all previous editions give these words to Dariotho; but it is plain that they belong to Valerio. The bloody coxcomb which the latter's tale-bearing has procured Dariotho is his return for the courtier's share in the trick played upon Valerio at the close of the preceding act. In the Quarto, v, ii, 97-104, a speech is similarly taken from Valerio and given to the preceding speaker. Unless the latter part of l. 470 is lost, we must assume that this speech is interrupted by Rinaldo.

74, 469. **rings lowd acquittance**: makes (or proclaims) payment in full.

74, 471. **salve your license**: make good the liberty you took, *i. e.* with Gratiana.

77, 23-26. **O the good God . . . our owne**: Professor Koeppel notes that we have here a characteristic elaboration of the simple style of Terence into the figurative language of the Elizabethans. Cf. *Heautontimorumenos*, III, i, 93-96.

77, 29. **white sonne**: pure, guiltless son: ironical. The phrase "white boy" was sometimes used as a term of endearment to a child (*Yorkshire Tragedy*, Sc. v).

77, 31-32. **Credulity . . . Decrepity**: credulity, such as yours, is a sure way to hasten the decrepitude, imbecility, of old age.

77, 35. **All this is . . . plot**: in the same manner Chremes (*Heautontimorumenos*, IV, viii) opens, as he thinks, the eyes of Menedemus. Chapman has enlarged the scene and brought out forcibly the self-conceit and contempt of his neighbour which characterises Gostanzo.

78, 50. **I . . . suggested**: Gostanzo in the height of his triumph over Marc. Antonio calmly assumes the credit for Rinaldo's "queint devise." Cf. III, i, 78-89.

78, 53. **this fount**: Gostanzo touches his head as he speaks.

78, 62. **my circumstance . . . fact**: the circumstance that I shortly before had believed myself slighted by my son and yet had not been angry, serving to lessen Valerio's "fact," *i. e.* fault, offence.

79. **Intrant Rynaldo, etc.**: the following scene to the departure of the two fathers is Chapman's own invention, and shows him, perhaps, at his best in comedy. It has no analogue in the



plays of Terence, but is devised partly for the sake of the highly comic situation, partly to prepare for the solution in the last act.

**79, 82-83. bolt . . . life:** with the thunderbolt of my anger cut off the support which you draw from my estate. The language is purposely exaggerated.

**80, 86-92. If teares . . . dame:** an involved and somewhat obscure passage. Valerio, in his feigned submission, appeals to his father by the tie of blood. His tears come from his "inward eyes," *i. e.* they are not outward show; they are indeed "so many drops of blood," and these drops issue from the "creator of his heart," *i. e.* from Gostanzo himself. Collier, who does not seem to have understood the passage, suggested that "creator" was a corruption of "crater"; but this reading would destroy the meaning.

**80, 98-99. You thought . . . with her:** Rinaldo's aside introduces a motive which has no analogue in Terence. It cannot be said to add to the interest of the play, as nothing more is heard of it; but it serves to show the hypocritical character of Gostanzo's morality.

**81, 115-116. birth-right . . . messe of broth:** Gostanzo seems to be thinking of Esau and his mess of pottage.

**81, 121. of any:** by any one.

**82, 133-134. world so . . . beauty:** your age so far advanced that you may not look again with eyes of love on such a beauty (as Gratiana's).

**82, 140. it:** *i. e.* love, understood from "affections" in the preceding line.

**82, 147-148. large thongs . . . leather:** to cut large thongs out of other people's leather was an old saying [Heywood's *Proverbs*, pt. II, chap. 5], implying to make free use of another man's goods. Gostanzo here applies it, in an admiring aside, to the eloquent defence Valerio is making of Fortunio's supposed case.

**83, 150. these men:** such simple souls as Marc. Antonio.

**83, 158. I can hold no longer:** it is not quite evident whether Gratiana speaks these words in earnest or merely to play up to Valerio. Gostanzo evidently believes the latter, see note below on line 161. But Gostanzo misunderstands the whole situation, and I incline to believe that Gratiana is so carried away by the

excellence of Valerio's acting that she believes he is renouncing her in earnest.

**83, 161. has her lyripoope :** has her wits about her. The word "lyripoop," a scarf or hood worn by one who had taken a university degree, was used figuratively to denote first learning, then wit or common sense. Cf. *Mother Bombie*, I, iii, 128.

**84, 168-171. No, no . . . you both.** Gostanzo's forgiveness is of course as pure a piece of acting as Valerio's repentance. Having shown Marc. Antonio how a disobedient son should be reproved, he now condescends to give a lesson in the art of forgiveness.

**84, 178. armd you . . . expectation :** had I not warned you in advance.

**85, 204. beare a braine :** a common Elizabethan phrase for "hold in mind, remember." Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, I, iii, 29.

**86, 214. the honor'd action :** the marriage.

**86, 220. In her true kinde :** *i. e.* as your wife.

**88, 252-255. a white sheete . . . capitall letters :** the sheet in which adulterers did public penance, and the letters indicative of their sin which were bound to their foreheads.

**88, 258. in minde :** I retain the reading of the Quarto on the chance of its being correct. A friend suggests that "in minde" = in my (Cornelio's) mind. Cornelio sharply contrasts mere physical with mental torture. I am inclined, however, to accept Collier's suggestion of "mine" = my (forehead). The mistake of a "d" for an "e" would be an easy one in an Elizabethan MS.

**88, 270. stable of your honour :** Ingleby, *Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, pp. 77-78, cites this passage in defence of his assertion that the phrase, "to keep one's stables," was familiar in Shakespeare's day and meant "to keep personal watch over one's wife's, or one's mistress's chastity." Cf. *Winter's Tale*, II, i, 134.

**90, 311. autenticall dashes :** the dashes over words to represent a missing "m" or "n," without which the document might be invalid.

**90, 316. Butiro & Caseo :** butter and cheese. Augustine Vincent (*Discovery of Errors, etc.*, 1622) speaks of "Scogan's scholar who read Butyrum et Caseum for Brutum et Cassium." I do not find this story in *Scogan's Fests*, but it was probably a well-

known joke in Chapman's day. I do not understand the allusion to "Butler and Cason's case" which follows.

**90, 322. in Florence:** this casual phrase gives the scene of the play.

**91, 345. easements chamber:** not "easements, chamber," as Collier reads, but in the sense of a "chamber of ease," or water-closet.

**91, 351. pole-deedes:** more commonly "deed-polls," deeds made by one party only, and so differing from "indentures," deeds between two or more parties.

**92, 360. 1500 and so forth:** *i. e.* 15——. Mr. Fleay (*Chronicle of the English Drama*, vol. 1, p. 58) believes this to be one of the signs that the play was first performed in the sixteenth century.

**92, 362. What els:** not "What else shall I do besides setting to," but "of course," "or I will do nothing else."

**92, 371. at large:** in large characters, requiring plenty of ink.

**92, 373-374. Ah, asse . . . lost it:** addressed to the unfortunate Gazettea who is about to lose the happiness of having such a husband.

**92, 375. my nose bleed:** an omen, usually of ill luck. Cf. *The Duchess of Malfi*, II, iii, 42-44.

**93, 387. howlet . . . cuckooe:** an owl discovered by other birds in daytime is frequently attacked by them. (Cf. *The Case is Altered*, v, iii.) The cuckoo certainly deserves such treatment, although I have not heard of its infliction.

**93, 399-400. with his glory:** in his vain-glory.

**94, 410. like two partes in me:** Professor Baker suggests: "if like two independent persons, I do not gull each guller," or "as if I were two different persons, the man who may be gulled and the man who can gull others easily." I suspect a corruption of the text here.

**95, 7-10. smocke-faces . . . substance:** to some people Fortune gives smock-faces, *i. e.* beauty, or some (similar) gifts which enable them to "live in sensual acceptations," *i. e.* to gain a favourable reception on the part of the senses (or at the hands of those who judge only by the senses) and to make a show when they have no trace of real worth.

95, 14. **in themselves no piece**: no flaw or broken bit in their wits. Query: misprint for "one piece" = undivided, unbroken?

96, 38. **beare him out**: back him up, help him out.

96, 38-39. **made Meanes . . . sequester him**: used means to induce the officers to keep him in private instead of taking him to a debtor's prison. "Made meanes" probably = "sent people as go-betweens." Cf. *The Gentleman Usher*, I, ii, 159.

97, 42. **take . . . order**: take proper action at once.

97, 46. **as you can wisely doo't**: Rinaldo's "humour" is a love of intrigue, of managing other people's affairs. Like the other persons of this comedy he is gulled by an appeal to his master passion.

97, 53-54. **beate . . . shelter**: the figure is from ships at sea, no doubt suggested by "storme" in the preceding line, driven by the wind into a dangerous ("horred" = rough, bristling with rocks) harbour.

97, 60. **this slight a milstone**: "to see through a millstone" was a proverbial phrase for having very keen vision, mental as well as physical. This "slight," or trick, however, is a millstone too thick for Rinaldo.

98, 69. **a red lettice**: the lattice window painted red was formerly the common sign of an ale-house.

98, 75. **Jam sumus ergo pares**. Martial, *Epigrams*, II, xviii, 2, 4, 6.

98. **Enter Valerio, etc.**: the stage, which in the preceding scene represented a street in Florence, is now supposed to be a room in a tavern. Drawers enter with a table. Note that Chapman cleverly covers the poverty of the stage-setting by making Valerio say that they are changing from one room of the tavern to another.

98, 2. **shift chances**: change the luck. It is a common superstition among gamblers that a change of seats means a change of luck. Valerio seems from ll. 86-87 to have been having bad luck at the dice.

98, 5. **where . . . becomes**: what is to become of that slave. Cf. *The Blind Beggar*, I, i (vol. I, p. 3).

99, 8. **stands in print**: stands in a formal manner, or precisely as it should.

99, 16. **Rialto**: Chapman here transfers the well-known quarter of Venice to Florence.

100, 34. **unpledg'd**: the expressions "pledge" and "unpledg'd" of this scene recall old customs of drinking healths which are, perhaps, best interpreted by the "Bier-Comment" of the German students to-day. Unless under exceptional circumstances, no man in a convivial gathering such as this in the Halfe-Moone, drank a glass without proposing a toast or drinking a health to some member of the company. This member was the "pledge" of the person drinking his health, and was bound to "pledge" him, *i. e.* to drink his health in return (cf. German, *Bescheid-thun*). This answering draught was also called the "pledge." In this scene Dariotto coming late to the carousal is ordered to drink a bumper "unpledg'd," so as to overtake the others. Dariotto proposes to drink this cup to the ladies (l. 66), whereupon Valerio offers to be their "pledge" (l. 67), *i. e.* to drink Dariotto's health in return and proposes at the same time Cornelio's health (l. 72), which is answered, "pledged," by Dariotto. Later Valerio proposes, as a toast, the comfort his father would take in him if he saw him (ll. 88-90); Fortunio answers, "He pledge it," *i. e.* "I'll drink to that toast."

100, 43. **pudding cane tobacco**: tobacco rolled into a tight stick or cane which had to be shredded by the knife before being crammed into the pipe. A wood-cut reproduced from a Dutch book on tobacco (1623) in *Tobacco — its History*, etc. (Fairholt, 1859) shows a smoker with roll and knife on the table before him. "Leaf tobacco" needs no definition.

100, 44. **linstock**: the page has answered Valerio's call for tobacco (l. 37) and appears with a roll of the weed in one hand and in the other a pipe-light made out of a leaf of a book — probably, from the adjectives applied to it in l. 46, a page of Marston's *Satires*. He wilfully supposes Valerio's demand ("let mee see that leafe") to refer to the tobacco. Whereupon, to make it plain, Valerio says "I meane your linstock," *i. e.* the pipe-light. Properly "linstock" is a stick with a forked head to hold a lighted match.

101, 48-51. **my boy . . . weeke after**: apparently a current joke in the early seventeenth century. Jonson told it to Drum-



mond, who recorded it in a MS. volume of miscellanies as follows :  
 "One who had fired a pipe of tobacco with a ballèt [ballad] sweare  
 he hearde the singing of it in his head thereafter the space of two  
 dayes." (*Archaeologica Scotica*, iv, 78.)

**101, 56. without hat or knee :** without taking off his hat  
 or kneeling in honour of the ladies. Collier quotes from R. Junius  
 (*Drunkard's Character*, 1638): "Wine worshippers will be at it  
 on their knees, especially if they drink a great man's health."

**101, 63. runne all a head :** all run headlong without order  
 or restraint.

**102, 65. elephant . . . joynts :** that the elephant had no  
 joints and could not kneel was, according to Sir Thomas Browne,  
 "an old and grey-headed error even in the days of Aristotle."  
 (*Vulgar Errors*, III, i.)

**102, 73. Dar. Health to Gazetta :** this speech, I think,  
 certainly belongs to Dariotto, rather than, as in the Quarto, to Claudio.  
 Dariotto has been ordered to drink upon his knees, but up to this  
 point has been prevented by the interruptions. It cannot be Claudio  
 who drinks here, for the drawer is ordered to fill for his draught  
 below, l. 76. Moreover, the sentiment which the speaker utters is  
 far more appropriate in Dariotto's mouth than in Claudio's.

**102, 77. sett mee :** set a stake, make a bet, with me on  
 the next cast of the dice.

**102, 77. let the :** it seems plain that we have to do here  
 with a simple corruption. The "mee" after "sett" has been  
 repeated after "let" by the transcriber or printer, and the comma  
 at the close of the line in the Quarto, introduced to set off what  
 was now thought of as an independent phrase. But "come" in  
 the next line must have, as the context shows, a subject in the third  
 person, and this subject is "the rest."

**102, 78. done . . . right :** to do a man right, or reason,  
 was a usual expression in pledging, or returning a health. Cf. *2 King  
 Henry IV*, v, iii, 76.

**103, 85. lets sett him round :** let all of us (round the  
 table) bet against his throw. Valerio accepts and cries "at all,"  
 meaning that he casts against all the others.

**103, 94. I barr :** as Gostanzo speaks he comes forward from  
 the back-stage, where he has been standing, to the table where the



revellers are sitting. We must suppose Fortunio and Bellanora to fly to the side of the stage, where they remain until Fortunio comes forward to thank Gostanzo (l. 146). Valerio, however, is by this time in a state where the appearance of his father does not cause him the least concern. On the contrary, he invites the old man to join them.

**104, 98. thriftie sentences:** prudent maxims.

**104, 100. a pudding has two:** an old proverb (see Bohn's *Handbook of Proverbs*, p. 89) runs: "Everything has an end and a pudding has two." Mr. P. A. Daniel suggests emending "time" (l. 99) to "term" in order to bring the text nearer to the proverb.

**104, 100-103. satisfaction . . . insinuate:** deliberate nonsense in ridicule of Gostanzo's "sentences."

**104, 103. a tryall:** Valerio encourages Gostanzo, who is inarticulate with rage, to speak out. The drunken insolence of Valerio in this scene may have been suggested by that of Syrus to Demea in the *Adelphi*, v, i. Cf. the phrases "thunder forth," "sentences," "wisely," with "Ohe jam tu verba fundis hic sapientia?" (*Adelphi*, v, i, 7.)

**104, 112. at cittie:** Collier suggests "o' th' city"; but "come at" was used for "come to." See *New English Dictionary*, sub 'at' 12 a.

**104, 114. comes upon:** is attacking, "hitting at."

**105, 122. for cullour sake:** for the sake of the pretence.

**105, 125. Gratianas bed-chamber:** the revelation by which Gostanzo's eyes are finally opened is borrowed almost verbally from the *Heautontimorumenos* (v, i, 29-41). Cf. "Is there any . . . his wife" (ll. 133-134) with *Heautontimorumenos*, v, i, 38-40:

an dubium id tibi est?  
quemquamne animo tam comi esse, aut leni putas,  
qui se vidente amicam patiatursuam?

Cf. also ll. 135-138, "Why not . . . eyes" and "deare deceit . . . deceiver," with *Heautontimorumenos*, v, i, 41, and v, i, 45-46. Also, l. 144, "give my daughter all," with *Heautontimorumenos*, v, i, 69.

**106, 142. peece of worke:** a mighty matter. Ironically, since Gostanzo does not propose to trouble himself about a little thing like breaking his oath.

**108, 196. come cut and long-tayle :** a proverbial saying equivalent to "against all comers," "bar none." Nares (*Glossary*, vol. 1, p. 220) gives "cut" = "curtail cur." Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III, iv, 47.

**109, 202-203. looke to her water :** diagnose her case.

**109, 214-216. Young men . . . fooles :** quoted by Camden (*Remains*, 1605) as a well-known saying of a certain Dr. Medcalfe.

**109, 223. bridle . . . stomack :** restrain her high spirit.

**109, 224. draw on the cullour :** obtain a pretext.

**110, 239-240. within my compasse :** into my stratagem, or device.

**110, 241. in graine :** an abbreviated form of "dyed in grain," = dyed scarlet, a "fast" colour. Hence "in grain" = "genuine through and through," often with a contemptuous sense. Cf. the modern slang phrase "dyed in the wool."

**110, 249-250. potable humour :** flowing vein, probably also with an allusion to Valerio's potations.

**111, 280. worthier crest :** cf. the song in *As You Like It*, IV, ii.

**113, 324. Saturnian bull :** the bull which was really the son of Saturn, *i. e.* Jupiter.

**113, 328. hold by the horne :** a play on "horne," perhaps also on "hold by" in the two senses of "cling to," as Europa did, and "retain, keep," as Europe does.

**113, 333. I have read :** this fable of Æsop's occurs in More's *Life of Richard III*, and also in Camden's *Remains*. Chapman may have seen it in either of these.

**114, 354-355. fine . . . offices :** it was not an uncommon practice in England at one time for rich citizens to evade election to unwelcome offices by paying down a certain sum to the public coffers. Cf. *The Alchemist*, I, 414.

**116, II. welcome :** a substitute for an obvious rhyme. Of the six copies of the Quarto that I have seen, that in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, that in the Bodleian, and the two in the British Museum have a parenthesis ( ) in this line before *welcome*. So, I hear, has the B. P. L. copy. The copies in the Edinburgh University Library and the Victoria and Albert Museum lack this mark.

## Appendix

### THE DEDICATION<sup>1</sup> OF ALL FOOLS

TO MY LONG LOV'D AND HONOURABLE FRIEND SIR  
THOMAS WALSHINGHAM KNIGHT<sup>2</sup>

Should I expose to every common eye,  
The least allow'd birth of my shaken braine;  
And not entitle it perticularly  
To your acceptance, I were wurse then vaine.  
And though I am most loth to passe your sight  
with any such light marke of vanitie,  
Being markt with Age for Aimes of greater weight,  
and drownd in darke Death-ushering melancholy,  
Yet least by others stealth it be imprest,  
without my pasport, patcht with others wit,  
Of two enforst ills I elect the least;  
and so desire your love will censure it;

<sup>1</sup> This dedication is here printed from the slip bound up in Dyce's copy of the Quarto. It agrees exactly with the reprint in the Pearson edition of Chapman, vol. I, p. III, except that the latter has a misprint 'beway' for 'bewray' in the last line.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Thomas Walsingham, a kinsman of Elizabeth's great minister, was a courtier and patron of literature in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. He seems to have entertained Marlowe; and the publisher of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* dedicated the first edition of this poem to him, as Chapman did his continuation of Marlowe's work to Lady Walsingham. In 1608 Chapman dedicated to him and to his son the two Biron plays in words which at least seem to imply that the poet had never before dedicated any work to him—the phrase is: "I know you ever stood little affected to these unprofitable rites of Dedication (which disposition in you hath made me hitherto dispense with your right in my other impressions)." Mr. Sidney Lee suggests that the words may mean that other copies of the 1608 edition of *Byron* lacked this dedication. It appears, however, so far as I know, in all extant copies of these plays, and the obvious meaning of the words is that noted above.

Though my old fortune keep me still obscure,  
The light shall still bewray my ould love sure.

This dedication, a sonnet in the Shakespearian form, does not appear in any old copy that I have been able to see, viz., those in the Edinburgh University Library, Advocates' Library, British Museum, Bodleian, Victoria and Albert Museum, and the Boston Public Library. Nor is it found in the Duke of Devonshire's copy at Chatsworth, in the two copies belonging to Mr. T. J. Wise, nor in that at Britwell Court.

The first reprint of *All Fools* (Dodsley's *Old Plays*, 1780) did not contain this dedication. The second reprint (*Select Collection of Old Plays*, ed. by J. P. Collier, 1825) contains it, with the following note by the editor :

"This dedication by Chapman to his patron is now for the first time inserted, the copies of 'All Fools' seen and used by Mr. Reed [*i. e.* the editor of the 1780 Dodsley] being without it. Whether it was inserted in a few impressions in 1605 and afterwards cancelled does not appear, though it seems probable that it was so, because in the dedication of his 'Byron's Conspiracy and Tragedy,' 1608, to the same distinguished individual, Chapman apologises for previous neglect and seeming ingratitude to his patron 'in dispensing with his right in his other impressions.' It was found in a copy in the possession of Mr. Rodd,<sup>1</sup> of Great Newport Street."

This copy seems afterwards to have come into Collier's own possession, for a MS. note in Dyce's hand in the quarto now in the Victoria and Albert Museum says :

"The Dedication to Walsingham is found only in a single copy of this play which belongs to Mr. Collier.

<sup>1</sup> A well-known bookseller of that time, mentioned by Collier, in *History of Dramatic Poetry*, vol. 3, p. 79 n.

He reprinted twelve copies of that Dedication, and one of them is inserted here."

Since we have no other testimony to the authenticity of the dedication than Collier's statement, the suspicion at once arises that it may be only one of the "mystifications" of that ingenious scholar. And this suspicion is strengthened by the inconsistency of Collier's own statements *in re* the dedication in his two editions of *The History of Dramatic Poetry*. In 1831 he says (III, 393) that Chapman's dedication of his *All Fools*, 1605, "seems to have been cancelled in many copies." In 1879 he speaks of it (III, 74) as "a sonnet prefixed to only a few copies"; but later on (III, 196) he says it "seems to have been cancelled in all extant copies." This is an extraordinary remark if he had himself possessed a 1605 quarto containing the dedication.

It has been suggested to me by Mr. T. J. Wise that the sonnet may be a genuine poem by Chapman, the dedication of some other work, wrongly bound up in a copy of *All Fools*, with which it had originally no connexion (there is no mention of the play by name in the sonnet). No such poem is known to me, but it could be determined, I suppose, by an investigation of the Collier quarto whether the sonnet found there were printed by an Elizabethan printer.

Mr. W. C. Hazlitt informs me that Collier's copy did contain the dedication, and that it was sold with the library of Mr. Ouvry at Sotheby's. In Sotheby's catalogue of the sale of the library of Frederic Ouvry, March 30, 1882, Lot 254 is "G. Chapman's *Al Fooles*, a comedy: with the Dedictory Sonnet to Sir T. Walsingham, T. Thorpe Quarto, 1605." This copy was sold for 1*l.* 12*s.* to Robson, the booksellers, *i. e.* Messrs. Robson & Co., 23 Coventry Street. Messrs. Robson are unable

at present to inform me who purchased the copy from them, and all my efforts to discover its present location have been in vain.

The price seems very low for a copy of *All Fools* containing what was supposed to be the only original and contemporary example of the dedication. And this leads me to suspect that the dedication here noted may be nothing more than one of the twelve reprints which Collier had made.

In itself the dedication, which has been generally received since Collier printed it as a genuine poem by Chapman,<sup>1</sup> is not suspicious. Its phrasing and turn of thought seem to me rather like what Chapman might have written, and I do not wish to be considered as peremptorily stigmatising it as a forgery. But Collier was at least as skilful as he was conscienceless in his extraordinary inventions, and the evidence for the authenticity of the dedication rests at present wholly upon Collier's word. Such being the case, I have considered it the prudent course to remove the dedication from its usual place at the beginning of the play and to print it in an appendix with a statement of the reasons which have led me to doubt its authenticity. If Collier's copy of *All Fools* should ever come to light the question would, I suppose, be settled positively.

<sup>1</sup> Fleay, *Chronicle of the English Drama*, vol. I, p. 59, notes that its genuineness has been suspected, but he does not say by whom, and seems himself inclined to accept it.



## TEXT

*The Gentleman Usher* was entered under the title of *Vincentio and Margaret* for Valentine Symys in the *Stationers' Register* on November 26, 1605. It was printed in quarto form in 1606 by V. S. (Valentine Symys) for Thomas Thorppe, who had published *All Fooles* in 1605, and was later to publish *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Byron*, 1608. No reprint appeared till 1873, when it was included in *The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman*, published by John Pearson. The Quarto text was reproduced with the original spelling and punctuation, but with a number of errors, a few grave. A later edition with modernised spelling and punctuation, and a few emendations, appeared in 1874 in *The Works of George Chapman — Plays*, edited by R. H. Shepherd and published by Chatto and Windus.

For the present edition the text has been transcribed from a copy of the Quarto in the Malone Collection at the Bodleian, and has been collated with the two copies at the British Museum and with that in the Dyce Collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The differences between these copies amount at most to an occasional variation in punctuation or the replacing of a dropped letter. Clearly they belong to one edition. The Quarto was evidently printed from an acting copy and there is no reason to think it was revised by the author. The original spelling has been retained ; but the capitalisation has been modernised, and the use of italics for proper names abandoned. The punctuation has been revised throughout, but wherever the old punctuation might indicate a different construction attention has been called to it in a footnote. A few evident misprints, such as *facel : et* for *face : let*, i, i, 64, and *Snite for Suite*, i, ii, 31, etc., have been silently corrected. The few conjectural emendations are included in brackets, [ ], and distinguished by "Emend. ed." in the footnotes. Shepherd's emendations when recorded are distinguished by S.

In the Quarto the play is in five acts of one scene each. Further scene-divisions have been made, in brackets, wherever there is an evident change of place. Additions to stage-directions have also been bracketed. The whole name of each speaker, in modern form, and normalised, is prefixed to his first speech in each scene.

## SOURCES

The immediate source of the play is not known. The love-intrigue is so clearly conceived and so steadily carried through as to suggest that Chapman, whose forte was by no means invention, borrowed it entire from some French or Italian novel. A few scenes to which attention is called in the *Notes* are suggested by, or perhaps borrowed from, the earlier play of *Sir Gyles Goose-cappe*. As to the connection between the characters of Bassiolo and Malvolio see *Introduction*, pp. xliii, xliv.

In a *Nachtrag* to his *Quellen-Studien in den Dramen Chapman's*, etc., page 221, Professor Koeppl has pointed out certain similarities between *The Gentleman Usher*, on the one hand, and the anonymous plays, *The Wisdom of Dr. Dodypoll*, and *The History of the Trial of Chivalry*, on the other. The first, printed in 1600 and reprinted by Mr. Bullen (*Old Plays*, vol. III, 1884), tells among other things the story of the unsuccessful passion of a Duke Alphonso for the Lady Hyanthe, daughter of Earl Cassimere, who loves and is beloved by the Duke's son, Alberdure. Apart from the name of the father, Alphonsus, the only thing in common to the plays is the theme of the father's love for his son's mistress, and this may go back in each case to a common source, the story of Zenothemes and Menecrates in Lucian's *Toxaris*.

The similarity between two episodes in *The Gentleman Usher* and *The Trial by Chivalry* is more apparent. In the latter play, entered S. R., December 4, 1604, but probably written much earlier, the metre and technic point to the sixteenth century. A rejected suitor smears a lady's face with poison which makes her "spotted, disfigured, a loathsome leper." The prince to whom she is betrothed, however, insists upon carrying out his contract of marriage, although the lady declares that she is unworthy. The situation is closely akin to that in the last scene of *The Gentleman Usher*, and the similarity is heightened by the fact that in each case the lady is cured by a wonder-working physician, in *The Gentleman Usher* by Benivemus, in *The Trial* by a hermit, skilled in "physic." It seems quite possible that Chapman lifted the whole episode of the poison from this earlier play.

# THE GENTLEMAN USHER.

By  
GEORGE CHAPMAN.



AT LONDON  
Printed by V.S. for Thomas Thorppe.  
1606.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE ALPHONSO.

STROZZA, *a Lord.*

POGIO, *the foolish nephew of STROZZA.*

PRINCE VINCENTIO, *son of ALPHONSO.*

MEDICE, *the favorite of ALPHONSO.*

SARPEGO, *a Pedant.*

EARL LASSO, *an old Lord.*

BASSIOLO, *gentleman usher to LASSO.*

FUNGUS, *a servant of LASSO.*

BENIVEMUS, *a Doctor.*

JULIO, *a Courtier.*

*A Servant of MEDICE.*

CYNANCHE, *wife of STROZZA.*

CORTEZA, *sister of LASSO.*

MARGARET, *daughter of LASSO.*

ANCILLA.

*Attendants, Servants, Huntsmen, Guard, Two Pages, Maids.*

FIGURES IN THE MASQUES

*Enchanter, Spirits, SYLVANUS, a Nymph.*

*Broom-man, Rush-man, Broom-maid, Rush-maid, a man-bug, a woman-bug.*

*Scene — ITALY.]*

*Dramatis Personæ. Supplied by Editor.*

# The Gentleman Usher

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ACTUS PRIMUS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

[*Before the House of Strozza.*]

*Enter Strozza, Cynanche, and Poggio.*

*Strozza.* Haste, nephew ; what, a sluggard ?

Fie for shame !

Shal he that was our morning cock turn owle,  
And locke out day light from his drowsie eies ?

*Poggio.* Pray pardon mee for once, lord unkle,  
for Ile bee sworne I had such a dreame this 5  
morning : me thought one came with a com-  
mission to take a sorrell curtoll, that was  
stolne from him, wheresoever hee could find him.  
And because I feared he would lay claime to my  
sorrell curtoll in my stable, I ran to the smith 10  
to have him set on his mane againe and his taile  
presently, that the Commission-man might not  
thinke him a curtoll. And when the smith  
would not doe it, I fell a beating of him, so that  
I could not wake for my life til I was revenged 15  
on him.

*Cynanche.* This is your old valure, nephew,  
that will fight sleeping as well as waking.

*Pog.* Slud, aunt, what if my dreame had beene  
true (as it might have beene for any thing I  
knew)? There's never a smith in Italie shall  
make an asse of me in my sleepe if I can chuse. 20

*Stro.* Well said, my furious nephew: but I  
see

You quite forget that we must rowse to day  
The sharp-tuskt bore, and blaze our huntsman-  
ship 25

Before the Duke.

*Pog.* Forget, lord unkle? I hope not; you  
thinke belike my wittes are as brittle as a beetle,  
or as skittish as your Barbarie mare: one cannot  
crie "wehie," but straight shee cries "tihi." 30

*Stro.* Well ghest, coosen Hysteron Proteron!

*Pog.* But which way will the Dukes Grace  
hunt to day?

*Stro.* Toward Count Lassos house his Grace  
will hunt,

Where he will visit his late honourd mistresse.

*Pog.* Who, Ladie Margaret, that deare yong  
dame? 35

Will his antiquitie never leave his iniquitie?

*Cyn.* Why, how now, nephew? turnd Par-  
nassus lately?

*Pog.* "Nassus?" I know not: but I would I



had all the Dukes living for her sake, Ide make him a poore duke, ifaith.

40

*Stro.* No doubt of that, if thou hadst all his living.

*Pog.* I would not stand dreaming of the matter as I do now.

*Cyn.* Why how doe you dreame, nephew ?

*Pog.* Mary, all last night me thought I was 45 tying her shoosttring.

*Stro.* What, all night tying her shoosttring ?

*Pog.* I, that I was, and yet I tied it not neither ; for as I was tying it, the string broke, me thought, and then, me thought, having but 50 one poynt at my hose, me thought, I gave her that to tie her shoo withall.

*Cyn.* A poynt of much kindnesse, I assure you.

*Pog.* Wherupon, in the verie nicke, me 55 thought, the Count came rushing in, and I ranne rushing out, with my heeles about my hose for haste.

*Stro.* So ; will you leave your dreaming, and dispatch ?

*Pog.* Mum, not a worde more ; Ile goe before, 60 and overtake you presently. *Exit [Pogio].*

*Cyn.* My lord, I fancie not these hunting sports

When the bold game you follow turnes againe,

And stares you in the face : let me behold  
 A cast of faulcons on their merry wings, 65  
 Daring the stooped prey that shifting flies :  
 Or let me view the fearefull hare or hinde  
 Tosst like a musicke point with harmonie  
 Of well mouthed hounds. This is a sport for  
 princes,  
 The other rude ; boares yeeld fit game for  
 boores. 70

*Stro.* Thy timorous spirit blinds thy judge-  
 ment, wife ;

Those are most royall sports that most approve  
 The huntsmans prowesse and his hardie minde.

*Cyn.* My lord, I know too well your vertu-  
 ous spirit ;

Take heede, for Gods love, if you rowse the  
 bore, 75

You come not neere him, but discharge aloofe  
 Your wounding pistoll or well aymed dart.

*Stro.* I, mary, wife, this counsaile rightly  
 flowes

Out of thy bosome ; pray thee take lesse care ;  
 Let ladies at their tables judge of bores, 80  
 Lords in the field : and so farewell, sweete love ;  
 Faile not to meete me at Earle Lassos house.

70 *rude ; boares.* Qq, rude Boares. Punctuation suggested to  
 the editor by Mr. P. A. Daniel.

74 *vertuous.* Mr. Daniel suggests, venturous.

*Cyn.* Pray pardon me for that : you know I love  
not

These solemne meetings.

*Stro.* You must needes, for once,  
Constraine your disposition ; and indeede 85  
I would acquaint you more with Ladie Margaret,  
For speciall reason.

*Cyn.* Very good, my lord.  
Then I must needes go fit me for that presence.

*Stro.* I pray thee doe ; farewell.

*Exit Cyn [anche].*

Here comes my friend.

*Enter Vincentio.*

Good day, my lord ; why does your Grace confront 90  
So cleare a morning with so clowdie lookes ?

*Vincentio.* Ask'st thou my griefes, that knowst  
my desprate love

Curbd by my fathers sterne rivalitie ?

Must I not mourne that know not whether yet  
I shall enjoy a stepdame or a wife ? 95

*Stro.* A wife, Prince, never doubt it ; your  
deserts

And youthfull graces have engag'd so farre  
The beauteous Margaret that she is your owne.

*Vin.* O but the eie of watchfull jealousie  
Robs my desires of meanes t' enjoy her favour. 100

*Stro.* Despaire not : there are meanes enow  
for you ;

Suborne some servant of some good respect  
Thats neere your choice, who, though she needs  
no wooing,

May yet imagine you are to begin

Your strange yong love sute, and so speake for  
you,

105

Beare your kind letters, and get safe accesse.

All which when he shall do, you neede not feare

His trustie secrecie, because he dares not

Reveale escapes whereof himselfe is author;

Whom you may best attempt, she must reveale; 110

For if she loves you, she already knowes,

And in an instant can resolve you that.

*Vin.* And so she will, I doubt not: would to  
heaven

I had fit time, even now, to know her minde:

This counsaile feedes my heart with much sweet  
hope.

115

*Stro.* Pursue it then; t'will not be hard  
t'effect:

The duke haz none for him but Medice,

That fustian lord, who in his buckram face

Bewraies, in my conceit, a map of basenesse.

*Vin.* I, theres a parcell of unconstrued stuffe, 120

That unknowne minion raisde to honours height

Without the helpe of vertue or of art,

Or (to say true) [of any] honest part:

123 *of any honest*, emend. S. Qq, nay of honest.

O how he shames my father! he goes like  
A princes foote-man, in old fashioned silkes, 125  
And most times in his hose and dublet onely;  
So miserable, that his owne few men  
Doe beg by vertue of his liverie;  
For he gives none, for any service done him,  
Or any honour, any least reward. 130

*Stro.* Tis pittie such should live about a  
prince:

I would have such a noble counterfet nailde  
Upon the pillory, and, after, whipt  
For his adultery with nobilitie.

*Vin.* Faith, I would faine disgrace him by all  
meanes, 135

As enemy to his base-bred ignorance,  
That, being a great lord, cannot write nor reade.

*Stro.* For that, wee'le follow the blinde side  
of him,

And make it sometimes subject of our mirth.

*Enter Pogio poste [-baste].*

*Vin.* See, what newes with your nephew  
Pogio? 140

*Stro.* None good, I warrant you.

*Pog.* Where should I finde my lord unckle?

*Stro.* Whats the huge haste with you?

*Pog.* O ho, you will hunt to day!

*Stro.* I hope I will. 145

*Pog.* But you may hap to hop without your hope : for the truth is Kilbucke is runne mad.

*Stro.* Whats this ?

*Pog.* Nay, t'is true, sir : and Kilbucke, being runne mad, bit Ringwood so by the left but-<sup>150</sup> tocke, you might have turnd your nose in it.

*Vin.* Out, asse !

*Pog.* By heaven, you might, my lord : d'ee thinke I lie ?

*Vin.* Zwoundes, might I ? Lets blanket him, <sup>155</sup> my lord ; a blanket heere !

*Pog.* Nay, good my lord Vincentio, by this rush I tell you for good will : and Venus, your brache there, runnes so prowde that your huntsman cannot take her downe for his life. <sup>160</sup>

*Stro.* Take her up, foole, thou wouldst say.

*Pog.* Why, sir, he would soone take her down, and he could take her up, I warrant her.

*Vin.* Well said, hammer, hammer !

*Pog.* Nay, good now, lets alone. [*To Strozza.*] <sup>165</sup> And theres your horse, Gray Strozza, too, haz the staggers, and haz strooke Bay Bettrice, your Barbary mare, so that shee goes halting a this fashion, most filthily.

*Stro.* What poison blisters thy unhappy tongue, <sup>170</sup> Evermore braying forth unhappy newes ? Our hunting sport is at the best, my lord ; How shall I satisfie the Duke your father,



Defrauding him of his expected sport ?

See, see, he comes.

175

*Enter Alphonso, Medice, Sarpego, with attendants.*

*Alphonso.* Is this the copie of the speech you wrote, Signieur Sarpego ?

*Sarpego.* It is a blaze of wit poetically ;  
Reade it, brave Duke, with eyes pathetical.

*Alp.* We will peruse it strait : well met, Vincentio,

180

And good Lord Strozza ; we commend you both  
For your attendance ; but you must conceive  
Tis no true hunting we intend to day,  
But an inducement to a certaine shew,  
Wherewith we will present our beauteous love, 185  
And therein we bespeake your company.

*Vin.* We both are ready to attend your High-  
nesse.

*Alp.* See then, heere is a poeme that requires  
Your worthy censures, offerd, if it like,  
To furnish our intended amorous shew ;  
Reade it, Vincentio. 190

*Vin.* Pardon me, my Lord,  
Lord Medices reading will expresse it better.

*Medice.* My patience can digest your scoffes,  
my lord.

I care not to proclaime it to the world :  
I can nor write nor reade ; and what of that ? 195  
I can both see and heare as well as you.

*Alp.* Still are your wits at warre. [*To Vincentio.*] Heere, read this poeme.

*Vin.* [*reads*]. "The red fac'd sunne hath firkt the flundering shades,

And cast bright ammell on Auroraes brow."

*Alp.* High words and strange! Reade on, Vincentio.

200

*Vin.* [*reads*]. "The busky groves that gag-tooth'd boares do shrowd

With cringle crangle hornes do ring alowd."

*Pog.* My lord, my lord, I have a speech heere worth ten of this, and yet Ile mend it too.

*Alp.* How likes Vincentio?

*Vin.* It is strangely good, 205

No inkehorne ever did bring forth the like.

Could these brave prancing words with actions spurre

Be ridden throughly and managed right,

T'would fright the audience, and perhaps delight.

*Sar.* Doubt you of action, sir?

*Vin.* I, for such stuffe. 210

*Sar.* Then know, my lord, I can both act and teach

To any words; when I in Padua schoolde it,

I plaid in one of Plautus comedies,

Namely, *Curculio*, where his part I acted,

Projecting from the poore summe of foure lines 215

Forty faire actions.

*Alp.* Lets see that, I pray.

*Sar.* Your Highnesse shall commaund;  
But pardon me, if in my actions heate  
Entering in post post haste, I chaunce to take up  
Some of your honord heels.

*Pog.* Y'ad best leave out 220  
That action for a thing that I know, sir.

*Sar.* Then shal you see what I can do without  
it. [*Sarpego puts on his parasite's dress.*]

*Alp.* See, see, he hath his furniture and all.

*Sar.* You must imagine, lords, I bring good  
newes,  
Whereof being princely prowde I scowre the  
streete 225  
And over-tumble every man I meete.

*Exit Sarp[ego].*

*Pog.* Beshrew my heart if he take up my heeles!

[*Re-*]enter *Sarp[ego as Curculio]*.

*Sar.* [*running wildly about the stage*].

*Date viam mihi, noti atq[ue] ignoti, dum ego hic  
officium meum*

*Facio: fugite omnes, abite et de via secedite,  
Ne quem in cursu capite aut cubito aut pectore  
offendam aut genu.* 230

220-221 *Y'ad . . . know, sir.* Qq, 2 ll. of prose.

228-230 *Date . . . genu.* Corrected by Teubner Plautus.

Qq read: *Date viam mihi Noti, atq, Ignoti.*

*Dum ego, hic, officium meum facio.*

*Fugite omnes atqꝰ abite & de via secedite, ne quem  
in cursu; aut capite, aut cubito, aut pectore offendam, aut genu.*

*Alp.* Thankes, good Seigneur Sarpego.  
How like you, lords, this stirring action ?

*Stro.* In a cold morning it were good, my  
lord,  
But something harshe upon repletion.

*Sar.* Sir, I have ventred, being enjoynde, to  
eate 235  
Three schollers commons, and yet drewe it  
neate.

*Pog.* Come, sir, you meddle in too many  
matters ; let us, I pray, tend on our owne shew  
at my lord Lassos.

*Sar.* Doing obeisance then to every lord, 240  
I now consorte you, sir, even *toto corde*.

*Exit Sarp[ego] & Pog[io].*

*Med.* My lord, away with these scholastique  
wits,  
Lay the invention of your speech on me,  
And the performance too ; Ile play my parte  
That you shall say, Nature yeelds more then Art. 245

*Alp.* Bee't so resolv'd ; unartificiall truth  
An unfaind passion can descipher best.

*Vin.* But t'wil be hard, my lord, for one un-  
learnd.

*Med.* "Unlearnd ?" I cry you mercie, sir ;  
"unlearnd ?"

*Vin.* I meane untaught, my lord, to make a  
speech 250

As a pretended actor, without close  
More gracious then your doublet and your hose.

*Alp.* What, thinke you, sonne, we meane  
t' expresse a speech

Of speciall weight without a like attire?

*Vin.* Excuse me then, my lord; so stands it  
well. [*Alphonso puts rich robes on Medice.*] 255

*Stro.* [*aside*]. Haz brought them rarely in to  
pageant him.

*Med.* What, thinke you, lord, we thinke not  
of attire?

Can we not make us ready at this age?

*Stro.* [*to Alphonso*]. Alas, my lord, your wit  
must pardon his.

*Vin.* I hope it will, his wit is pittypfull. 260

*Stro.* [*to Medice*]. I pray stand by, my Lord;  
y<sup>e</sup> are troublesome.

[*Med.*] To none but you; am I to you, my  
lord?

[*Vin.*] Not unto mee.

[*Med.*] Why, then, you wrong me,  
Strozza.

[*Vin.*] Nay, fall not out, my lords.

*Stro.* May I not know

What your speech is, my Liege? 265

251 *close*; so Qq. S, clothes.

262-264 *To none . . . lords.* In Qq Medice's speeches are given  
to Vincentio, and *vice versa*. The present assignment renders the  
passage intelligible. See *Notes*, p. 283.

*Alp.* None but my selfe and the Lord Medice.

*Med.* No, pray, my lord.

Let none partake with us.

*Alp.* No, be assur'd,

But for another cause ; a word, Lord Strozza ;

I tell you true I feare Lord Medice 270

Will scarce discharge the speach effectually :

As we goe, therefore, Ile explaine to you

My whole intent, that you may second him

If neede and his debilitie require.

*Stro.* Thanks for this grace, my Liege.

*Vincentio overheares [them].*

*Med.* My lord, your sonne! 275

*Alp.* Why, how now, sonne ? Forbeare. Yet  
tis no matter,

Wee talke of other businesse, Medice ;

And come, we will prepare us to our shew.

*Exeunt [Alphonso, Medice, and attendants].*

*Stro.* [*and*] *Vin.* Which as we can weelee cast  
to overthrow.

*[Exeunt Strozza and Vincentio.]*



## [SCÆNA SECUNDA.]

*A Room in the House of Lord Lasso.]**Enter Lasso, Bassiolo, Sarpego, two Pages. Bassiolo  
bare before [the rest].**Bassiolo.* Stand by there, make place.

*Lasso.* Saie now, Bassiolo, you on whom relies  
The generall disposition of my house  
In this our preparation for the Duke,  
Are all our officers at large instructed  
For fit discharge of their peculiar places ?

*Bas.* At large, my lord, instructed.*Las.* Are all our chambers hung ? Thinke you  
our house

Amplie capacious to lodge all the traine ?

*Bas.* Amply capacious, I am passing glad.  
And now then to our mirth and musicall shew,  
Which after supper we intend t' indure,  
Welcomes cheefe dainties ; for choice cates at  
home

Ever attend on princes, mirth abroad.

Are all parts perfect ?

*Sarpego.* One I know there is.*Las.* And that is yours.*Sar.* Well guest, in earnest, lord ;

Qq read : *Enter Lasso, Cortessa, Margaret, Bassiolo, etc.* ; but  
the proper entry for the ladies occurs below, after l. 37.

12 t' indure ; so Qq. Dr. Bradley suggests t' induce. 15-16  
(One . . . yours. In Qq one line.

I neede not *erubescere* to take  
So much upon me ; that my backe will beare.

*Bas.* Nay, he will be perfection it selfe  
For wording well and dexterous action too. 20

*Las.* And will these waggish pages hit their  
songs ?

[*Both*] *Pag[es]*. *Re mi fa sol la !*

*Las.* O they are practising ; good boyes, well  
done ;

But where is Poggio ? There y' are overshot,  
To lay a capitall part upon his braine, 25  
Whose absence tells me plainly hee'le neglect  
him.

*Bas.* O no, my lord, he dreames of nothing  
else,

And gives it out in wagers hee'le excell ;  
And see, (I told your Lo[rds]hip,) he is come.

*Enter Poggio.*

*Poggio.* How now, my lord, have you borrowed 30  
a suite for me ? Seigneur Bassiolo, can all say,  
are all things ready ? The Duke is hard by, and  
little thinks that Ile be an actor, ifaith ; I keepe  
all close, my lord.

*Las.* O, tis well done ; call all the ladies in. 35  
Sister and daughter, come, for Gods sake, come,  
Prepare your courtliest carriage for the Duke.

22 *Both Pages.* Qq, 2 *Pag.*

29 *Lordship.* Emend. S. Qq, Lo :

*Enter Corte[za], Margarite, and Maids.*

*Corteza.* And, neece, in any case remember  
this,

Praise the old man, and when you see him first,  
Looke me on none but him, smiling and lov-  
ingly;

40

And then, when he comes neere, make beisance  
low,

With both your hands thus moving, which not  
onely

Is, as t'were, courtly, and most comely too,  
But speakes, (as who should say, "Come hither,  
Duke.")

And yet saies nothing but you may denie.

45

*Las.* Well taught, sister.

*Margaret.* I, and to much end:  
I am exceeding fond to humour him.

*Las.* Harke! does he come with musicke?  
what, and bound?

An amorous device: daughter, observe!

*Enter Enchanter, with spirits singing; after them  
Medice like Sylvanus; next, the Duke bound, Vincen-  
tio, Strozza, with others.*

*Vincenzio [aside to Strozza].* Now lets gull  
Medice; I doe not doubt

50

But this attire put on will put him out.

44 *as . . . Duke.* In Qq the parenthesis only includes the  
words, *as . . . say.*

*Strozza* [*aside to Vincentio*]. Weele doe our best to that end, therefore marke.

*Enchanter*. Lady, or Princesse, both your choice commands,

These spirits and I, all servants of your beautie,  
Present this royall captive to your mercie. 55

*Mar*. Captive to mee a subject?

*Vin*. I, faire nimph ;

And how the worthy mystery befell  
*Sylvanus* heere, this wooden god, can tell.

*Alphonso*. Now, my lord.

*Vin*. Now is the time, man, speake.

*Medice*. Peace.

*Alp*. Peace, Vincentio. 60

*Vin*. Swonds, my Lord !

Shall I stand by and suffer him to shame you ?  
My Lord *Medice* !

*Stro*. Will you not speake, my lord ?

*Med*. How can I ?

*Vin*. But you must speake, in earnest :  
Would not your Highnesse have him speake,  
my lord? 65

*Med*. Yes, and I will speake, and perhaps  
speake so

As you shall never mend : I can, I know.

*Vin*. Doe then, my good lord.

*Alp*. *Medice*, forth.

*Med*. Goddesses, faire goddesses, for no lesse,—  
no lesse — [*Medice is at a loss.*]

*Alp.* [*to Strozza*]. No lesse, no lesse? No more, no more! Speake you. 70

*Med.* Swounds! they have put me out.

*Vin.* Laugh you, fair goddesse?  
This nobleman disdaines to be your foole.

*Alp.* Vincentio, peace.

*Vin.* Swounds, my lord, it is as good a shew!  
Pray speake, Lord Strozza.

*Stro.* Honourable dame — 75

*Vin.* Take heede you be not out, I pray, my lord.

*Stro.* I pray forbeare, my Lord Vincentio.  
How this distressed Prince came thus inthralde  
I must relate with words of height and wonder:  
His Grace this morning visiting the woods, 80  
And straying farre to finde game for the chase,  
At last out of a mirtle grove he rowsde  
A vast and dreadfull boare, so sterne and fierce,  
As if the feend, fell Crueltie her selfe,  
Had come to fright the woods in that strange  
shape. 85

*Alp.* Excellent good!

*Vin.* [*aside*]. Too good, a plague on him!

*Stro.* The princely savage being thus on  
foote,

Tearing the earth up with his thundering hoofe,  
And with the 'nragde Ætna of his breath

Firing the ayre and scorching all the woods, 90  
Horror held all us huntsmen from pursuit;  
Onely the Duke, incenst with our cold feare,  
Incouragde like a second Hercules —

*Vin.* [*aside*]. Zwounds, too good, man!

*Stro.* [*aside*]. Pray thee let me alone.  
And like the English signe of great Saint  
George — 95

*Vin.* [*aside*]. Plague of that simile!

*Stro.* Gave valorous example, and, like fire,  
Hunted the monster close, and chargde so fierce  
That he inforc'd him (as our sence conceiv'd)  
To leape for soile into a cristall spring, 100  
Where on the suddaine strangely vanishing,  
Nymph-like, for him, out of the waves arose  
Your sacred figure, like Diana armde,  
And (as in purpose of the beasts revenge)  
Dischargde an arrow through his Highnesse  
breast, 105

Whence yet no wound or any blood appearde;  
With which the angry shadow left the light:  
And this Enchanter, with his power of spirits,  
Brake from a cave, scattering enchanted sounds  
That strooke us sencelesse, while in these strange  
bands 110

These cruell spirits thus inchainde his armes,  
And led him captive to your heavenly eyes,  
Th' intent whereof on their report relies.



*En.* Bright Nymph, that boare figur'd your  
crueltie,

Chared by love, defended by your beautie. 115

This amorous huntsman heere we thus inthral'd,  
As the attendants on your Graces charmes,  
And brought him hither, by your bounteous hands  
To be releast, or live in endlesse bands.

*Las.* Daughter, release the Duke: alas! my  
Liege, 120

What meant your Highnesse to indure this  
wrong?

*Cor.* Enlarge him, neece; come, dame, it must  
be so.

*Mar.* What, madam, shall I arrogate so  
much?

*Las.* His Highnesse pleasure is to grace you so.

*Alp.* Performe it then, sweete love; it is a  
deede 125

Worthy the office of your honor'd hand.

*Mar.* Too worthie, I confesse, my lord, for  
me,

If it were serious: but it is in sport,

And women are fit actors for such pageants.

[*She unbinds Alphonso.*]

*Alp.* Thanks, gracious love; why made you  
strange of this? 130

115 *Chared*, so Qq; S, chased. Dr. Bradley suggests "charged,"  
as in l. 98.

I rest no lesse your captive then before ;  
 For, me untying, you have tied me more.  
 Thanks, Strozza, for your speech ; [*to Medice.*]  
 no thanks to you.

*Med.* No, thanke your sonne, my Lord !

*Las.* T'was very well,  
 Exceeding well performed on every part. 135  
 How say you, Bassiolo ?

*Bas.* Rare, I protest, my lord.

*Cor.* O, my lord Medice became it rarely ;  
 Me thought I likde his manlie being out ;  
 It becomes noblemen to doe nothing well.

*Las.* Now then, wil't please your Grace to  
 grace our house, 140  
 And still vouchsafe our service further honour ?

*Alp.* Leade us, my lord ; we will your daughter  
 leade.

[*Exeunt all but Vincentio and Strozza.*]

*Vin.* You do not leade, but drag her leaden  
 steps.

*Stro.* How did you like my speech ?

*Vin.* O fie upon 't !  
 Your rhetoricke was too fine.

*Stro.* Nothing at all : 145  
 I hope Saint Georges signe was grosse enough :  
 But (to be serious) as these warnings passe,

*Exeunt . . . Strozza.* Qq have only *Exit.*

144-145 *How . . . all.* Qq print as three lines : *How . . .*  
*speech ? | O . . fine. | Nothing . . . all. |*

Watch you your father, Ile watch Medice,  
That in your love-suit we may shun suspect :  
To which end, with your next occasion, urge 150  
Your love to name the person she will choose,  
By whose meanes you may safely write or meete.

*Vin.* Thats our cheefe businesse : and see,  
heere she comes.

*Enter Margaret in haste.*

*Mar.* My lord, I onely come to say y' are  
welcome,  
And so must say farewell.

*Vin.* One word, I pray. 155

*Mar.* Whats that ?

*Vin.* You needes must presently devise  
What person, trusted chiefly with your guard,  
You thinke is aptest for me to corrupt,  
In making him a meane for our safe meeting.

*Mar.* My fathers usher, none so fit, 160  
If you can worke him well : and so farewell,  
With thanks, my good Lord Strozza, for your  
speech.

*Exit [Margaret].*

*Stro.* I thanke you for your patience, mocking  
lady.

*Vin.* O what a fellow haz she pickt us out !  
One that I would have choosde past all the rest, 165  
For his close stockings onely.

155-156 *And . . . devise.* Qq print as three lines : *And*  
. . . farewell. | *One . . . that ?* | *You . . . devise.* |

✓ *Stro.*

And why not

For the most constant fashion of his hat?

*Vin.* Nay then, if nothing must be left unspoke,

For his strict forme thus still to weare his cloke.

*Stro.* Well sir, he is your owne, I make no doubt;

170

For, to these outward figures of his minde,

He hath two inward swallowing properties

Of any gudgeons, servile avarice,

And overweening thought of his owne worth,

Ready to snatch at every shade of glory:

175

And, therefore, till you can directly boord him,

Waft him aloofe with hats and other favours,

Still as you meete him.

*Vin.*

Well, let me alone;

He that is one mans slave is free from none.

*Exeunt [Vincentio and Strozza].*

*Finis Actus Primi.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

[*A Room in the House of Lasso.*]

*Enter Medice, Corteza, a Page with a cuppe of secke.*

*Medice.* Come lady, sit you heere. Page, fill  
some sacke.

[*Aside.*] I am to worke upon this aged dame,  
To gleane from her if there be any cause  
(In loving others) of her neeces coines  
To the most gracious love suite of the Duke : 5  
[*To Corteza.*] Heere, noble lady, this is health-  
full drinke

After our supper.

*Corteza.* O, tis that, my lorde,  
That of all drinkes keeps life and soule in me.

*Med.* Heere, fill it, Page, for this my worthy  
love :

[*Aside.*] O how I could imbrace this good olde  
widdow ! 10

*Cor.* Now, lord, when you do thus, you make  
me thinke

Of my sweete husband ; for he was as like you ;  
Eene the same words and fashion, the same eies,

To the stage-direction, *Enter . . . secke*, Qq add, "*Strozza following close*"; but Strozza's proper entrance is marked below, after l. 27.

Manly and cholerike, eene as you are, just ;  
And eene as kinde as you for all the world. 15

*Med.* O my sweete widdow, thou dost make  
me proud.

*Cor.* Nay, I am too old for you.

*Med.* Too old, thats nothing ;  
Come pledge me, wench, for I am drie againe,  
And strait will charge your widdowhood fresh,  
ifaith : [She drinks.]

Why, thats well done.

*Cor.* Now, fie on 't ! heeres a draught. 20

*Med.* O, it will warme your blood : if you  
should sip,

Twould make you heart-burnd.

*Cor.* Faith, and so they say :  
Yet I must tell you, since I plide this geere  
I have beene hanted with a horson paine heere,  
And every moone, almost, with a shrewd fever, 25  
And yet I cannot leave it : for, thanke God,  
I never was more sound of winde and limbe.

*Enter Strozza* [*close. Cortezza thrusts out*] a great  
bumbasted legge.

Looke you, I warrant you I have a leg,  
Holds out as hansomly —

*Med.* Beshrew my life,  
But tis a legge indeed, a goodly limbe ! 30

*Strozza* [*aside*]. This is most excellent !

*Med.* O that your neece



Were of as milde a spirit as your selfe !

*Cor.* Alas, Lord Medice, would you have a  
girle

As well seene in behaviour as I ?

Ah, shees a fond yong thing, and growne so  
prowde,

35

The wind must blow at west stil or sheele be  
angry.

*Med.* Masse, so me thinke [s] ; how coy shees  
to the Duke !

I lay my life she haz some yonger love.

*Cor.* Faith, like enough.

*Med.* Gods me, who should it bee ?

*Cor.* If it be any — Page, a little sacke — 40

If it be any, harke now, if it be —

I know not, by this sacke, — but if it be,  
Marke what I say, my lord, — I drink tee first.

*Med.* Well said, good widdow, much good  
do['t] thy heart !

So ; now, what if it be ?

*Cor.* Well, if it be — 45

To come to that I said, for so I said, —

If it be any, tis the shrewde yong Prince ;

For eies can speake, and eies can understand,

And I have markt her eies ; yet, by this cup,

Which I will onely kiss — [*She drinks again.*]

37 *thinks.* Emend. ed. Qq, *thinke.*

44 *do't.* Emend. ed. Qq, *do.*

*Stro.* [*aside*]. O noble crone! 50  
Now such a huddle and kettle never was.

*Cor.* I never yet have seene — not yet, I say —  
But I will marke her after for your sake.

*Med.* And doe, I pray ; for it is passing like ;  
And there is Strozza, a slie counsailor 55  
To the yong boy : O, I would give a limbe  
To have their knaverie limm'd and painted out.  
They stand upon their wits and paper-learning :  
Give me a fellow with a naturall wit,  
That can make wit of no wit, and wade through 60  
Great things with nothing, when their wits sticke  
fast :

O, they be scurvie lords.

*Cor.* Faith, so they be ;  
Your Lordship still is of my mind in all,  
And eene so was my husband.

*Med.* [*spying Strozza*]. Gods my life !  
Strozza hath evesdropt here, and over-heard us. 65

*Stro.* [*aside*]. They have descried me.  
[*Coming forward.*] What, Lord Medice,  
Courting the lustie widow ?

*Med.* I, and why not ?  
Perhaps one does as much for you at home.

*Stro.* What, cholericke, man ? and toward  
wedlocke too ?

*Cor.* And if he be, my lord, he may do  
woorse.

*Stro.* If he be not, madame, he may do better.

*Enter Bassiolo with servants with rushes and a carpet.*

*Bassiolo.* My lords, and madame, the Dukes  
Grace intreates you

T' attend his new-made Dutchesse for this night  
Into his presence.

*Stro.* We are readie, sir.

*Exeunt [Corteza, Medice, Strozza and Page].*

*Bas.* Come strew this roome afresh ; spread  
here this carpet ;

75

Nay, quickly, man, I pray thee ; this way, foole ;  
Lay me it smoothe and even ; looke if he  
will !

This way a little more ; a little there.

Hast thou no forecast ? slood, me thinks a man  
Should not of meere necessitie be an asse.

80

Looke how he strowes here too : come, Sir  
Giles Goosecap,

I must do all my selfe ; lay me um thus,  
In fine smoothe threaves, looke you, sir, thus, in  
threaves.

Perhaps some tender ladie will squat here,  
And if some standing rush should chance to  
pricke her,

85

Shee'd squeak & spoile the songs that must be  
sung.

*Enter Vin[centio] and Stroz[za].*

*Stro.* See where he is ; now to him, and prepare

Your familiaritie.

*Vincentio.* Save you, master Bassiolo.

I pray a word, sir ; but I feare I let you.

*Bas.* No, my good lord, no let.

*Vin.* I thanke you, sir. 90

Nay pray be coverd ; O, I crie you mercie,  
You must be bare.

*Bas.* Ever to you, my lord.

*Vin.* Nay, not to me, sir,

But to the faire right of your worshipfull place.

[*Vincentio uncovers.*]

*Stro.* [*aside*]. A shame of both your worships. [Exit *Strozza.*] 95

*Bas.* What means your lordship ?

*Vin.* Onely to doe you right, sir, and my selfe ease.

And what, sir, will there be some shew to night ?

*Bas.* A slender presentation of some musick  
And some thing else, my lord.

*Vin.* T'is passing good, sir ; 100

Ile not be overbold t' aske the particulars.

*Bas.* Yes, if your lordship please.

*Vin.* O no, good sir ;

*Enter Vincentio . . . Strozza.* Qq put this direction after Strozza's speech.

But I did wonder much for, as me thought,  
I saw your hands at work.

*Bas.* Or else, my lord,  
Our busines would be but badly done. 105

*Vin.* How vertuous is a worthy mans exam-  
ple!

Who is this throne for, pray?

*Bas.* For my lords daughter,  
Whom the Duke makes to represent his  
Dutches.

*Vin.* T'will be exceeding fit; and all this  
roome

Is passing wel preparte; a man would sweare 110  
That all presentments in it would be rare.

*Bas.* Nay, see if thou canst lay um thus in  
threaves.

[*Giving Vincentio a bundle of rushes.*]

*Vin.* In threaves, dee call it?

*Bas.* I, my lord, in threaves.

*Vin.* A pretty terme!

Well, sir, I thanke you highly for this kindnesse, 115  
And pray you alwayes make as bold with me  
For kindnesse more then this, if more may bee.

*Bas.* O, my lord, this is nothing.

*Vin.* Sir, tis much.

And now Ile leave you, sir; I know y' are busie.

*Bas.* Faith, sir, a little.

*Vin.* I commend me tee, sir. 120

*Exit Vin* [*centio*].

*Bas.* A courteous prince, beleeeve it ; I am  
sory

I was no bolder with him ; what a phrase  
He usde at parting ! “ I commend me tee.”  
Ile h’ate, yfaith !

*Enter Sarpego halfe drest.*

*Sarpego.* Good Master Usher, will you dictate  
to me

125

Which is the part precedent of this night-cap,  
And which posterior ? I do *ignorare*  
How I should weare it.

*Bas.* Why, sir, this, I take it,  
Is the precedent part ; I, so it is.

*Sar.* And is all well, sir, thinke you ?

*Bas.* Passing well. 130

*Enter Pogio and Fungus.*

*Pogio.* Why, sir, come on ; the usher shal be  
judge :

See, Master Usher, this same Fungus here,  
Your lords retainer, whom I hope you rule,  
Would weare this better jerkin for the Rush-  
man

When I doe play the Broome-man, and speake  
first.

135

*Fungus.* Why, sir, I borrowed it, and I will  
weare it.

*Enter. . . drest.* After this direction Qq have (?) possibly by  
mistake for (!) omitted after “ yfaith.”



*Pog.* What, sir, in spite of your lords gentleman usher?

*Fun.* No spite, sir, but you have changde twice already.

And now would ha't againe.

*Pog.* Why, thats all one, sir,  
Gentillitie must be fantastick. 140

*Bas.* I pray thee, Fungus, let Master Pogio weare it.

*Fun.* And what shall I weare then?

*Pog.* Why here is one  
That was a Rush-mans jerkin, and, I pray,  
Wer't not absurd then a Broome-man should  
weare it?

*Fun.* Foe! theres a reason; I will keepe it,  
sir. 145

*Pog.* "Will," sir? Then do your office,  
Maister Usher,  
Make him put off his jerkin; you may plucke  
His coate over his eares, much more his jerkin.

*Bas.* Fungus, y'ad best be rulde.

*Fun.* "Best," sir! I care not.

*Pog.* No, sir? I hope you are my lords  
retainer. 150

I neede not care a pudding for your lord.  
But spare not, keepe it, for perhaps Ile play  
My part as well in this as you in that.

*Bas.* Well said, Master Pogio.

[*To Fungus.*] My lord shall know it.

*Enter Corteza, with the Broom-wench & Rush-wench in their petticoates, clokes over them, with hats over their head-tyres.*

*Cor.* Looke, Master Usher, are these wags  
wel drest? 155

I have beene so in labour with um truly.

*Bas.* Y've had a verie good deliverance, ladie.  
[*Aside.*] How I did take her at her labour there,  
I use to gird these ladies so sometimes.

*Enter Lasso, with Sylvan and a Nymph, a man bugge  
and a woman [bug].*

*1st Bug.* I pray, my lord, must not I weare  
this haire? 160

*Lasso.* I pray thee, aske my usher; come,  
dispatch,

The Duke is readie: are you readie there?

*2nd Bug.* See, Master Usher; must he weare  
this haire?

*1st Bug.* Pray, Master Usher, where must  
I come in?

*2nd Bug.* Am not I well for a bug, Master  
Usher? 165

*Bas.* What stirre is with these boyes here:  
God forgive me,

160-169. Except in l. 164 Qq use merely 1. and 2. to indicate the bugs' speeches; l. 169 has 1. Bug.

If t'were not for the credite on 't, I'de see  
Your apish trash afire ere I'de indure this.

*1st Bug.* But pray, good Master Usher —

*Bas.* Hence, ye brats,  
You stand upon your tyre; but for your action <sup>170</sup>  
Which you must use in singing of your songs  
Exceeding dexterously and full of life,  
I hope youle then stand like a sort of blocks  
Without due motion of your hands and heads,  
And wresting your whole bodies to your words; <sup>175</sup>  
Looke too 't, y' are best, and in; go, all go in.

*Pog.* Come in, my masters; lets be out anon.

*Exeunt [all but Lasso and Bassiolo].*

*Las.* What, are all furnisht well?

*Bas.* All well, my lord.

*Las.* More lights then here, and let lowd  
musicke sound.

*Bas.* Sound musicke! 180

*Exeunt [Lasso and Bassiolo].*

*Enter Vincentio, Strozza bare, Margaret, Cortexa and  
Cynanche bearing her traine. After her the Duke  
whispering with Medice, Lasso with Bassiolo, &c.*

*Alphonso.* Advaunce your selfe, faire Dutch-  
esse, to this throne,  
As we have long since raisde you to our heart;  
Better decorum never was beheld  
Then twixt this state and you: and as all eyes  
Now fixt on your bright graces thinke it fit, 185  
So frame your favour to continue it.

*Margaret.* My lord, but to obey your earnest will,

And not make serious scruple of a toy,  
I scarce durst have presumde this minuts height.

*Las.* Usher, cause other musicke; begin your shew. 190

*Bas.* Sound, consort; warne the pedant to be readie.

*Cor.* Madam, I thinke you'le see a prettie shew.

*Cynanche.* I can expect no lesse in such a presence.

*Alp.* Lo! what attention and state beautie breeds,

Whose mo[v]ing silence no shrill herauld needes. 195

*Enter Sarpego.*

*Sar.* Lords of high degree,  
And Ladies of low courtesie,  
I, the Pedant, here,  
Whom some call schoolmaistere,  
Because I can speake best, 200  
Approch before the rest.

*Vin.* A verie good reason.

*Sar.* But there are others comming,  
Without maske or mumming;  
For they are not ashamed, 205  
If need be, to be named,  
Nor will they hide their faces  
In any place or places;

195 *moving.* Emend. S. Qq, moning.

For though they seeme to come  
Loded with rush and broome, 210  
The Broomeman, you must know,  
Is Seigneur Pogio,  
Nephew, as shall appeare,  
To my Lord Strozza here —

*Stro.* O Lord! I thanke you, sir; you grace  
me much. 215

[*Sar.*] And to this noble dame,  
Whome I with finger name.  
[*Pointing to Cynanche.*]

*Vin.* A plague of that fooles finger!

*Sar.* And women will ensue,  
Which, I must tell you true, 220  
No women are indeed,  
But pages made, for need,  
To fill up womens places  
By vertue of their faces,  
And other hidden graces. 225

A hall, a hall! whist, stil, be mum,  
For now with silver song they come.

*Enter Pogio, Fungus, with the song, Broome-maid,  
and Rush-maid, [Sylvan, a Nymph, and two Bugs.]  
After which Pogio [speaks].*

*Pog.* Heroes, and heroines, of gallant straine,  
Let not these broomes motes in your eies re-  
maine,

216-17 *And . . . name.* In Qq these lines are given to Strozza.  
*Sylvan . . . Bugs.* Possibly these should enter after l. 272.

For in the moone theres one beares with'red  
 bushes ; 230  
 But we (deare wights) do beare greene broomes,  
 green rushes,  
 Whereof these verdant herbals, cleeped broome,  
 Do pierce and enter everie ladies roome :  
 And to prove them high borne, and no base trash,  
 Water, with which your phisnomies you wash, 235  
 Is but a broome. And, more truth to deliver,  
 Grim Hercules swept a stable with a river.  
 The wind, that sweepes fowle cloudes out of the  
 ayre,  
 And for you ladies makes the welken faire,  
 Is but a broome : and O Dan Titan bright, 240  
 Most clearkly calld the Scavenger of Night,  
 What art thou but a verie broome of gold  
 For all this world not to be cride nor sold ?  
 Philosophy, that passion sweepes from thought,  
 Is the soules broome, and by all brave wits  
 sought : 245  
 Now if philosophers but broomemen are,  
 Each broomeman then is a philosopher.  
 And so we come (gracing your gracious Graces)  
 To sweepe Cares cobwebs from your cleanly  
 faces.

*Alp.* Thanks, good Master Broomeman.

*Fun.* For me Rushman, then, 250

242 *What . . . gold.* Qq place (?) after this line.



To make rush ruffle in a verse of ten :  
A rush, which now your heeles doe lie on here —  
[*Pointing to Vincentio.*]

*Vin.* Crie mercie, sir.

*Fun.* Was whilome used for a pungent speare,  
In that odde battaile, never fought but twice 255  
(As Homer sings) betwixt the frogs and mice.  
Rushes make true-love knots; rushes make  
rings;

Your rush maugre the beard of Winter springs.  
And when with gentle, amorous, laysie lims  
Each lord with his faire ladie sweetly swims 260  
On these coole rushes, they may with these  
bables

Cradles for children make, children for cradles.  
And lest some Momus here might now crie,  
“ Push! ”

Saying our pageant is not woorth a rush,  
Bundles of rushes, lo, we bring along 265  
To picke his teeth that bites them with his  
tongue.

*Stro.* See, see, thats Lord Medice.

*Vin.* Gods me, my lord !

Haz hee pickt you out, picking of your teeth ?

*Med.* What picke you out of that ?

*Stro.* Not such stale stuffe

As you picke from your teeth.



*Bugs Song.*

[*Sar.*] This, Lady and Dutchesse, we conclude:  
Faire virgins must not be too rude:  
For though the rurall, wilde and antike,  
Abusde their loves as they were frantike,<sup>295</sup>  
Yet take you in your ivory clutches  
This noble Duke, and be his Dutches.  
Thus thanking all for their *tacete*,  
I void the roome, and cry *valete*.

*Exit [Sarpego, Nymph, Sylvan and the two Bugs].*

*Alp.* Generally well and pleasingly performed.<sup>300</sup>

*Mar.* Now I resigne this borrowed majesty,  
Which sate unseemely on my worthlesse head,  
With humble service to your Highnesse hands.

*Alp.* Well you became it, lady, and I know  
All heere could wish it might be ever so.<sup>305</sup>

*Stro.* [*aside*]. Heeres one saies nay to that.

*Vin.* [*aside to Strozza*]. Plague on you,  
peace.

*Las.* Now let it please your Highnesse to  
accept

A homely banquet to close these rude sports.

*Alp.* I thanke your Lordship much.

*Bas.* Bring lights, make place.<sup>310</sup>

292 *This.* B. P. L., Malone, as here, but with *Thus* as catch-word for page.

*Enter Poggio in his cloke and broome-mans attire.*

*Pog.* How d'ee, my lord ?

*Alp.* O Master Broomeman, you did passing well.

*Vin.* A! you mad slave you ! you are a tickling actor.

*Pog.* I was not out like my Lord Medice.  
How did you like me, aunt ?

*Cyn.* O rarely, rarely. 315

*Stro.* O thou hast done a worke of memory,  
And raisde our house up higher by a story.

*Vin.* Friend, how conceit you my young mother heere ?

*Cyn.* Fitter for you, my lord, than for your father.

*Vin.* No more of that, sweete friend, those  
are bugs words. 320

*Exeunt [omnes].*

319 *Fitter. . . father.* Mr. P. A. Daniel suggests assigning this line to Bassiolo.

*Finis Actus Secundi.*

ACTUS TERTII SCÆNA PRIMA.

[*A Room in the House of Lasso.*]

*Medice* after the song *whispers alone with his servant.*

*Medice.* Thou art my trusty servant, and thou  
knowst

I have beene ever bountifull lord to thee,  
As still I will be : be thou thankfull then,  
And doe me now a service of import.

*Servant.* Any, my lord, in compasse of my  
life.

5

*Med.* To morrow, then, the Duke intends to  
hunt,

Where Strozza, my despightfull enemye,  
Will give attendance busie in the chase,  
Wherein (as if by chance, when others shoote  
At the wilde boare) do thou discharge at him, 10  
And with an arrow cleave his canckerd heart.

*Ser.* I will not faile, my lord.

*Med.* Be secret, then ;  
And thou to me shalt be the dear'st of men.

*Exeunt* [*Medice and Servant*].

## [SCÆNA SECUNDA.]

*Another Room in the House of Lasso.]*

*Enter Vincentio and Bassiolo [severally].*

*Vincentio [aside].* Now Vanitie and Policie in-rich me

With some ridiculous fortune on this usher. —  
Wheres Master Usher ?

*Bas.* Now I come, my lord.

*Vin.* Besides, good sir, your shew did shew so well.

*Bas.* Did it, in deede, my lord ?

*Vin.* O sir, beleeeve it ; 5

Twass the best fashiond and well orderd thing

That ever eye beheld : and, there withall,

The fit attendance by the servants usde,

The gentle guise in serving every guest

In other entertainements ; every thing 10

About your house so sortfully disposde,

That even as in a turne-spit calld a jacke

One vice assists another, the great wheeles,

Turning but softly, make the lesse to whirre

About their businesse, every different part 15

Concurring to one commendable end, —

So, and in such conformance, with rare grace,

Were all things orderd in your good lordes house.

*Bas.* The most fit simile that ever was.



*Vin.* But shall I tell you plainly my conceit      20  
Touching the man that I thinke causde this  
order?

*Bas.* I, good my lord.

*Vin.*                                      You note my simile?

*Bas.* Drawne from the turne-spit.

*Vin.*                                      I see you have me.

Even as in that queint engine you have seene  
A little man in shreds stand at the winder,      25  
And seemes to put all things in act about him,  
Lifting and pulling with a mightie stirre,  
Yet addes no force to it, nor nothing does :  
So (though your lord be a brave gentleman  
And seemes to do this busines), he does nothing ;      30  
Some man about him was the festivall robe  
That made him shew so glorious and divine.

*Bas.* I cannot tell, my lord, yet I should  
know

If any such there were.

*Vin.*                                      "Should know," quoth you ;  
I warrant you know : well, some there be      35  
Shall have the fortune to have such rare men,  
(Like brave beasts to their armes) support their  
state,

29-30 *though . . . busines.* In Qq the parenthesis includes only  
the words, *though . . . gentleman.* Line 30 in Qq is printed as  
two lines broken at *busines.*

33-34 *I . . . were.* This speech is printed as one line in Qq.

35 *I warrant you know,* so Qq. S, warrant you you know.

When others, of as high a worth and breede,  
Are made the wastefull food of them they feede :  
What state hath your lord made you for your  
service ?

40

*Bas.* He haz beene my good lord, for I can  
spend

Some fiftene hundred crownes in lands a yeare,  
Which I have gotten since I serv'd him first.

*Vin.* No more then fiftene hundred crownes  
a yeare ?

*Bas.* It is so much as makes me live, my  
lord,

45

Like a poore gentleman.

*Vin.* Nay, tis prettie well :

But certainly my nature does esteeme  
Nothing enough for vertue ; and had I  
The Duke my fathers meanes, all should be  
spent

To keepe brave men about me : but, good sir, 50  
Accept this simple jewell at my hands,  
Till I can worke perswasion of my friendship  
With worthier arguments.

*Bas.* No, good my lord,  
I can by no meanes merite the free bounties  
You have bestowed besides.

*Vin.* Nay, be not strange, 55  
But doe your selfe right, and be all one man  
In all your actions ; doe not thinke but some

Have extraordinarie spirits like your selfe,  
And wil not stand in their societie  
On birth and riches, but on worth and vertue, 60  
With whom there is no nicenesse, nor respect  
Of others common friendship ; be he poore  
Or basely borne, so he be rich in soule  
And noble in degrees of qualities,  
He shall be my friend sooner then a king. 65

*Bas.* Tis a most kingly judgement in your  
lordship.

*Vin.* Faith, sir, I know not, but tis my vaine  
humour.

*Bas.* O, tis an honour in a nobleman.

*Vin.* Y'ave some lords now so politike and  
prowd,

They skorne to give good lookes to worthy  
men. 70

*Bas.* O fie upon um ! by that light, my lord,  
I am but servant to a nobleman,  
But if I would not skorne such puppet lords,  
Would I weare breathlesse.

*Vin.* You, sir ? So you may,  
For they will cogge so when they wish to use  
men, 75  
With, " Pray be coverd, sir," " I beseech you  
sit,"

" Whoe's there ? waite of Master Usher to the  
doore."

O, these be godly gudgeons: where's the  
deedes,

The perfect nobleman?

*Bas.* O, good my lord —

*Vin.* Away, away, ere I would flatter so, 80  
I would eate rushes like Lord Medici.

*Bas.* Well, wel, my lord, would there were  
more such princes!

*Vin.* Alas, twere pittie, sir; they would be  
guld

Out of their very skinnies.

*Bas.* Why, how are you, my lord?

*Vin.* Who, I? I care not: 85

If I be guld where I professe plaine love,  
T'will be their faults, you know.

*Bas.* O t'were their shames.

*Vin.* Well, take my jewell, you shall not be  
strange;

I love not manie words.

*Bas.* My lord, I thanke you;

I am of few words too.

*Vin.* Tis friendlie said; 90

You prove your selfe a friend, and I would  
have you

Advance your thoughts, and lay about for state

78 *godly*, so Qq. Query? goodly.

89-90 *I love . . . said.* Qq print as three lines, thus:  
*I love . . . words | My . . . too. | Tis . . . said. |*

Worthy your vertues : be the mineon  
Of some great king or duke : theres Medici  
The minion of my father — O the Father ! 95  
What difference is there ? But I cannot flatter ;  
A word to wise men !

*Bas.* I perceiue your lordship.

*Vin.* “ Your lordship ? ” Talke you now like  
a friend ?

Is this plaine kindnesse ?

*Bas.* Is it not, my lord ?

*Vin.* A palpable flattring figure for men com-  
mon : 100

A my word I should thinke, if twere another,  
He meant to gull mee.

*Bas.* Why, tis but your due.

*Vin.* Tis but my due, if youle be still a  
stranger ;

But as I wish to choose you for my friend,  
As I intend, when God shall call my father, 105  
To doe I can tell what — but let that passe, —  
Thus tis not fit ; let my friend be familiar,  
Use not [my] lordship, nor yet call me lord,  
Nor my whole name, Vincentio ; but Vince,  
As they call Jacke or Will ; tis now in use 110  
Twixt men of no equallity or kindnesse.

*Bas.* I shall be quickly bold enough, my  
lord.

*Vin.* Nay, see how still you use that coy terme, "lord."

What argues this but that you shunne my friendship?

*Bas.* Nay, pray, say not so.

*Vin.* Who should not say so? 115  
Will you afford me now no name at all?

*Bas.* What should I call you?

*Vin.* Nay, then tis no matter.  
But I told you, "Vince."

*Bas.* Why, then, my sweete Vince.

*Vin.* Whie, so then; and yet still there is a fault  
In using these kind words without kinde deedes : 120  
Pray thee imbrace me too.

*Bas.* Why, then, sweete Vince.  
[*He embraces Vincentio.*]

*Vin.* Why, now I thank you; sblood, shall  
friends be strange?

Where there is plainenesse, there is ever truth :  
And I will still be plaine since I am true :

Come, let us lie a little; I am wearie. 125

*Bas.* And so am I, I sweare, since yesterday.  
[*They lie down together.*]

*Vin.* You may, sir, by my faith; and, sirra,  
hark thee,  
What lordship wouldst thou wish to have, ifaith,  
When my old father dies?

*Bas.* Who, I? alas!



*Vin.* O, not you! Well, sir, you shall have  
none; 130

You are as coy a peece as your lords daughter.

*Bas.* Who, my mistris?

*Vin.* Indeede! Is she your mistris?

*Bas.* I, faith, sweet Vince, since she was three  
yeare old.

*Vin.* And are not wee [two] friends?

*Bas.* Who doubts of that?

*Vin.* And are not two friends one?

*Bas.* Even man and wife. 135

*Vin.* Then what to you she is, to me she  
should be.

*Bas.* Why, Vince, thou wouldst not have her?

*Vin.* O, not I!

I do not fancie anything like you.

*Bas.* Nay, but I pray thee tell me.

*Vin.* You do not meane to marry her your  
self? 140

*Bas.* Not I, by heaven!

*Vin.* Take heede now, do not gull me.

*Bas.* No, by that candle!

*Vin.* Then will I be plaine.

Thinke you she dotes not too much on my father?

*Bas.* O yes, no doubt on 't.

*Vin.* Nay, I pray you speake.

134 *two.* Emend. S. Qq, too.

137-38 O . . . you. Qq print this speech as one line.

*Bas.* You seely man, you ! she cannot abide him. 145

*Vin.* Why, sweete friend, pardon me ; alas,  
I knew not.

*Bas.* But I doe note you are in some things  
simple,

And wrong your selfe too much.

*Vin.* Thanke you, good friend,  
For your playne dealing, I do meane, so well.

*Bas.* But who saw ever summer mixt with  
winter ? 150

There must be equall yeares where firme love is.  
Could we two love so well so suddainely,  
Were we not some thing equaller in yeares  
Then he and shee are ?

*Vin.* I cry ye mercy, sir,  
I know we could not ; but yet be not too bitter, 155  
Considering love is fearefull. And, sweete friend,  
I have a letter t' intreate her kindnesse,  
Which if you would convey —

*Bas.* I, if I would, sir !

*Vin.* Why, fayth, deare friend, I would not  
die requitelesse.

*Bas.* Would you not so, sir ? 160  
By heaven ! a little thing would make me boxe you ;  
“Which if you would convaie” ! Why not, I pray,  
“Which (friend) thou shalt convaie” ?

*Vin.* Which, friend, you shall then.

*Bas.* Well, friend, and I will then.

*Vin.* And use some kinde perswasive wordes  
for me? 165

*Bas.* The best, I sweare, that my poore tounge  
can forge.

*Vin.* I, wel said, "poore tounge"! O, tis rich  
in meekenesse ;

You are not knowne to speake well? You have  
wonne

Direction of the Earle and all his house,  
The favour of his daughter and all dames 170  
That ever I sawe come within your sight,  
With a poore tongue? A plague a your sweete  
lippes!

*Bas.* Well, we will doe our best : and, faith,  
my Vince,

She shall have an unweldie and dull soule,  
If she be nothing moov'd with my poore  
tongue — 175

Call it no better, be it what it will.

*Vin.* Well said, ifaith. Now if I doe not thinke  
Tis possible, besides her bare receipt  
Of that my letter, with thy friendly tongue  
To get an answere of it, never trust me. 180

*Bas.* "An answer," man? Sbloud, make no  
doubt of that.

*Vin.* By heaven I thinke so ; now a plague  
of Nature,  
That she gives all to some, and none to others!

*Bas.* [*rising, aside*]. How I endeare him to me! — Come, Vince, rise;

Next time I see her I will give her this : 185

Which when she sees, sheele thinke it wondrous strange

Love should goe by descent and make the sonne Follow the father in his amorous steppes.

*Vin.* Shee needes must thinke it strange, that never yet saw

I durst speake to her, or had scarce hir sight. 190

*Bas.* Well Vince, I sweare thou shalt both see and kisse her.

*Vin.* Sweares my deere friend? By what?

*Bas.* Even by our friendship.

*Vin.* O sacred oath! which how long will you keepe?

*Bas.* While there be bees in Hybla, or white swannes

In bright Meander; while the banks of Po 195  
Shall beare brave lillies; or Italian dames  
Be called the bone robes of the world.

*Vin.* 'Tis elegantly said: and when I faile,  
Let there be found in Hybla hives no bees;  
Let no swannes swimme in bright Meander  
streame, 200

Nor lillies spring upon the banks of Po,  
Nor let one fat Italian dame be found,  
But leane and brawne-falne; I, and scarsly sound.

*Bas.* It is enough, but lets imbrace with all.

*Vin.* With all my hart.

*Bas.* So now farewell, sweet Vince. 205

*Exit [Bassio].*

*Vin.* Farewell, my worthie friend. I thinke I have him.

*[Re-] enter Bassio.*

*Bas.* *[aside]*. I had forgot the parting phrase he taught me. —

I commend me t'ee, sir.

*Exit [Bassio] instant[er].*

*Vin.* At your wisht service, sir.

O fine friend, he had forgot the phrase :

How serious apish soules are in vaine forme ! 210

Well, he is mine, and he, being trusted most

With my deare love, may often worke our meeting,

And, being thus ingagde, dare not reveale.

*Enter Poggio in haste, Strozza following.*

*Poggio.* Horse, horse, horse, my lord, horse !  
Your father is going a hunting. 215

*Vin.* " My lord horse ? " You asse, you ; d'ee call my lord horse ?

*Strozza.* Nay, he speakes huddles still ; lets slit his tongue.

*Pog.* Nay, good unkle, now, sbloud, what 220  
captious marchants you be ; so the Duke tooke

*Exit Bassio.* Qq place this direction after l. 204.

me up even now, my lord unckle heere, and my old Lord Lasso. By heaven! y' are all too witty for me; I am the veriest foole on you all, Ile be sworne.

225

*Vin.* Therein thou art worth us all, for thou knowst thy selfe.

*Stro.* But your wisdom was in a pretty taking last night; was it not, I pray?

*Pog.* O, for taking my drink a little? Ifaith, <sup>230</sup> my lord, for that you shall the best sport presently with Madam Corteza that ever was; I have made her so drunke that she does nothing but kisse my Lord Medice. See, shee comes riding the Duke; shees passing well mounted, <sup>235</sup> beleewe it.

*Enter Alphonso, Corteza [leaning on the Duke], Cynanche, [Margaret,] Bassiolo first, two women attendants, and hunts-men, Lasso.*

*Alphonso.* Good wench, forbear.

*Corteza.* My lord, you must put forth your selfe among ladies; I warrant you have much in you, if you would shew it; see, a cheek a <sup>240</sup> twentie, the bodie of a George, a good legge still, still a good calfe, and not [flabby] nor hanging, I warrant you; a brawne of a thumb here, and t'were a pulld partridge. Neece Meg,

*women attendants.* Malone and 1 Q in B. M. read, *attendant*; Dyce and 1 copy in B. M. correctly, *attendants*.

<sup>242</sup> *flabby.* Emend. P. Qq, *slabby*.



thou shalt have the sweetest bedfellow on him<sup>245</sup>  
that ever call'd ladie husband; trie him, you  
shamefac'd bable you, trie him.

*Margaret.* Good Madame, be rulde.

*Cor.* What a nice thing it is! My lord, you  
must set foorth this gere, and kisse her; yfaith,<sup>250</sup>  
you must; get you together and be naughts  
awhile, get you together.

*Alp.* Now what a merrie, harmlesse dame  
it is!

*Cor.* My Lord Medice, you are a right noble<sup>255</sup>  
man & wil do a woman right in a wrong  
matter, and neede be; pray, do you give the  
Duke ensample upon me; you come a wooing  
to me now; I accept it.

*Lasso.* What meane you, sister? 260

*Cor.* Pray, my lord, away; consider me as I  
am, a woman.

*Pog.* [*aside*]. Lord, how I have whittld her!

*Cor.* You come a wooing to me now; pray  
thee, Duke, marke my Lord Medice; and do<sup>265</sup>  
you marke me, virgin; stand you aside, my  
lord[s] all, and you, give place. Now my Lord  
Medice, put case I be strange a little, yet you  
like a man put me to it. Come kisse me, my  
lord, be not ashamde. 270

266-267 *my lords all, and you, give.* Emend. ed. Qq, *my*  
*Lord, all, and you; give.* S, my lord, and all you, give.

*Medice.* Not I, Madame, I come not a wooing to you.

*Cor.* Tis no matter, my lord, make as though you did, and come kisse me ; I won't be strange a whit.

275

*Las.* Fie, sister, y' are too blame ; pray, will you goe to your chamber.

*Cor.* Why, harke you, brother.

*Las.* Whats the matter ?

*Cor.* Dee thinke I am drunke ?

280

*Las.* I thinke so, truly.

*Cor.* But are you sure I am drunke ?

*Las.* Else I would not thinke so.

*Cor.* But I would be glad to be sure on 't.

*Las.* I assure you then.

285

*Cor.* Why, then, say nothing, & Ile begone.  
God bwy, Lord Duke, Ile come againe anone.

*Exit [Cortez].*

*Las.* I hope your Grace will pardon her, my Liege,

For tis most strange ; shees as discreete a dame  
As any in these countries, and as sober,  
But for this onely humour of the cup.

290

*Alp.* Tis good, my lord, sometimes.

Come, to our hunting ; now tis time, I thinke.

*Omnes.* The verie best time of the day, my lord.

286-287 *Why, then . . . anone.* Qq arrange in two lines, thus: *Why then . . . Duke, | Ile . . . anone.*

*Alp.* Then, my lord, I will take my leave till  
night,

295

Reserving thanks for all my entertainment  
Till I returne; in meane time, lovely dame,  
Remember the high state you last pre-  
sented,

And thinke it was not a mere festivall  
shew,

*Vin[centio]  
& St[roz-  
za] have al-  
this while  
talked together  
a prettie way.*

But an essentiall type of that you are  
In full consent of all my faculties.

And harke you, good my lord, —

*[He whispers to Lasso.]*

*Vin.* *[aside to Strozza and Cynanche].* See  
now, they whisper

Some private order, (I dare lay my life)

For a forc'd marriage t'wixt my love and father;  
I therefore must make sure; and, noble friends, 305  
Ile leave you all when I have brought you forth,  
And seene you in the chase; meane-while observe

In all the time this solemne hunting lasts

My father and his minion, Medice,

And note if you can gather any signe

310

That they have mist me, and suspect my being;  
If which fall out, send home my page  
before.

*Medice whis-  
pers with  
r[st]*

*Stro.* I will not faile, my lord.

*Huntsman all  
this while.*

*Med.*

Now take thy time.

*Medice whispers . . . while.* Qq print this as two lines in the  
margin opposite l. 313.

[1st] *Huntsman*. I warrant you, my lord, he shall not scape me.

*Alp*. Now, my deere mistresse, till our sports intended 315

End with my absence, I will take my leave.

*Las*. Bassiolo, attend you on my daughter.

*Exeunt* [*Alphonso, Lasso, Medice, Strozza, Huntsmen, and attendants*].

*Bas*. I will, my lord.

*Vin*. [*aside*]. Now will the sport beginne ;  
I think my love

Will handle him as well as I have doone. 320

*Exit* [*Vincentio*].

*Cynanche*. Madam, I take my leave and humble thanke you.

*Mar*. Welcome, good madam ; mayds wait on my lady. *Exit* [*Cynanche*].

*Bas*. So, mistris, this is fit.

*Mar*. "Fit," sir, why so ?

*Bas*. Why so ? I have most fortunate newes for you

*Mar*. For me, sir ? I beseech you what are they ? 325

*Bas*. Merit and fortune, for you both agree ;  
Merit what you have, and have what you merit.

*Mar*. Lord, with what rhetorike you prepare your newes !

*Bas*. I need not ; for the plaine contents they beare,

Uttred in any words, deserve their welcome, 330  
And yet I hope the words will serve the turne.

[*He offers Margaret the letter.*]

*Mar.* What, in a letter?

*Bas.* Why not?

*Mar.* Whence is it?

*Bas.* From one that will not shame it with  
his name;

And that is Lord Vincentio.

*Mar.* King of Heaven!

Is the man madde?

*Bas.* "Mad," madam! why? 335

*Mar.* O heaven! I muse a man of your im-  
portance

Will offer to bring me a letter thus.

*Bas.* Why, why, good mistresse, are you hurt  
in that?

Your answer may be what you will your selfe.

*Mar.* I, but you should not doe it: Gods my  
life!

340

You shall answer it.

*Bas.* Nay, you must answer it.

*Mar.* I answer it! Are you the man I trusted,  
And will betray me to a stranger thus?

*Bas.* Thats nothing, dame; all friends were  
strangers first.

*Mar.* Now was there ever woman overseene so 345  
In a wise mans discretion?

*Bas.* Your braine is shallow ; come, receive  
this letter.

*Mar.* How dare you say so, when you know  
so well

How much I am engaged to the Duke ?

*Bas.* The Duke ? A proper match ! a grave  
olde gentman, 350

Haz beard at will, and would, in my conceyt,  
Make a most excellent patterne, for a potter,  
To have his picture stampt on a jugge,  
To keepe ale-knights in memorie of sobrietie.  
Heere, gentle madam, take it.

*Mar.* “ Take it,” sir ? 355  
Am I [a] common taker of love letters ?

*Bas.* “ Common ? ” Why, when receiv’d you  
one before ?

*Mar.* Come, tis no matter ; I had thought  
your care  
Of my bestowing would not tempt me thus  
To one I know not ; but it is because 360

You know I dote so much on your direction.

*Bas.* On my direction ?

*Mar.* No, sir, not on yours.

*Bas.* Well, mistris, if you will take my advice  
At any time, then take this letter now.

*Mar.* Tis strange ; I woonder the coy gentle-  
man, 365

353 *a jugge.* S, a stone jug. Cf. Act iv, Sc. iv, l. 120.

356 *I a common.* Emend. S. Qq, I common.



That seeing mee so oft would never speake,  
Is on the sodaine so far wrapt to write.

*Bas.* It shewd his judgement that he would  
not speake,

Knowing with what a strict and jealous eie  
He should be noted; holde, if you love yourselfe; 370  
Now will you take this letter? pray be rulde.

*[He puts the letter into her hands.]*

*Mar.* Come, you have such another plaguie  
tounge;

And yet, yfaith, I will not. *[She drops the letter.]*

*Bas.* Lord of Heaven!

What, did it burne your hands? holde, hold, I pray,  
And let the words within it fire your heart. 375

*[He gives her the letter again.]*

*Mar.* I woonder how the devill he found you  
out

To be his spokesman,— O the Duke would  
thanke you

If he knew how you urgde me for his sonne.

*[She reads the letter.]*

*Bas.* *[aside]*. “The Duke!” I have fretted her  
Even to the liver, and had much adoe 380

To make her take it, but I knew t’was sure;  
For he that cannot turne and winde a woman  
Like silke about his finger is no man.

Ile make her answer’t too.

*Mar.* O here’s good stuffe!

Hold, pray take it for your paines to bring it. 385

*[She returns him the letter.]*

*Bas.* Ladie, you erre in my reward a little,  
Which must be a kind answere to this letter.

*Mar.* Nay, then, yfaith, t'were best you  
brought a priest,

And then your client, and then keepe the doore.

Gods me! I never knew so rude a man. 390

*Bas.* Wel, you shall answer; Ile fetch pen  
and paper. *Exit [Bassuolo].*

*Mar.* Poore usher, how wert thou wrought to  
this brake?

Men worke on one another for we women,

Nay, each man on himselfe; and all in one

Say: "No man is content that lies alone." 395

Here comes our gulled squire.

*[Re-enter Bassuolo.]*

*Bas.* Here, mistresse, write.

*Mar.* What should I write?

*Bas.* An answer to this letter.

*Mar.* Why, sir, I see no cause of answer in it,  
But if you needs will shew how much you rule  
me,

Sit downe and answer it as you please your  
selfe; 400

Here is your paper, lay it faire afore you.

*Bas.* Lady, content; Ile be your secretorie.

*[He sits down to write.]*

*Mar.* [*aside*]. I fit him in this taske; he  
thinkes his penne

The shaft of Cupid in an amorous letter.

*Bas.* Is heere no great worth of your answer,  
say you? 405

Beleeve it, tis exceedingly well writ.

*Mar.* So much the more unfit for me to an-  
swere,

And therefore let your stile and it contend.

*Bas.* Well, you shall see I will not be farre short,  
Although (indeede) I cannot write so well 410  
When one is by, as when I am alone.

*Mar.* O, a good scribe must write, though  
twenty talke,

And he talke to them too.

*Bas.* Well, you shall see. [*He writes.*]

*Mar.* [*aside*]. A proper peece of scribes-  
ship, theres no doubt;

Some words pickt out of proclamations, 415

Or great mens speeches, or well-selling pam-  
phlets:

See how he rubbes his temples: I beleeve  
His muse lies in the backe-part of his braine,  
Which, thicke and grosse, is hard to be brought  
forward. —

What? is it loath to come?

*Bas.* No, not a whit: 420

Pray hold your peace a little.

*Mar.* [*aside*]. He sweates with bringing on  
his heavie stile ;  
Ile plie him still, till he sweate all his wit out. —  
What, man, not yet ?

*Bas.* Swoons, yowle not extort it from a man ! 425  
How do you like the word, “endeare” ?

*Mar.* O, fie upon ’t !

*Bas.* Nay, then I see your judgement : what  
say you to “condole” ?

*Mar.* Worse and worse.

430

*Bas.* O brave ! I should make a sweete  
answer, if I should use no words but of your  
admittance.

*Mar.* Well, sir, write what you please.

*Bas.* Is “modell” a good word with you ? 435

*Mar.* Put them together, I pray.

*Bas.* So I will, I warrant you. [*He writes.*]

*Mar.* [*aside*]. See, see, see, now it comes  
powring downe.

*Bas.* I hope youle take no exceptions to “be- 440  
leeve it.”

*Mar.* Out upon ’t ! that phrase is so runne  
out of breath in trifles that we shall have no  
beleefe at all in earnest shortly. “Beleeve it,  
tis a prettie feather” ; “Beleeve it, a daintie 445  
rush” ; “Beleeve it, an excellent cocks-combe.”

*Bas.* So, so, so, your exceptions sort very  
collaterally.

*Mar.* “Collaterally”? Theres a fine word now; wrest in that if you can by any meanes. 450

*Bas.* I thought she would like the very worst of them all! How thinke you? Do not I write, and heare, and talke, too, now?

*Mar.* By my soule, if you can tell what you write now, you write verie readily. 455

*Bas.* That you shall see straight.

*Mar.* But do you not write that you speake now?

*Bas.* O yes, doe you not see how I write it? I can not write when any bodie is by me, I! 460

*Mar.* Gods my life! stay man; youle make it too long.

*Bas.* Nay, if I can not tell what belongs to the length of a ladies device, yfaith!

*Mar.* But I will not have it so long. 465

*Bas.* If I can not fit you?

*Mar.* O me, how it comes upon him! pre thee be short.

*Bas.* Wel, now I have done, & now I wil reade it:

[*Reads.*] “Your lordships motive accōmodating my thoughts with the very model of 470 my hearts mature consideration, it shall not be out of my element to negotiate with you in this amorous duello; wherein I will condole with you that our project cannot be so collaterally made as our 475

endeared hearts may verie well seeme to insinuate."

*Mar.* No more, no more; fie upon this!

*Bas.* "Fie upon this"? Hees accurst that haz to doe with these unsound women of judgement: 480 if this be not good, yfaith!

*Mar.* But tis so good, t'will not be thought to come from a womans braine.

*Bas.* Thats another matter.

*Mar.* Come, I will write my selfe. 485

[*She sits down to write.*]

*Bas.* A Gods name, lady! and yet I will not loose this, I warrant you; [*folding up the letter.*] I know for what ladie this will serve as fit. Now we shall have a sweete peece of inditement.

*Mar.* How spell you "foolish"? 490

*Bas.* F, oo, l, i, sh. [*Aside.*] She will presume t' endite that cannot spel.

*Mar.* How spell you "usher"?

*Bas.* Sblood, you put not in those words together, do you? 495

*Mar.* No, not together.

*Bas.* What is betwixt, I pray?

*Mar.* "Asse the."

*Bas.* "Asse the"? Betwixt "foolish," and "usher"! Gods my life, "foolish asse the 500 Usher"!

*Mar.* Nay then, you are so jealous of your wit! Now reade all I have written, I pray.



*Bas.* [*reads*]. “I am not so foolish as the Usher would make me,” — O, “so foolish as<sup>505</sup> the Usher would make me”? Wherein would I make you foolish?

*Mar.* Why, sir, in willing me to beleeve he lov’d me so wel, being so meere a stranger.

*Bas.* O, is ’t so? You may say so, indeed. <sup>510</sup>

*Mar.* Crie mercie, sir, and I will write so too. [*She begins to write, but stops.*] And yet my hand is so vile. Pray thee, sit thee downe and write as I bid thee.

*Bas.* With all my heart, lady. What shall I<sup>515</sup> write now?

*Mar.* You shall write this, sir:

I am not so foolish to thinke you love me, being so meere a stranger —

*Bas.* [*writing*]. “So meere a stranger”! <sup>520</sup>

*Mar.* And yet I know love works strangely —

*Bas.* “Love workes strangely —”

*Mar.* And therefore take heed by whom you speake for love —

*Bas.* “Speake for love —” <sup>525</sup>

*Mar.* For he may speake for himselfe.

*Bas.* “May speake for himselfe —”

*Mar.* Not that I desire it —

*Bas.* “Desire it —”

*Mar.* But if he do, you may speede, I con-<sup>530</sup>fesse.

*Bas.* "Speede, I confesse —"

*Mar.* But let that passe, I do not love to discourage any bodie; —

*Bas.* "Discourage any bodie —" 535

*Mar.* Do you, or he, picke out what you can; & so farewell.

*Bas.* "And so fare well." Is this all?

*Mar.* I, and he may thanke your syrens tongue that it is so much. 540

*Bas.* [*looking over the letter*]. A proper letter, if you marke it.

*Mar.* Well, sir, though it be not so proper as the writer, yet tis as proper as the inditer; everie woman cannot be a gentleman usher; 545 they that cannot go before must come behind.

*Bas.* Well, ladie, this I will carrie instantly; I commend me tee, ladie. *Exit* [*Bassiole*].

*Mar.* Pittifull usher, what a prettie sleight Goes to the working up of everie thing! 550

What sweet varietie serves a womans wit!

We make men sue to us for that we wish.

Poore men, hold out a while, and do not sue,

And spite of custome we will sue to you.

*Exit* [*Margaret*].

*Finis Actus Tertii.*

ACTUS QUARTI SCÆNA PRIMA.

[*Before the House of Strozza.*]

*Enter Pogio running in, and knocking at Cynanches doore.*

*Pogio.* O God, how wearie I am! Aunt, Madam Cynanche, aunt!

[*Enter Cynanche.*]

*Cynanche.* How now?

*Pog.* O God, aunt! O God, aunt! O God!

*Cyn.* What bad newes brings this man? Where is my lord?

5

*Pog.* O aunt, my uncle! hees shot.

*Cyn.* "Shot!" ay me!

How is he shot?

*Pog.* Why, with a forked shaft,  
As he was hunting, full in his left side.

*Cyn.* O me accurst, where is hee? Bring me;  
where?

*Pog.* Comming with Doctor Benivemus;  
Ile leave you, and goe tell my Lord Vincentio.

10

*Exit [Pogio].*

*Enter Benivemus with others, bringing in Strozza with an arrow in his side.*

*Cyn.* See the sad sight; I dare not yeeld to  
griefe,

But force faind patience to recomfort him.

My lord, what chance is this? How fares your  
lordship?

*Strozza.* Wounded, and faint with anguish;  
let me rest. 15

*Benivemus.* A chaire.

*Cyn.* O Doctor, ist a deadly hurt?

*Ben.* I hope not, madam, though not free  
from danger.

*Cyn.* Why plucke you not the arrow from  
his side?

*Ben.* We cannot, lady, the forckt head so fast  
Stickes in the bottome of his sollide ribbe. 20

*Stro.* No meane then, Doctor, rests there to  
educe it?

*Ben.* This onely, my good lord, to give your  
wound

A greater orifice, and in sunder break

The pierced ribbe, which being so near the mid-  
riffe,

And opening to the region of the heart, 25  
Will be exceeding dangerous to your life.

*Stro.* I will not see my bosome mangled so,  
Nor sternely be anatomizde alive;  
Ile rather perish with it sticking still.

*Cyn.* O, no; sweete Doctor, thinke upon  
some help. 30

*Ben.* I tolde you all that can be thought in arte,

Which since your lordship will not yeelde to use,  
Our last hope rests in Natures secret aide,  
Whose power at length may happily expell it.

*Stro.* Must we attend at Deaths abhorred  
doore

35

The torturing delaies of slavish Nature ?  
My life is in mine owne powers to dissolve :  
And why not then the paines that plague my  
life ?

Rise, Furies, and this furie of my bane  
Assaile and conquer : what men madnesse call 40  
(That hath no eye to sense, but frees the soule,  
Exempt of hope and feare, with instant fate)  
Is manliest reason ; manliest reason, then,  
Resolve and rid me of this brutish life,  
Hasten the cowardly protracted cure 45  
Of all diseases : King of phisitians, Death,  
Ile dig thee from this mine of miserie.

*Cyn.* O, hold, my lord ; this is no Christian  
part,

Nor yet skarce manly, when your mankinde foe,  
Imperious Death, shall make your grones his  
trumpets

50

To summon resignation of Lifes fort,  
To flie without resistance ; you must force  
A countermine of fortitude, more deepe  
Than this poore mine of paines, to blow him up,  
And spight of him live victor, though subdu'd : 55

Patience in torment is a valure more  
Than ever crownd th' Alcmenean conquerour.

*Stro.* Rage is the vent of torment ; let me rise.

*Cyn.* Men doe but crie that rage in miseries,  
And scarcely beaten children become cries : 60  
Paines are like womens clamors, which the lesse  
They find mens patience stirred, the more they  
cease.

Of this tis said, afflictions bring to God,  
Because they make us like him, drinking up  
Joyes that deforme us with the lusts of sense, 65  
And turne our generall being into soule,  
Whose actions, simply formed and applied,  
Draw all our bodies frailties from respect.

*Stro.* Away with this unmedcinable balme  
Of worded breath ; forbear, friends, let me rest ; 70  
I sweare I will be bands unto my selfe.

*Ben.* That will become your lordship best  
indeed.

*Stro.* Ile breake away, and leape into the sea,  
Or from some turret cast me hedlong downe,  
To shiver this fraile carkasse into dust. 75

*Cyn.* O my deare lord, what unlike words are  
these

To the late fruits of your religious noblesse ?

*Stro.* Leave me, fond woman.

*Cyn.* Ile be hewne from hence  
Before I leave you ; helpe me, gentle Doctor.



*Ben.* Have patience, good my lord.

*Stro.* Then leade me in, 80

Cut off the timber of this cursed shaft,  
And let the fork'd pile canker to my heart.

*Cyn.* Deare lord, resolve on humble sufferance.

*Stro.* I will not heare thee, woman; be content.

*Cyn.* O never shall my counsailes cease to  
knocke 85

At thy impatient eares till they flie in  
And salve with Christian patience pagan sinne.

*Exeunt [omnes].*

[SCÆNA SECUNDA.

*A Room in the House of Lasso.]*

*Enter Vincentio with a letter in his hand, [and] Bassiolo.*

*Bassiolo.* This is her letter, sir; you now shall  
see

How seely a thing tis in respect of mine,  
And what a simple woman she haz prov'd  
To refuse mine for hers; I pray looke heere.

*Vincentio.* Soft, sir, I know not, I being her  
sworn servant, 5

If I may put up these disgracefull words,  
Given of my mistris, without touch of honour.

*Bas.* "Disgracefull words!" I protest I speake  
not

To disgrace her, but to grace my selfe.

*Vin.* Nay then, sir, if it be to grace your  
selfe,

10

I am content; but otherwise, you know,  
I was to take exceptions to a king.

*Bas.* Nay, y' are ith right for that; but reade,  
I pray;

If there be not more choice words in that letter  
Than in any three of Guevaras *Golden Epistles*, 15  
I am a very asse. How thinke you, Vince?

*Vin.* By heaven, no lesse, sir; it is the best  
thing — *He rends it [as if by mistake].*

Gods, what a beast am I!

*Bas.* It is no matter,

I can set it together againe.

*Vin.* Pardon me, sir, I protest I was ravisht: 20  
But was it possible she should preferre  
Hers before this?

*Bas.* O sir, she cride "Fie upon this"!

*Vin.* Well, I must say nothing; love is blind,  
you know, and can finde no fault in his beloved. 25

*Bas.* Nay, thats most certaine.

*Vin.* Gee 't me; Ile have this letter.

*Bas.* No, good Vince, tis not worth it.

*Vin.* Ile ha 't, ifaith. [*Taking Bassiolo's letter.*]

13-16 *Nay . . . Vince.* Prose in Qq and in S.

20-22 *Pardon . . . this.* Prose in Qq and in S.

23-32 *O sir . . . twere.* These lines might be forced into  
rough metrical form; but the rhythm seems that of prose.

Heeres enough in it to serve for my letters as 30  
long as I live ; Ile keepe it to breede on as  
twere.

But I much wonder you could make her write.

*Bas.* Indeede there were some words belongd  
to that.

*Vin.* How strong an influence works in well-  
plac'd words ! 35

And yet there must be a prepared love  
To give those words so mighty a command,  
Or twere impossible they should move so much :  
And will you tell me true ?

*Bas.* In any thing.

*Vin.* Does not this lady love you ? 40

*Bas.* Love me ? Why, yes ; I thinke she  
does not hate me.

*Vin.* Nay, but, ifaith, does she not love you  
dearely ?

*Bas.* No, I protest.

*Vin.* Nor have you never kist her ?

*Bas.* Kist her ! Thats nothing.

*Vin.* But you know my meaning :  
Have you not beene, as one would say, afore  
me ? 45

*Bas.* Not I, I sweare.

*Vin.* O, y' are too true to tell.

*Bas.* Nay, be my troth, she haz, I must con-  
fesse,

Usde me with good respect and nobly still,  
But for such matters —

*Vin.* [*aside*]. Verie little more  
Would make him take her maidenhead upon  
him. — 50

Well, friend, I rest yet in a little doubt,  
This was not hers.

[*Pointing to Margaret's letter.*]

*Bas.* T'was, by that light that shines;  
And Ile goe fetch her to you to confirme it

*Vin.* O passing friend!

*Bas.* But when she comes, in any case be bold, 55  
And come upon her with some pleasing thing,  
To shew y' are pleasde, how ever she behaves  
her:

As, for example, if she turne her backe,  
Use you that action you would doe before,  
And court her thus: 60

“Lady, your backe part is as faire to me  
As is your fore part.”

*Vin.* T'will be most pleasing.

*Bas.* I, for if you love  
One part above another, tis a signe  
You love not all alike; and the worst part 65  
About your mistris you must thinke as faire,  
As sweete and daintie, as the very best,

61-62 *Lady* . . . *part*. Printed as prose in Qq, continuously  
with l. 60, thus: *And court* . . . *part*.

So much for so much, and considering, too,  
Each severall limbe and member in his kinde.

*Vin.* As a man should.

*Bas.* True; will you thinke of this? 70

*Vin.* I hope I shall.

*Bas.* But if she chance to laugh,  
You must not lose your countenance, but devise  
Some speech to shew you please, even being  
laugh'd at.

*Vin.* I, but what speech?

*Bas.* Gods pretious, man! do something of  
your selfe! 75

But Ile devise a speech.

*He studies.*

*Vin.* [*aside*]. Inspire him, Folly!

*Bas.* Or tis no matter; be but bold enough,  
And laugh when she laughs, and it is enough:  
Ile fetch her to you.

*Exit [Bassio].*

*Vin.* Now was there ever such a demilance, 80  
To beare a man so cleare through thicke and  
thinne?

[*Re-*]enter *Bassio*.

*Bas.* Or harke you, sir, if she should steale a  
laughter

Under her fanne, thus you may say, "Sweete  
lady,

If you will laugh and lie downe, I am please."

70-71 *As . . . laugh.* Qq print as three lines: *As . . .*  
*should.* | *True . . . shall.* | *But . . . laugh.* |

*Vin.* And so I were, by heaven ; how know  
you that ? 85

*Bas.* Slid, man, Ile hit your very thoughts in  
these things.

*Vin.* Fetch her, sweete friend ; Ile hit your  
words, I warrant.

*Bas.* Be bold then, Vince, and presse her to  
it hard.

A shame-fac'd man is of all women barr'd.

*Exit [Bassio].*

*Vin.* How easily worthlesse men take worth  
upon them, 90

And being over credulous of their owne worth,  
Doe underprize as much the worth of others.  
The foole is rich, and absurd riches thinks  
All merit is rung out where his purse chinks.

*[Re-]enter Bassiolo, and Margaret.*

*Bas.* My lord, with much intreaty heeres my  
lady. 95

Nay, maddam, looke not backe : why, Vince, I  
say !

*Margaret [aside].* "Vince" ? O monstrous  
jeast !

*Bas.* To her, for shame !

*[As Vincentio approaches, Margaret turns  
her back upon him.]*

*Vin.* Lady, your backe part is as sweete to me  
as all your fore part.



*Bas.* [*aside*]. He miss'd a little : he said her<sup>100</sup>  
back part was "sweet", when he should have  
said "faire"; but see, she laughs most fitly to  
bring in the tother.

Vince, to her againe; she laughs.

*Vin.* Laugh you, faire dame?  
If you will laugh and lie downe, I am pleasde.<sup>105</sup>

*Mar.* What villanous stuffe is heere?

*Bas.* Sweete mistris, of meere grace imbolden  
now

The kind young prince heere; it is onely love,  
Upon my protestation, that thus daunts  
His most heroicke spirit : so a while<sup>110</sup>  
Ile leave you close together; Vince, I say —

*Exit [Bassio].*

*Mar.* O horrible hearing! Does he call you  
Vince?

*Vin.* O I, what else? And I made him im-  
brace me,  
Knitting a most familiar league of friendship.

*Mar.* But wherefore did you court me so ab-  
surdly?<sup>115</sup>

*Vin.* Gods me, he taught me! I spake out of  
him.

*Mar.* O fie upon 't! Could you for pittie make  
him

<sup>104</sup> *Vince . . . laughs.* Qq print as prose like the foregoing  
lines of this speech.

Such a poore creature ? Twas abuse enough  
To make him take on him such sawcie friend-  
ship ;

And yet his place is great ; for hees not onely 120  
My fathers usher, but the worlds beside,  
Because he goes before it all in folly.

*Vin.* Well, in these homely wiles must our  
loves maske,

Since power denies him his apparant right.

*Mar.* But is there no meane to dissolve that  
power, 125

And to prevent all further wrong to us,  
Which it may worke by forcing mariage rites  
Betwixt me and the Duke ?

*Vin.* No meane but one,  
And that is closely to be maried first,  
Which I perceive not how we can performe ; 130  
For at my fathers comming backe from hunting,  
I feare your father and himselfe resolve  
To barre my interest with his present nuptialls.

*Mar.* That shall they never doe ; may not we  
now

Our contract make, and marie before heaven ? 135  
Are not the lawes of God and Nature more  
Than formall lawes of men ? Are outward rites  
More vertuous then the very substance is  
Of holy nuptialls solemnizde within ?

Or shall lawes made to curbe the common world, 140  
That would not be contain'd in forme without  
them,

Hurt them that are a law unto themselves?  
My princely love, tis not a priest shall let us :  
But since th' eternall acts of our pure soules  
Knit us with God, the soule of all the world, 145  
He shall be priest to us ; and with such rites  
As we can heere devise we will expresse  
And strongly ratifie our hearts true voves,  
Which no externall violence shall dissolve.

*Vin.* This is our onely meane t' enjoy each  
other :

150

And, my deare life, I will devise a forme  
To execute the substance of our mindes  
In honor'd nuptialls. First, then, hide your face  
With this your spotlesse white and virgin vaile :  
Now this my skarfe Ile knit about your arme, 155  
As you shall knit this other end on mine,  
And as I knit it, heere I vow by heaven,  
By the most sweete imaginarie joyes  
Of untride nuptialls, by Loves ushering fire  
Fore-melting beautie, and Loves flame it selfe, 160  
As this is soft and pliant to your arme  
In a circumferent flexure, so will I  
Be tender of your welfare and your will  
As of mine owne, as of my life and soule,  
In all things and for ever ; onelie you

165

and my little name

Shall have this care in fulnesse, onely you  
Of all dames shall be mine, and onely you  
Ile court, commend, and joy in, till I die.

*Mar.* With like conceit on your arme this I tie,  
And heere in sight of heaven, by it I sweare, 170  
By my love to you, which commands my life,  
By the deare price of such a constant husband  
As you have vowed to be, and by the joy  
I shall imbrace by all meanes to requite you,  
Ile be as apt to governe as this silke, 175  
As private as my face is to this vaile,  
And as farre from offence as this from black-  
nesse.

I will be courted of no man but you,  
In and for you shall be my joyes and woes :  
If you be sicke, I will be sicke, though well ; 180  
If you be well, I will be well, though sicke :  
Your selfe alone my compleat world shall be,  
Even from this houre to all eternity.

*Vin.* It is inough, and binds as much as  
marriage.

[*Re-*]enter *Bassiolo*.

*Bas.* Ile see in what plight my poore lover  
stands. 185

Gods me ! a beckons me to have me gone,  
It seemes hees entred into some good vaine :  
Ile hence ; Love cureth when he vents his  
paine. *Exit [Bassiolo].*

*Vin.* Now, my sweet life, we both remember  
well

What we have vow'd shall all be kept entire 190  
Maugre our fathers wraths, danger, and death :  
And to confirme this shall we spend our breath?  
Be well advise, for yet your choice shall be  
In all things, as before, as large and free.

\* *Mar.* What I have vow'd, Ile keepe even past  
my death. 195

*Vin.* And I : and now in token I dissolve  
Your virgin state, I take this snowie vaile  
From your much fairer face, and claime the dues  
Of sacred nuptialls : and now, fairest Heaven,  
As thou art infinitely raise'd from earth, 200  
Diffrent and opposite, so blesse this match,  
As farre remov'd from customes popular sects,  
And as unstain'd with her abhorr'd respects.

[*Re-*]enter *Bassio*lo.

*Bas.* Mistris, away ; Poggio runnes up and  
downe,

Calling for Lord Vincentio ; come away, 205  
For hitherward he bends his clamorous haste.

*Mar.* Remember, love.

*Exit Mar* [*garet*] *and Bassio*lo.

*Vin.* Or else forget me Heaven !  
Why am I sought for by this Poggio ?  
The asse is great with child of some ill newes,  
His mouth is never fill'd with other sound. 210

*Enter Pogio.*

*Pogio.* Where is my Lord Vincentio? Where is my lord?

*Vin.* Here he is, asse; what an exclaiming keep'st thou!

*Pog.* Slood, my lord, I have followed you up and downe like a Tantalus pig, till I have worne out my hose hereabouts, Ile be sworne, and yet<sup>215</sup> you call me asse still; but I can tell you passing ill newes, my lord.

*Vin.* I know that well, sir; thou never bringst other.

Whats your newes now, I pray?

*Pog.* O Lord! my lord uncle is shot in the<sup>220</sup> side with an arrow.

*Vin.* Plagues take thy tongue! Is he in any danger?

*Pog.* O, danger, I; he haz lien speechlesse this two houres, and talkes so idly.

*Vin.* Accursed newes! Where is he? Bring me to him.

*Pog.* Yes, do you lead, and Ile guide you to him.

*Exeunt [Vincentio and Pogio].*

<sup>225</sup>

218-219 I . . . pray. As prose in Qq.



## [SCÆNA TERTIA.

*A Room in the House of Strozza.]*

*Enter Strozza brought in a chaire, Cynanche, with others.*

*Cynanche.* How fares it now with my deare lord and husband?

*Strozza.* Come neere me, wife; I fare the better farre

For the sweete foode of thy divine advice.

Let no man value at a little price

A vertuous womans counsaile; her wing'd spirit 5

Is featherd oftentimes with heavenly words,

And (like her beautie) ravishing and pure;

The weaker bodie, still the stronger soule;

When good endeavours do her powers applie,

Her love drawes nearest mans felicitie. 10

O what a treasure is a vertuous wife,

Discreet and loving! Not one gift on earth

Makes a mans life so highly bound to heaven;

She gives him double forces, to endure

And to enjoy, by being one with him, 15

Feeling his joies and griefes with equall sence;

And, like the twins Hypocrates reports,

If he fetch sighes, she drawes her breath as short :

*Cynanche, with others.* Qq read *Cynanche, Benenemus, with others.* But *Benivemus* does not enter till after l. 85.

If he lament, she melts her selfe in teares :  
If he be glad, she triumphs : if he stirre, 20  
She moov's his way : in all things his sweete  
ape :

And is, in alterations passing strange,  
Himselfe divinely varied without change.  
Gold is right pretious, but his price infects  
With pride and avarice ; AuthORITY lifts 25  
Hats from mens heades, and bowes the strongest  
knees,

Yet cannot bend in rule the weakest hearts ;  
Musicke delights but one sence, nor choice  
meats ;

One quickly fades, the other stirre to sinne ;  
But a true wife both sence and soule delights, 30  
And mixeth not her good with any ill ;  
Her vertues (ruling hearts) all powres command ;  
All store without her leaves a man but poore ;  
And with her, povertie is exceeding store ;  
No time is tedious with her ; her true woorth 35  
Makes a true husband thinke his armes enfold  
(With her alone) a compleate worlde of gold.

*Cyn.* I wish (deare love) I could deserve as  
much

As your most kinde conceipt hath well exprest :  
But when my best is done, I see you wounded, 40  
And neither can recure nor ease your pains.

*Stro.* Cynanche, thy advise hath made me well ;

My free submission to the hand of Heaven  
Makes it redeeme me from the rage of paine.  
For though I know the malice of my wound 45  
Shootes still the same distemper through my  
vaines,

Yet the judicall patience I embrace,  
(In which my minde spreads her impassive powres  
Through all my suffering parts) expels their  
frailetie,

And rendering up their whole life to my soule, 50  
Leaves me nought else but soule; and so, like  
her,

Free from the passions of my fuming blood.

*Cyn.* Would God you were so; and that too  
much payne

Were not the reason you felt sence of none.

*Stro.* Thinkst thou me mad, Cynanche? for  
mad men, 55

By paynes ungovernd, have no sense of payne.  
But I, I tell you, am quite contrary,  
Easde with well governing my submitted payne.  
Be cheerd then, wife; and looke not for, in  
mee,

The manners of a common wounded man: 60  
Humilitie hath raisde me to the starres;  
In which (as in a sort of cristall globes)  
I sit and see things hidde from humane sight.  
I, even the very accidents to come

Are present with my knowledge ; the seventh  
day

65

The arrow head will fall out of my side.

The seaventh day, wife, the forked head will out.

*Cyn.* Would God it would, my lord, and  
leave you wel !

*Stro.* Yes, the seventh day, I am assur'd it  
will :

And I shall live, I know it ; I thanke heaven, 70

I knowe it well ; and Ile teach my phisition

To build his c[u]res heereafter upon heaven

More then on earthly medcines ; for I knowe

Many things showne me from the op'ned skies

That passe all arts. Now my phisition

75

Is comming to me, he makes friendly haste ;

And I will well requite his care of mee.

*Cyn.* How knowe you he is comming ?

*Stro.* Passing well ;

And that my deare friend, Lord Vincentio,

Will presently come see me too ; Ile stay

80

(My good phisition) till my true friend come.

*Cyn.* [*aside*]. Ay me, his talke is idle, and, I  
feare,

Foretells his reasonable soule now leaves him.

*Stro.* Bring my physition in, hee's at the  
doore.

72 *cures*. Emend. ed. Qq, *cares*.

78-79 *Passing* . . . *Vincentio*. Qq print this as one line.

*Cyn.* Alas theres no physition !

*Stro.* But I know it ; 85

See, he is come.

*Enter Benevemius.*

*Benevemus.* How fares my worthy lord ?

*Stro.* Good Doctor, I endure no paine at all,  
And, the seaventh day, the arrowes head will out.

*Ben.* Why should it fall out the seventh day,  
my lord ?

*Stro.* I know it ; the seventh day it will not  
faile. 90

*Ben.* I wish it may, my lord.

*Stro.* Yes, t'will be so.

You come with purpose to take present leave,  
But you shall stay a while ; my lord Vincentio  
Would see you faine, and now is comming  
hither.

*Ben.* How knowes your lordship ? Have you  
sent for him ? 95

*Stro.* No, but t'is very true ; hee's now hard  
by,

And will not hinder your affaires a whit.

*Ben.* [*aside*]. How want of rest distempers his  
light braine !

Brings my lord any traine ?

*Stro.* None but himselfe.

85-86 *Alas . . . lord.* Qq print as four lines. *Alas . . .*  
*Physition.* | *But . . . it.* | *See . . . come.* | *How . . . lord ?* |

My nephew Pogio now hath left his grace. 100  
 Good Doctor, go, and bring him by his hand  
 (Which he will give you) to my longing eyes.

*Ben.* Tis strange, if this be true.

*Exit [Benevemus].*

*Cyn.* The Prince, I thinke,  
 Yet knowes not of your hurt.

*Enter Vincentio, holding the Doctors band.*

*Stro.* Yes, wife, too well.  
 See, he is come; welcome, my princely friend : 105  
 I have been shot, my lord; but the seventh day  
 The arrowes head will fall out of my side,  
 And I shall live.

*Vincentio.* I doe not feare your life;  
 But, Doctor, is it your opinion  
 That the seventh day the arrow head will out? 110

*Stro.* No, t'is not his opinion, t'is my know-  
 ledge :  
 For I doe know it well; and I do wish  
 Even for your onely sake, my noble lord,  
 This were the seventh day, and I now were  
 well,  
 That I might be some strength to your hard  
 state, 115

For you have many perils to endure :  
 Great is your danger, great; your unjust ill

103-104 *Tis . . . well.* Qq print as four lines. *Tis . . . true.* |  
*The . . . thinke,* | *Yet . . . hurt.* | *Yes . . . well.* |



Is passing foule and mortall ; would to God  
My wound were something well, I might be with  
you.

Nay, do not whisper ; I know what I say 120  
Too well for you, my lord ; I wonder heaven  
Will let such violence threat an innocent life.

*Vin.* What ere it be, deare friend, so you be  
well,

I will endure it all ; your wounded state  
Is all the daunger I feare towards me. 125

*Stro.* Nay, mine is nothing ; for the seventh day  
This arrow head will out, and I shall live ;  
And so shall you, I thinke ; but verie hardly.  
It will be hardly you will scape indeed.

*Vin.* Beas will be ; pray heaven your prophecie 130  
Be happily accomplished in your selfe,  
And nothing then can come amisse to me.

*Stro.* What sayes my doctor ? Thinks he I say  
true ?

*Ben.* If your good lordship could but rest a  
while,  
I would hope well.

*Stro.* Yes, I shall rest, I know, 135  
If that will helpe your judgement.

*Ben.* Yes, it will,  
And, good my lord, lets helpe you in to trie.

*Stro.* You please me much, I shall sleepe  
instantly. *Exeant [omnes].*

## [SCÆNA QUARTA.]

*A Room in the House of Lasso.]*

*Enter Alphonso and Medice.*

*Alphonso.* Why should the humorous boy forsake the chace,

As if he tooke advantage of my absence  
To some act that my presence would offend?

*Medice.* I warrant you, my lord, t'is to that end:  
And I beleeeve he wrongs you in your love. 5  
Children, presuming on their parents kindnesse,  
Care not what unkind actions they commit  
Against their quiet: and were I as you,  
I would affright my sonne from these bold parts,  
And father him as I found his deserts. 10

*Alp.* I sweare I will: and can I prove he  
aymes

At any interruption in my love,  
Ile interrupt his life.

*Med.* We soone shall see,  
For I have made Madam Corteza search  
With pick-locks all the ladies cabynets 15  
About Earle Lassos house; and if there be  
Traffique of love twixt any one of them  
And your suspected sonne t'will soone appeare  
In some signe of their amorous marchandise;  
See where she comes, loded with jems & papers. 20

*Enter Cort[eza].*

*Corteza.* See here, my lord, I have rob'd all  
their caskets ;

Know you this ring ? this carquenet ? this  
chaine ?

Will any of these letters serve your turne ?

*Alp.* I know not these things ; but come, let  
me reade

Some of these letters.

[*Med.*] Madam, in this deed 25

You deserve highly of my lord the Duke.

*Cor.* Nay, my lord Medice, I thinke I told  
you

I could do prettie well in these affaires :

O these yong girles engrosse up all the love

From us, (poore beldams !) but, I hold my  
hand, 30

Ile ferret all the cunni-holes of their kindnesse  
Ere I have done with them.

*Alp.* Passion of death !

See, see, Lord Medice, my trait'rous sonne

Hath long joyde in the favours of my love :

Woe to the wombe that bore him, and my care 35

To bring him up to this accursed houre,

In which all cares possesse my wretched life !

*Med.* What father would beleeeve he had a  
sonne

So full of trecherie to his innocent state?  
 And yet, my lord, this letter shewes no meeting, 40  
 But a desire to meete.

*Cor.* Yes, yes, my lord,  
 I doe suspect they meete; and I beleeve  
 I know well where too; I beleeve I doe;  
 And therefore tell me, does no creature know  
 That you have left the chase thus suddenly 45  
 And are come hither? Have you not beene  
 scene

By any of these lovers?

*Alp.* Not by any.

*Cor.* Come then, come follow me; I am per-  
 swaded

I shall go neare to shew you their kind hands.  
 Their confidence that you are still a hunting 50  
 Will make your amorous sonne, that stole from  
 thence,

Bold in his love-sports; come, come, a fresh  
 chace!

I hold this pickelocke, you shall hunt at view.  
 What, do they thinke to scape! An old wives  
 eye

Is a blew cristall full of sorcerie. 55

*Alp.* If this be true, the traitorous boy shall  
 die.

*Exeunt [omnes].*

*Enter Lasso, Margaret, Bassiolo going before.*

*Lasso.* Tell me, I pray you, what strange hopes they are

That feed your coy conceits against the Duke,  
And are prefer'd before the assured greatnes  
His Highnesse graciously would make your for-  
tunes.

60

*Margaret.* I have small hopes, my lord; but  
a desire

To make my nuptiall choice of one I love,  
And as I would be loath t' impaire my state,  
So I affect not honours that exceed it.

*Las.* O you are verie temp'rate in your choice, 65  
Pleading a judgement past your sexe and yeares.  
But I beleeve some fancie will be found  
The forge of these gay gloses: if it be,  
I shall descipher what close traitor tis  
That is your agent in your secret plots —

70

*Bassiolo [aside].* Swoones!

*Las.* And him for whom you plot; and on you all  
I will revenge thy disobedience  
With such severe correction as shall fright  
All such deluders from the like attempts: 75  
But chiefly he shall smart that is your factor.

*Bas. [aside].* O me accurst!

*Las.* Meane time Ile cut  
Your poore craft short, yfaith.

*Mar.* Poore craft, indeede,  
That I, or any others, use for me.

*Las.* Well, dame, if it be nothing but the jarre 80  
Of your unfitted fancie that procures  
Your wilfull coynesse to my lord the Duke,  
No doubt but time and judgement will con-  
forme it

To such obedience as so great desert  
Proposde to your acceptance doth require. 85  
To which end doe you counsaile her, Bassiolo.  
And let me see, maid, gainst the Duks returne,  
Another tincture set upon your lookes  
Then heretofore; for be assur'd at last  
Thou shalt consent, or else incurre my curse: 90  
Advise her you, Bassiolo. *Exit [Lasso].*

*Bas.* I, my good lord;  
[*Aside.*] Gods pittie, what an errant asse was I  
To entertaine the Princes craftie friendship!  
Slood, I halfe suspect the villaine guld me.

*Mar.* Our squire, I thinke, is startl'd.

*Bas.* Nay, ladie, it is true, 95  
And you must frame your fancie to the Duke,  
For I protest I will not be corrupted,  
For all the friends and fortunes in the world,  
To gull my lord that trusts me.

*Mar.* O sir, now,  
Y'are true too late.

*Bas.* No, ladie, not a whit; 100  
Slood, and you thinke to make an asse of me,  
May chance to rise betimes; I know't, I know.



*Mar.* Out, servile coward ! Shall a light suspect,

That hath no slendrest prooffe of what we do,  
Infringe the weightie faith that thou hast sworne <sup>105</sup>  
To thy deare friend the Prince, that dotes on thee,  
And will in peeces cut thee for thy falshood ?

*Bas.* I care not ; Ile not hazard my estate  
For any prince on earth : and Ile disclose  
The complot to your father, if you yeeld not <sup>110</sup>  
To his obedience.

*Mar.* Doe, if thou dar'st,  
Even for thy scrapt up living and thy life !  
Ile tell my father, then, how thou didst wooe me  
To love the yong Prince, and didst force me, too,  
To take his letters ; I was well enclin'd, <sup>115</sup>  
I will be sworne, before, to love the Duke,  
But thy vile railing at him made me hate him.

*Bas.* I raile at him ?

*Mar.* I, marie, did you, sir ;  
And said he was a patterne for a potter,  
Fit t' have his picture stampt on a stone jugge, <sup>120</sup>  
To keepe ale-knights in memorie of sobriety.

*Bas.* [*aside*]. Sh'as a plagueie memory !

*Mar.* I could have lov'd him else ; nay, I did  
love him,  
Though I dissembled it, to bring him on,  
And I by this time might have beene a Dutch-  
esse ; <sup>125</sup>

And now I thinke on 't better, for revenge  
Ile have the Duke, and he shall have thy head  
For thy false wit within it to his love.

Now goe and tell my father, pray be gone.

*Bas.* Why, and I will goe. 130

*Mar.* Goe, for Gods sake goe; are you heere  
yet?

*Bas.* Well, now I am resolv'd. [Going.]

*Mar.* Tis bravely done, farewell: but do you  
heare, sir?

Take this with you besides: the young Prince  
keepe

A certaine letter you had writ for me, 135  
("Endearing," and "Condoling," and "Ma-  
ture")

And if you should denie things, that, I hope,  
Will stop your impudent mouth: but goe your  
waies,

If you can answer all this, why tis well.

*Bas.* Well, lady, if you will assure me heere 140  
You will refraine to meete with the young  
Prince,

I will say nothing.

*Mar.* Good sir, say your worst,  
For I will meete him, and that presently.

*Bas.* Then be content, I pray, and leave me  
out,

And meete heereafter as you can your selves. 145

*Mar.* No, no, sir, no; tis you must fetch him  
to me,

And you shal fetch him, or Ile do your arrand.

*Bas.* [*aside*]. Swounds, what a spight is this!  
I will resolve

T' endure the worst; tis but my foolish feare  
The plot will be discoverd. — O the gods!      150  
Tis the best sport to play with these young  
dames;

I have dissembl'd, mistris, all this while;  
Have I not made you in a pretty taking?

*Mar.* O tis most good! thus may you play  
on me;

You cannot be content to make me love      155  
A man I hated till you spake for him  
With such inchanting speeches as no friend  
Could possibly resist; but you must use  
Your villanous wit to drive me from my wits:  
A plague of that bewitching tongue of yours!      160  
Would I had never heard your scurvie words.

*Bas.* Pardon, deare dame, Ile make amends,  
ifaith;

Thinke you that Ile play false with my deare  
Vince?

I swore that sooner Hybla should want bees,  
And Italy bone robes, then I faith;      165

165-166 *then I faith*; | *And.* Emend. ed. *Qq*, *then I*; *faith*  
| *And.* *S*, *than — i' faith*, | *And.*

And so they shall.

Come, you shall meete, and double meete, in  
spight

Of all your foes, and dukes that dare maintaine  
them,

A plague of all old doters ! I disdaine them.

*Mar.* Said like a friend ; O let me combe  
the cokscombe.

170

[*Exeunt Margaret and Bassiolo.*]

170 *the.* So Qq. Query, thy.

*Finis Actus Quarti.*

ACTUS QUINTI SCÆNA PRIMA.

[*A Room, with a Gallery, in the House of Lasso.*]

*Enter Alphonso, Medice, Lasso, Cortezza above.*

*Cortezza.* Heere is the place will doe the deede,  
ifaith;

This, Duke, will shew thee how youth puts  
downe age,

I, and perhaps how youth does put downe youth.

*Alphonso.* If I shall see my love in any sort  
Prevented, or abusde, th' abuser dies. 5

*Lasso.* I hope there is no such intent, my liege,  
For sad as death should I be to behold it.

*Medice.* You must not be too confident, my  
lord,

Or in your daughter, or in them that guard her.

(The Prince is politike,) and envies his father : 10

And though not for himselfe, nor any good

Intended to your daughter, yet because

He knowes t'would kill his father, he would  
seeke her.

*Cor.* Whist, whist, they come.

[*They crouch in upper stage.*]

*Enter [below] Bassiolo, Vincentio, and Margaret.*

*Bassiolo.* Come, meete me boldly, come,  
And let them come from hunting when they dare. 15

*Vincentio.* Haz the best spirit !

*Bas.* " Spirit " ? What a plague !

Shall a man feare capriches ? You, forsooth,  
Must have your love come t'ee, and when he  
comes,

Then you grow shamefac'd, and he must not  
touch you :

But " Fie, my father comes ! " and " Foe, my  
aunt ! " 20

O t'is a wittie hearing, ist not, thinke you ?

*Vin.* Nay, pray thee doe not mocke her,  
gentle friend.

*Bas.* Nay, you are even as wise a wooer too ;  
If she turne from you, you even let her turne,  
And say you doe not love to force a lady, 25  
T'is too much rudenesse. Gosh hat ! what's  
a lady ?

Must she not be touch'd ? What, is she copper,  
thinke you,

And will not bide the touch-stone ? Kisse her,  
Vince,

And thou doost love me, kisse her.

*Vin.* Lady, now

I were too simple if I should not offer. 30

[*He kisses her.*]

*Margaret.* O God, sir, pray, away ; this man  
talks idly.

*Bas.* How shay by that ? Now by that candle  
there,



Were I as Vince is, I would handle you  
In ruftie tuftie wise, in your right kinde.

*Mar.* [*aside*]. O, you have made him a  
sweete beagle; ha'y not? 35

*Vin.* [*aside*]. T'is the most true beleever in  
himselfe

Of all that sect of follie; faith 's his fault.

*Bas.* So, to her, Vince! I give thee leave,  
my lad.

“Sweete were the words my mistris spake,  
When teares fell from her eyes.” 40

*He lies down by them.*

Thus, as the lyon lies before his den,  
Guarding his whelps, and streakes his carelesse  
limbs,

And when the panther, foxe, or wolfe comes  
neere,

He never daines to rise to fright them hence,  
But onely puts forth one of his sterne pawes, 45

And keepes his deare whelps safe, as in a hutch,  
So I present his person, and keepe mine.

Foxes, goe by; I put my terror forth.

*Cant[at].*

Let all the world say what they can,  
Her bargaine best she makes, 50

That hath the wit to choose a man,  
To pay for that he takes.

*Belle Piu, &c.*

*Iterum cant[at].*

Dispatch, sweete whelps, the bug, the Duke,  
comes strait :

O tis a grave old lover, that same Duke,  
And chooses minions rarely, if you marke him, 55  
The noble Medice, that man, that Bobbadilla,  
That foolish knave, that hose and dublet stinck-  
ard !

*Med.* Swounds, my lord, rise, lets indure no  
more.

*Alp.* A little, pray, my lord, for I beleeve  
We shall discover very notable knavery. 60

*Las.* Alas, how I am greev'd and sham'd in this !

*Cor.* Never care you, lord brother, theres no  
harme done.

*Bas.* But that sweet creature, my good lords  
sister,

Madam Cortezza, she, the noblest dame  
That ever any veine of honour bled, 65  
There were a wife, now, for my Lord the Duke,  
Had he the grace to choose her ; but, indeede,  
To speake her true praise I must use some study.

*Cor.* Now truly, brother, I did ever thinke  
This man the honestest man that ere you kept. 70

*Las.* So, sister, so, because he praises you.

*Cor.* Nay, sir, but you shall heare him further  
yet.

*Bas.* Were not her head sometimes a little  
light,

And so, unapt for matter of much weight,  
She were the fittest and the worthiest dame 75  
To leape a window, and to breake her necke,  
That ever was.

*Cor.* Gods pittie, arrant knave !  
I ever thought him a dissembling varlot.

*Bas.* Well, now, my hearts, be warie, for by  
this

I feare the Duke is comming ; Ile go watch, 80  
And give you warning : I commend me t'ee.

*Exit [Bassio].*

*Vin.* O fine phrase !

*Mar.* And very timely usde !

*Vin.* What now, sweete life, shall we resolve  
upon ?

We never shall injoy each other heere.

*Mar.* Direct you then, my lord, what we shall  
doe, 85

For I am at your will, and will indure  
With you the cruellst absence from the state  
We both were borne too that can be supposde.

*Vin.* That would extreamely greeve me ; could  
my selfe

Onely indure the ill our hardest fates 90  
May lay on both of us, I would not care ;  
But to behold thy sufferance I should die.

*Mar.* How can your lordship wrong my love  
so much

To thinke the more woe I sustaine for you  
 Breedes not the more my comfort? I, alas, 95  
 Have no meane else to make my merit even  
 In any measure with your eminent worth.

[*Re-*]enter *Bassiolo*.

*Bas.* [*aside*]. Now must I exercise my tim-  
 orous lovers,  
 Like fresh arm'd souldiers, with some false  
 alarms,  
 To make them yare and warie of their foe, 100  
 The boistrous bearded Duke: Ile rush upon  
 them  
 With a most hideous cry.

— The Duke! the Duke! the Duke!

[*Vincentio and Margaret run out.*]

Ha, ha, ha, wo ho, come againe, I say;  
 The Duke's not come, ifaith.

[*Re-enter Vincentio and Margaret.*]

*Vin.* Gods precious, man!  
 What did you meane to put us in this feare? 105

*Bas.* O sir, to make you looke about the  
 more;

Nay, we must teach you more of this, I tell you:  
 What, can you be too safe, sir? What, I say,  
 Must you be pamperd in your vanities?

[*Aside.*] Ah, I do domineere and rule the rostr. 110

*Exit* [*Bassiolo*].

*Mar.* Was ever such an ingel? Would to God,

(If twere not for ourselves) my father saw him.

*Las.* Minion, you have your praier, and my curse,

For your good huswiferie.

*Med.* What saies your Highnesse?

Can you indure these injuries any more? 115

*Alp.* No more, no more; advise me what is best

To be the penance of my gracelesse sonne.

*Med.* My lord, no meane but death or banishment

Can be fit penance for him, if you meane  
T'injoy the pleasure of your love your selfe. 120

*Cor.* Give him plaine death, my lord, and then y'are sure.

*Alp.* Death, or his banishment, he shall indure  
For wreake of that joyes exile I sustaine.

Come, call our gard, and apprehend him strait.

*Exeunt [Alphonso, Medice, Lasso, and Corteza].*

*Vin.* I have some jewells, then, my dearest life, 125

Which, with what ever we can get beside,  
Shall be our meanes, and we will make escape.

*Enter Bassiolo running.*

*Bas.* Sblood, the Duke and all come now in earnest;

The Duke, by heaven, the Duke !

*Vin.*

Nay, then, ifaith,

Your yeast is too too stale.

*Bas.*

Gods pretious, 130

By these ten bones, and by this hat and heart,  
The Duke and all comes ! See, we are cast  
away ! *Exeunt [Bassiole and Vincentio].*

*Enter Alphonso, Medice, Lasso, [who seizes Margaret,]  
Cortezza, and Julio.*

*Alp.* Lay hands upon them all, pursue, pursue !

*Las.* Stay, thou ungracious girle !

*Alp.*

Lord Medice,

Leade you our guard, and see you apprehend 135  
The treacherous boy, nor let him scape with life  
Unlesse he yeelde to his [eternall] exile.

*Med.* T'is princely said, my lord.

*Exit [Medice].*

*Las.*

And take my usher !

*Mar.* Let me goe into exile with my lord ;  
I will not live, if I be left behinde. 140

*Las.* Impudent damzell, wouldst thou follow  
him ?

*Mar.* He is my husband, whom else should I  
follow ?

*Las.* Wretch, thou speakest treason to my  
lord the Duke.

137 eternall. Emend S. Qq, external, probably influenced by the following word, *exile*.



*Alp.* Yet love me, lady, and I pardon all.

*Mar.* I have a husband, and must love none  
else. 145

*Alp.* Displeasing dame, I'll disinherit him,  
And thy good father here shall cast off thee,  
And both shall feed on air, or starve and die.

*Mar.* If this be justice, let it be our dooms :  
If free and spotless love in equal years, 150  
With honours unimpaired, deserve such ends,  
Let us approve what justice is in friends.

*Las.* You shall, I swear ; sister, take you her  
close

Into your chamber, lock her fast alone,  
And let her stirre, nor speake with any one. 155

*Cor.* She shall not, brother : come, neece, come  
with me.

*Mar.* Heaven save my love, and I will suffer  
gladly. *Exeunt Cor [teza and] Mar [garet].*

*Alp.* Haste, Julio, follow thou my sons pursuit,  
And will Lord Medice not to hurt nor touch him,  
But either banish him, or bring him backe : 160  
Charge him to use no violence to his life.

*Julio.* I will, my lord. *Exit Julio.*

*Alp.* O Nature ! how, alas,  
Art thou and Reason, thy true guide, opposde !  
More bane thou tak'st to guide Sense, led amisse,  
Then, being guided, Reason gives thee blisse. 165  
*Exeunt [Alphonso and Lasso].*

## [SCÆNA SECUNDA.]

*A Room in the House of Strozza.*

*Enter Cynanche, Benevenius, Ancilla, Strozza having the arrow head [in his hand].*

*Strozza.* Now see, good Doctor, t'was no  
frantike fancie

That made my tongue presage this head should  
fall

Out of my wounded side the seventh day ;

But an inspired rapture of my minde,

Submitted and conjoynde in patience

To my Creator, in whom I fore-saw

(Like to an angell) this divine event.

*Benevenius.* So is it plaine, and happily ap-  
prov'd

In a right Christian president, confirming

What a most sacred medcine patience is,

That with the high thirst of our soules cleare fire

Exhausts corporeall humour, and all paine,

Casting our flesh off, while we it retaine.

*Cynanche.* Make some religious vow then, my  
deare lord,

And keepe it in the proper memorie

Of so celestiall and free a grace.

*Stro.* Sweete wife, thou retest my good angell  
still,

Suggesting by all meanes these ghostly counsailes.

Thou weariest not thy husbands patient eares  
With motions for new fashions in attire, 20  
For change of jewells, pastimes, and nice cates,  
Nor studiest eminence, and the higher place  
Amongst thy consorts, like all other dames;  
But knowing more worthy objects appertaine  
To every woman that desires t' enjoy 25  
A blessed life in mariage, thou contemn'st  
Those common pleasures, and pursu'st the rare,  
Using thy husband in those vertuous gifts  
For which thou first didst choose him, and thereby  
Clöy'st not with him, but lov'st him endlessly. 30  
In reverence of thy motion, then, and zeale  
To that most soveraigne power that was my  
cure,

I make a vowe to goe on foote to Rome,  
And offer humbly in S[aint] Peters Temple  
This fatall arrow head: which work let none  
judge 35

A superstitious rite, but a right use,  
Proper to this peculiar instrument,  
Which, visiblie resignde to memorie,  
Through every eye that sees will stirre the  
soule

To gratitude and progresse, in the use 40

Of my tried patience, which, in my powers ending,

Would shut th' example out of future lives.

No act is superstitious that applies

All power to God, devoting hearts through eyes.

*Ben.* Spoke with the true tongue of a noble-  
man :

45

But now are all these excitations toys,

And Honor fatts his braine with other joyes.

I know your true friend, Prince Vincentio,

Will triumph in this excellent effect

Of your late prophecie.

*Stro.* O, my deare friends name 50

Presents my thoughts with a most mortall danger

To his right innocent life : a monstrous fact

Is now effected on him.

*Cyn.* Where ? or how ?

*Stro.* I doe not well those circumstances know,

But am assur'd the substance is too true. 55

Come, reverend Doctor, let us hearken out

Where the young Prince remaines, and beare

with you

Medcines t' allay his danger ; if by wounds,

Beare pretious balsome, or some soveraigne

juyce ;

If by fell poison, some choice antidote ; 60

If by blacke witchcraft, our good spirits and

prayers

Shall exorcise the divelish wrath of hell  
Out of his princely bosome.

*Enter Poggio running.*

*Pogio.* Where? where? where?  
Where's my lord uncle, my lord my uncle?

*Stro.* Here's the ill tydings-bringer; what  
newes now  
With thy unhappie presence? 65

*Pog.* O my lord, my lord Vincentio  
Is almost kild by my lord Medice.

*Stro.* See, Doctor, see, if my presage be true!  
And well I know if he have hurt the Prince,  
T'is trecherously done, or with much helpe. 70

*Pog.* Nay, sure, he had no helpe but all the  
Dukes guard; and they set upon him indeed;  
and after he had defended himselfe, dee see? he  
drew, & having as good as wounded the lord  
Medice almost, he strake at him, and misd 75  
him, dee marke?

*Stro.* What tale is here? Where is this mis-  
chiefe done?

*Pog.* At Monks-well, my lord; Ile guide you  
to him presently.

*Stro.* I doubt it not; fooles are best guides to ill, 80  
And Mischiefes readie way lies open still.

Lead, sir, I pray. *Exeunt [omnes].*

63-64 *Where . . . my uncle.* Qq print this speech by *Pogio*  
as two lines of prose.

66-67 *O my . . . Medice.* Qq print as one line of prose.

## [SCÆNA TERTIA.]

*Cortezza's Chamber, a Tower-room in Lasso's House.]*

*Enter Cortezza and Margaret above.*

*Cortezza.* Quiet your selfe, nece ; though your  
love be slaine,

You have another that 's woorth two of him.

*Margaret.* It is not possible ; it cannot be  
That heaven should suffer such impietie.

*Cor.* T'is true, I sweare, neece.

*Mar.* O most unjust truth ! 5  
Ile cast my selfe downe headlong from this  
tower,

And force an instant passage for my soule,  
To seeke the wandring spirit of my lord.

*Cor.* Will you do so, neece ? That I hope you  
will not ;

And yet there was a maid in Saint Marks  
streete 10

For such a matter did so, and her clothes  
Flew up about her so as she had no harme :  
And grace of God, your clothes may flie up too,  
And save you harmeslesse ; for your cause and  
hers

Are ene as like as can be.

*Mar.* I would not scape ; 15  
And certainly I thinke the death is easie.



*Cor.* O t'is the easiest death that ever was ;  
Looke, neece, it is so farre hence to the ground,  
You shoulde bee quite dead long before you  
felt it.

Yet do not leape, neece.

*Mar.* I will kill my selfe 20  
With running on some sworde, or drinke strong  
poison ;

Which death is easiest I would faine endure.

*Cor.* Sure Cleopatra was of the same minde,  
And did so ; she was honord ever since :  
Yet do not you so, neece. 25

*Mar.* Wretch that I am, my heart is softe  
and faint,  
And trembles at the verie thought of death,  
Though thoughts ten-folde more greevous do  
torment it ;

Ile feele death by degrees, and first deforme  
This my accursed face with uglie wounds, 30  
That was the first cause of my deare loves death.

*Cor.* That were a cruell deed ; yet Adelasia,  
In Pettis *Pallace of Petit Pleasure*,  
For all the worlde with such a knife as this  
Cut off her cheeks and nose, and was com-  
mended 35

More then all dames that kept their faces whole.

[*Margaret seizes the knife and offers to cut  
her face.*]

O do not cut it.

*Mar.*

Fie on my faint heart!

It will not give my hand the wished strength;  
 Beholde the just plague of a sensuall life,  
 That, to preserve it selfe in Reasons spight 40  
 And shunne Deaths horror, feels it ten times  
 more.

Unworthy women! Why doe men adore  
 Our fading beauties, when, their worthiest lives  
 Being lost for us, we dare not die for them?  
 Hence haplesse ornaments that adorn'd this head, 45  
 Disorder ever these [enticing curles]  
 And leave my beautie like a wildernesse,  
 That never mans eie more may dare t' invade.

*Cor.* Ile tell you, neece, — and yet I will not  
 tell you

A thing that I desire to have you doe — 50  
 But I will tell you onely what you might doe,  
 Cause I would pleasure you in all I cud.  
 I have an ointment heere which we dames use  
 To take off haire when it does growe too lowe  
 Upon our foreheads, and that, for a neede, 55  
 If you should rub it hard upon your face,  
 Would blister it, and make it looke most vildely.

*Mar.* O give me that, aunt.

*Cor.* Give it you, virgin? That were well in-  
 deede:

Shall I be thought to tempt you to such matters? 60

*Mar.* None (of my faith) shall know it: gentle aunt,

Bestow it on me, and Ile ever love you.

*Cor.* Gods pittie, but you shall not spoile your face.

*Mar.* I will not then, indeede.

*Cor.* Why then, neece, take it :  
But you shall sweare you will not.

*Mar.* No, I sweare. 65

[*She seizes the box and rubs her face with the ointment.*]

*Cor.* What, doe you force it from me ? Gods my deare !

Will you mis-use your face so ? What, all over ?

Nay, if you be so desp'rate, Ile be gone.

*Exit [Cortezza].*

*Mar.* Fade, haplesse beauty, turne the ugliest face

Th[at] ever Æthiop, or affrightfull fiend, 70

Shew'd in th' amaz[e]d eye of prophan'd light :

See, pretious love, if thou be [yet] in ayre,

And canst breake darknesse and the strongest towres

With thy dissolved intellectuall powres,

70 *That.* Emend. S. Qq, The.

71 *amazed.* Emend. S. Qq, amaz'd.

72 *yet.* Emend. ed. Qq, it.

See a worse torment suffered for thy death 75  
Then if it had extended his blacke force  
In seven-fold horror to my hated life.  
Smart, pretious ointment, smart, and to my  
    braine  
Sweate thy envenom'd furie, make my eyes  
Burne with thy sulphre like the lakes of hell, 80  
That feare of me may shiver him to dust  
That eate his owne childe with the jawes of  
    lust. [Exit Margaret.]

## [SCÆNA QUARTA.]

*A Room in Lasso's House.*

*Enter Alphonso, Lasso, and others.*

*Alphonso.* I wonder how farre they pursu'd my  
    sonne,  
That no returne of him or them appears ;  
I feare some haplesse accident is chanc'd  
That makes the newes so loath to pierce mine  
    eares.

*Lasso.* High Heaven vouchsafe no such effect  
    succeede 5  
Those wretched causes that from my house flow,  
But that in harmelesse love all acts may end.

*Enter Cortezza.*

*Cortezza.* What shall I do ? Alas, I cannot rule

*Exit Margaret. Qq, Exeunt.*

My desparate neece; all her sweete face is  
spoylde,

And I dare keepe her prisoner no more: 10

See, see, she comes, frantike and all undrest.

*Enter Marg[aret].*

*Margaret.* Tyrant! behold how thou hast usde  
thy love;

See, theefe to Nature, thou hast kil'd and rob'd,  
Kil'd what my selfe kill'd, rob'd what makes  
thee poore.

Beautie (a lovers treasure) thou hast lost 15  
Where none can find it; all a poore maides  
dowre

Thou hast forc'd from me, all my joy and hope.

No man will love me more; all dames excell me:

This ougly thing is now no more a face

Nor any vile forme in all earth resembled, 20

But thy fowle tyrannie; for which all the paines

Two faithfull lovers feele, that thus are parted,

All joyes they might have felt, turne all to  
paines;

All a yong virgin thinks she does endure

To loose her love and beautie, on thy heart 25

Be heapt and prest downe till thy soule depart.

*Enter Julio.*

*Julio.* Haste, Liege! your sonne is daunger-  
ously hurt.





*Stro.* What hag, with child of monster, would  
have nurst

Such a prodigious longing? But a father  
Would rather eate the brawne out of his armes  
Then glut the mad worrne of his wilde desires 50  
With his deare issues entrailes.

*Vin.* Honour friend,

He is my father, and he is my prince,  
In both whose rights he may commaund my life.

*Stro.* What is a father? Turne his entrailes  
gulfs

To swallow children when they have begot them? 55  
And whats a prince? Had all beene vertuous  
men,

There never had beene prince upon the earth,  
And so no subject ; all men had beene princes :  
A vertuous man is subject to no prince,  
But to his soule and honour, which are lawes 60  
That carrie fire and sword within themselves,  
Never corrupted, never out of rule ;  
What is there in a prince that his least lusts  
Are valued at the lives of other men ?

When common faults in him should prodigies  
be, 65

And his grosse dotage rather loath'd then sooth'd.

*Alp.* How thicke and heavily my plagues descend,

Not giving my mazde powres a time to speake!

Poure more rebuke upon me, worthie lord,  
 For I have guilt and patience for them all : 70  
 Yet know, deare sonne, I did forbid thy harme ;  
 This gentleman can witnes, whom I sent  
 With all command of haste to interdict  
 This forward man in mischief not to touch  
 thee :

Did I not, Julio? Utter nought but truth. 75

*Jul.* All your guard heard, my lord, I gave  
 your charge

With lowd and violent itterations.

After all which Lord Medice cowardly hurt him.

*The Guard.* He did, my princely Lord.

*Alp.* Beleeve then, sonne,

And know me pierst as deeply with thy wounds : 80

And pardon, vertuous lady, that have lost

The dearest treasure proper to your sexe,

Ay me, it seemes, by my unhappie meanes !

O would to God I could with present cure

Of these unnaturall wounds, and moning right 85

Of this abused beautie, joyne you both,

(As last I left you) in eternall nuptials.

*Vin.* My lord, I know the malice of this man,

Not your unkinde consent, hath usde us thus.

And since I make no doubt I shall survive 90

These fatall dangers, and your Grace is please

85 *moning right*, so Qq. Mr. P. A. Daniel suggests "moving sight."

To give free course to my unwounded love,  
T'is not this outward beauties ruthfull losse  
Can any thought discourage my desires :  
And therefore, deare life, doe not wrong me so 95  
To thinke my love the shadow of your beautie ;  
I wooe your vertues, which as I am sure  
No accident can alter or empaire,  
So, be you certaine, nought can change my love.

*Mar.* I know your honourable minde, my lord, 100  
And will not do it that unworthie wrong  
To let it spend her forces in contending  
(Spite of your sence) to love me thus deformed :  
Love must have outward objects to delight him,  
Else his content will be too grave and sowre. 105  
It is inough for me, my lord, you love,  
And that my beauties sacrifice redeemde  
My sad feare of your slaughter. You first lov'd  
me

Closely for beautie, which being with'red thus,  
Your love must fade : when the most needfull  
rights 110

Of Fate and Nature have dissolv'd your life,  
And that your love must needs be all in soule,  
Then will we meete againe ; and then (deare love)  
Love me againe ; for then will beautie be  
Of no respect with Loves eternitie. 115

*Vin.* Nor is it now : I wooed your beautie  
first

But as a lover : now, as a deare husband,  
That title and your vertues binde me ever.

*Mar.* Alas ! that title is of little force  
To stirre up mens affections ; when wives want 120  
Outward excitements, husbands loves grow skant.

*Benivemus.* Assist me, Heaven ; and Art, give  
me your maske ;

Open thou little store-house of great Nature,  
Use an Elixar drawne through seven yeares fire,  
That like Medeas cauldron can repaire 125  
The ugliest losse of living temp'rature ;  
And for this princely paire of vertuous turtles  
Be lavish of thy pretious influence.

Lady, t' attone your honourable strife,  
And take all let from your loves tender eyes, 130  
Let me for ever hide this staine of beauty  
With this recureful maske.

[*Putting a mask on Margaret's face.*]

Heere be it fix'd

With painelesse operation ; of it selfe,  
(Your beauty having brook'd three daies eclips)  
Like a dissolved clowd it shall fall off, 135  
And your faire lookes regaine their freshest raies :  
So shall your princely friend, (if heaven consent)  
In twice your sufferd date renue recure ;  
Let me then have the honor to conjoyne  
Your hands conformed to your constant hearts. 140

122 *Heaven ; and Art, give me.* Query, *Heaven and Art !*  
*Give me.* See Notes, p. 295.

*Alp.* Grave Benevenius, honorable Doctor,  
On whose most soveraigne Æsculapian hand  
Fame with her richest miracles attends,  
Be fortunate, as ever heeretofore,  
That we may quite thee both with gold and  
honour,

145

And, by thy happy meanes, have powre to make  
My sonne and his much injur'd love amends ;  
Whose well proportion'd choice we now ap-  
plaud,

And blesse all those that ever further'd it.

Where is your discreete usher, my good lord, 150  
The speciall furtherer of this equall match ?

*Jul.* Brought after by a couple of your guard.

*Alp.* Let him be fetch'd, that we may doe  
him grace.

*Pogio.* Ile fetch him, my lord ; [*detaining Ju-*  
*lio.*] away, you must not go : O here he comes ! 155

[*Enter Bassiolo guarded.*]

O Master Usher, I am sorie for you, you must  
presently be chopt in peeces.

*Bassiolo.* Wo to that wicked Prince that ere  
I saw him !

*Pog.* Come, come, I gull you, Master Usher ;  
you are like to be the Dukes minion, man ; dee 160  
thinke I would have beene seene in your com-  
panie, and you had beene out of favour ? Here's  
my friend Maister Usher, my lord.

*Alp.* Give me your hand, friend; pardon us,  
 I pray;  
 We much have wrong'd your worth, as one that  
 knew 165  
 The fitnessse of this match above our selves.

*Bas.* Sir, I did all things for the best, I  
 sweare;  
 And you must thinke I would not have beene  
 gul'd;  
 I know what's fit, sir, as I hope you know now:  
 Sweete Vince, how far'st thou? Be of honourd  
 cheere. 170

*Las.* "Vince" does he call him? O foole,  
 dost thou call  
 The Prince, Vince, like his equall?

*Bas.* O my lord, ahlas!  
 You know not what haz past twixt us two;  
 Here in thy bosome I will lie, sweete Vince,  
 And die if thou die, I protest by Heaven. 175

*Las.* I know not what this meanes.

*Alp.* Nor I, my lord;  
 But sure he saw the fitness of the match  
 With freer and more noble eies then we.

*Pog.* Why I saw that as well as he, my lord;  
 I knew t'was a foolish match betwixt you two; 180  
 did you not thinke so, my Lord Vincentio? Lord

165-166 *We . . . selves.* Q prints this as prose.

173 *past.* Query, passed. S, pass'd betwixt.



uncle, did I not say at first of the Duke : "Will his antiquitie never leave his iniquitie" ?

*Stro.* Go to, too much of this ; but aske this lord,

If he did like it.

*Pog.* Who, my Lord Medice ? 185

*Stro.* Lord Stinkard, man, his name is ; aske him : " Lord Stinkard, did you like the match ? " Say.

*Pog.* My lord Stinkard, did you like the match betwixt the Duke and my ladie Margaret ? 190

*Medice.* Presumptuous sicophant, I will have thy life. [*He draws on Pogio.*]

*Alp.* Unworthie lord, put up : thirst'st thou more blood ?

Thy life is fitt'st to be call'd in question  
For thy most murthrous cowardise on my sonne ;

Thy forwardnesse to every cruelty 195  
Calls thy pretended noblesse in suspect.

*Stro.* " Noblesse," my lord ? Set by your princely favour

That gave the lustre to his painted state,  
Who ever view'd him but with deepe contempt,  
As reading vilenesse in his very looks ? 200  
And if he prove not sonne of some base drudge,  
Trim'd up by Fortune, being dispos'd to jeast

193 *fitt'st.* So Qq. Query, fittest.

And dally with your state, then that good angell  
That by divine relation spake in me,  
Fore-telling these foule dangers to your sonne, 205  
And without notice brought this reverend man  
To rescue him from death, now failes my tongue,  
And Ile confesse I doe him open wrong.

*Med.* And so thou doost; and I returne all  
note

Of infamy or basenesse on thy throte : 210  
Damne me, my lord, if I be not a lord.

*Stro.* My Liege, with all desert even now you  
said

His life was duely forfeit for the death  
Which in these barbarous wounds he sought  
your sonne ;

Vouchsafe me then his life, in my friends right, 215  
For many waies I know he merits death ;  
Which (if you grant) will instantly appeare,  
And that, I feele, with some rare miracle.

*Alp.* His life is thine, Lord Strozza ; give him  
death.

*Med.* What, my lord, 220  
Will your Grace cast away an innocent life?

*Stro.* Villaine, thou liest, thou guiltie art of  
death

A hundred waies, which now Ile execute.

*Med.* Recall your word, my lord.

*Alp.* Not for the world.

*Stro.* O my deare Liege, but that my spirit  
prophetike

225

Hath inward feeling if such sinnes in him,  
As aske the forfait of his life and soule,  
I would, before I tooke his life, give leave  
To his confession and his penitence :

O, he would tell you most notorious wonders 230  
Of his most impious state ; but life and soule  
Must suffer for it in him, and my hand  
Forbidden is from heaven to let him live  
Till by confession he may have forgivenessse.

Die therefore, monster.

235

*Vin.* O, be not so uncharitable, sweete friend,  
Let him confesse his sinnes, and aske heaven  
pardon.

*Stro.* He must not, princely friend ; it is hea-  
vens justice  
To plague his life and soule, and heer 's heavens  
justice. [He draws.]

*Med.* O save my life, my lord.

*Las.* Hold, good Lord Strozza. 240  
Let him confesse the sinnes that heaven hath  
told you,

And aske forgivenessse.

*Med.* Let me, good my lord,  
And Ile confesse what you accuse me of,  
Wonders, indeede, and full of damn'd deserts.

*Stro.* I know it, and I must not let thee live 245  
To aske forgivenessse.

*Alp.* But you shall, my lord,  
Or I will take his life out of your hand.

*Stro.* A little then I am content, my Liege :  
Is thy name Medice ?

*Med.* No, my noble lord,  
My true name is Mendice.

*Stro.* "Mendice" ? See 250  
At first a mighty scandall done to honour.  
Of what countrie art thou ?

*Med.* Of no country, I ;  
But borne upon the seas, my mother passing  
Twixt Zant and Venice.

*Stro.* Where wert thou christned ?

*Med.* I was never christned, 255  
But, being brought up with beggars, call'd Men-  
dice.

*Alp.* Strange and unspeakeable !

*Stro.* How cam'st thou then  
To beare that port thou didst, entring this court ?

*Med.* My lord, when I was young, being able  
limb'd,

A captaine of the gipsies entertain'd me, 260  
And many yeares I liv'd a loose life with them ;  
At last I was so favor'd that they made me  
The King of Gipsies ; and being told my for-  
tune

By an old sorceresse, that I should be great  
In some great princes love, I tooke the treasure 265

Which all our company of gipsies had  
In many yeares, by severall stealths, collected,  
And leaving them in warres, I liv'd abroad  
With no lesse shew then now : and my last  
wrong

I did to noblesse was in this high court. 270

*Alp.* Never was heard so strange a counterfet.

*Stro.* Didst thou not cause me to be shot in  
hunting?

*Med.* I did, my lord, for which, for heavens  
love, pardon.

*Stro.* Now let him live, my lord; his bloods  
least drop

Would staine your court more then the sea could  
cleanse : 275

His soule's too foule to expiate with death.

*Alp.* Hence then ; be ever banish'd from my  
rule,

And live a monster, loath'd of all the world.

*Pog.* Ile get boyes and baite him out a'th  
court, my lord. 280

*Alp.* Doe so, I pray thee, rid me of his sight.

*Pog.* Come on, my Lord Stinckerd, Ile play  
"Fox, Fox, come out of thy hole," with you,  
ifaith.

*Med.* Ile runne and hide me from the sight  
of heaven. 285

*Pog.* Fox, Fox, goe out of thy hole; a two leg'd fox, a two leg'd fox!

*Exit [Pogio] with pages beating Medice.*

*Ben.* Never was such an accident disclosde.

*Alp.* Let us forget it, honourable friends,  
And satisfie all wrongs with my sonnes right, 290  
In solemne mariage of his love and him.

*Vin.* I humbly thanke your Highnesse: hon-  
or'd Doctor,

The balseme you infusde into my wounds  
Hath easde me much, and given me sodaine  
strength

Enough t' assure all danger is exempt 295  
That any way may let the generall joy  
My princely father speakes of in our nuptialls.

*Alp.* Which, my deere sonne, shall with thy  
full recure

Be celebrate in greater majesty  
Than ever grac'd our greatest ancestrie. 300  
Then take thy love, which heaven with all joyes  
blesse,

And make yee both mirrors of happinesse.

FINIS

*related person in 13  
logical person  
Act 5 - Duke related, from last*



## Notes on The Gentleman Usher

**146. Pogio**: the clown of the play. His buffoonery is precisely of the same type as that of Sir Giles Goosecap in the play of that name, an argument so far unnoticed for Chapman's authorship of that play. In the evolution of English comedy Pogio is a link with the past, corresponding to the buffooning vice of early times.

**148, 28. brittle as a beetle**: a mock proverb coined by Pogio. A beetle, *i. e.*, a paving-ram, was proverbially slow. In Withals' *Dictionary*, 1634, p. 555, "*Celerius Elephanti pariunt*" is rendered "quick as a beetle."

**148, 30. "wehie" . . . "tihi"**: the feeble joke consists in Pogio's misuse of the onomatopæic words representing a human laugh and the neigh of a horse. A bit of doggerel gives the proper use:

But when the hobby-horse did wihi,  
Then all the wenches gave a tihi.

(Nares, *Glossary*, sub "Tihi.")

**148, 31. Hysteron Proteron**: a Greek term for the figure of speech in which the word that should come last is put first. Strozza gives Pogio the name because he has just put the cart before the horse. Cf. "heelles about my hose," *i*, *i*, 57-58. .

**148, 34. late honourd mistresse**: the lady whom he has lately begun to honour.

**150, 66. daring . . . prey**: frightening the prey on which they swoop down. "Dare" and "stoop" are technical terms in falconry.

**150, 67. hare or hinde**: Chapman may have had in mind the advice Venus gave Adonis (*Venus and Adonis*, 673-8); but he has not imitated the diction of that passage.

**150, 68. Tosst . . . harmonie**: driven about as a melody or theme is in a fugue. The baying of the dogs is the harmony of the chase. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *iv*, *i*, 110-130.

**152, 103. who:** the antecedent is not "choice," as it at first appears, but "servant" in the preceding line.

**152, 104. are to begin:** are yet to begin, have not begun.

**152, 118. fustian . . . buckram:** terms used to express Strozza's contempt for Medice whom he suspects of being an impostor. Fustian and buckram are cheap stuffs.

**152, 120. parcell . . . stufte:** Vincentio carries on the dry-goods figure, calling Medice a bale of goods as yet "unconstrued," *i. e.*, unjudged, unvalued.

**153, 128. beg . . . liverie:** use his livery as a license to beg by, since wearing it they could not be arrested as masterless men. Compare the account of the shifts to which D'Olive's followers had resort. (*Monsieur D'Olive*, III, ii, ed. Pearson, vol. I, p. 228.)

**153, 132. noble counterfet:** counterfeit of nobility, impostor pretending to be a lord.

**154, 164. hammer.** Cf. *Glossary*.

**154, 172. hunting . . . best:** our sport is over, we have seen the best of it before it has begun.

**155, 194. care not to proclaime:** do not mind proclaiming.

**156, 212. Padua.** See note on *Al Fooles*, I, i, 316.

**schoolde it:** studied.

**156, 214. Curculio:** literally corn-worm, a hungry parasite in the comedy of Plautus bearing that name.

**157, 219-220. take up . . . heels:** trip up some of your honours.

**157, 228-230. Date viam . . . genu:** a quotation from the *Curculio* of Plautus, II, iii.

**158, 234. upon repletion:** after a full meal.

**158, 235-236. ventred . . . neate:** dared to eat the commons of the three scholars, *i. e.*, the portions assigned in the common dining-hall, and yet played this part completely in character. As the part is that of a hungry parasite, to play it well after a full meal proved Sarpego's mimetic talent.

**159, 253-254. what, thinke you . . . attire:** with this speech Alphonso beckons to his servants to array Medice in a garb fitting the part of Sylvanus which he is to play.

**159, 258. make us ready:** dress ourselves.

**159, 262-264. To none but you . . . my lords :** In the Quartos these speeches are wrongly assigned. Medice has Vincentio's and Vincentio Medice's. There can be no reason why Vincentio and Strozza should quarrel, Vincentio appeal to Medice, and Medice play peacemaker. Such a disposition of the speeches is in fact quite out of keeping with the situation. I take it that Medice jostles Strozza who turns sharply on him with "Stand-by ; y' are troublesome." Medice then appeals to the Prince, who, not wishing an open quarrel with his father's favourite, returns the soft answer : "Not unto me." Medice encouraged by this speech ruffles up to Strozza, and Vincentio begs them to keep the peace. The two speeches of Vincentio in ll. 263 and 264 might be assigned to Alphonso, but then it would be more difficult to explain how the mistake arose. I imagine that the names of Medice and Vincentio, standing in immediate proximity to each other, were simply transposed either by a transcriber or by the printer.

**161, 5. at large :** fully.

**161, 8. chambers hung :** *i. e.*, with arras.

**162, 24. y' are overshot :** you have gone too far, done wrong.

**162, 28. gives it out in wagers :** makes bets. It was a not uncommon practice in Chapman's day for an amateur to play a part at a theatre for a wager. "He should have played Jeronimo with a shoemaker for a wager." *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, *Induction* (Mermaid ed. p. 386).

**164, 53. both your choice commands :** you may choose to remain a lady or become a princess.

**164, 56. I, faire nimph.** This speech would seem naturally to belong to the Enchanter, but it is, I believe, better not to alter the text, and to regard it as an interruption by Vincentio containing a scarcely veiled sneer at Medice.

**164, 66-67. speake . . . mend :** speak in such a way that you will never be able to better it ; a threat against the Prince and Strozza.

**166, 95. like the English . . . George :** like St. George, the "Signe" (*i. e.*, watch-word) of England. Cf. "Saint George of mery Englánd, the signe of victoree." (*Faerie Queene*, I, x, 61.)

**166, 100. for soile:** a technical expression in venery. A boar was said to "take soil" when he plunged into a swamp or stream, where he stood at bay.

**166, 107. the shadow:** the apparition of Margaret.

**166, 113. Th'intent . . . relies:** the reason for binding and bringing him hither depends upon their report, *i. e.*, their report of the event to you.

**167, 130. made . . . this:** made this a matter of difficulty, or seemed surprised at this.

**170, 172-173. two inward . . . gudgeons:** two internal, or mental characteristics which will swallow any bait. For the phrase cf. *Al Fooles*, III, i, 94, and *Monsieur D'Olive*, v, ii (ed. Pearson, p. 237).

**170, 177. waft . . . favours:** wave, beckon, to him from a distance with your hat and show him other favours.

**171, 4. (In loving others):** by reason of her love for another.

**171, 7-8. O, tis that . . . in me.** In *Sir Gyles Goosecappe*, a play which in many ways closely resembles *The Gentleman Usher*, there is a reference to a certain Ladie Furnifall, who "is never in any sociable veine till she be typsie, for in her sobrietie she is mad and feares [frightens] my good little old Lord" (III). From the way in which this reference is introduced the reader expects to see Lady Furnifall in this "drinking humour" at the banquet in her lord's house (IV, ii). But she does not appear there, nor is her name to be found in the list of *dramatis personae*. Now, according to the entry in Stationers' Register *Sir Gyles* was licensed for publication "provided that it be printed according to the copy whereat Mr. Wilson's hand is at." This entry certainly suggests that the acted play had been revised and certain passages expunged.

Mr. Fleay (*Biographical Chronicle*, II, 322) holds that this revision was due to the personal satire contained in the play: "Goosecap, Rudesby, Foulweather, Tales, and Kingcob are certainly personal caricatures." Possibly some scene of drunken buffoonery in which a well-known lady of the court appeared under a thin disguise once existed in *Sir Gyles*, and was struck out by the reviser. Chapman's *Tragedy of Byron* is known to have contained a scene in which the then living Queen of France boxed the ears of her husband's

mistress; but readers will search in vain for this scene in the printed play. It seems to me quite likely that Chapman lifted the character of Lady Furnifall and the scenes in which she formerly appeared from *Sir Gyles*. Re-christening the lady and shifting the scene to Italy to avoid offence, he introduced them into *The Gentleman Usher*. It is a thousand pities that he did so. They doubtless evoked Homeric laughter at the time, but they remain an indelible blot upon his noblest romantic comedy.

**172, 22. make you heart-burnd:** give you the heart-burn.

**172, 23. plide this geere:** took to this business, *i. e.*, of drinking.

**173, 34. well seene:** well versed, skilled.

**173, 36. wind . . . angry:** she must have the best of everything or she'll be angry. An old saying runs: "When the wind's in the west, then 't is at the very best." (Hazlitt's *English Proverbs*, p. 464.)

**174, 51. huddle and kettle:** "huddle" (see *Glossary*) refers to Corteza's broken speech; "kettle" (cf. "fine kettle," "kettle of fish") to her behaviour.

**175, 73. new-made . . . night:** the lady who has been made his Duchess for this night.

**175, 82. Sir Giles Goosecap:** the leading figure in the comic portion of the play by that name probably acted at Blackfriars *ca.* 1602. He is "of mere necessitie an asse"; hence the propriety of applying his name to the servant.

**176, 94. to the faire . . . place:**

**176, 97. you right . . . ease:** to return your courtesy and for my own convenience.

**177, 104-105. Or else . . . badly done:** the first symptom of the self-complacency which the Prince's flattery is later to blow up to such height of folly.

**179, 147-148. plucke . . . eares:** a common phrase for stripping a servant of his livery, and so discharging him.

**180. man bugge and a woman:** these are, of course, the pages who were practising their songs in i, ii, 22.

**182, 189. I scarce . . . height:** I would hardly have dared to press on to the height I now occupy, *i. e.*, the chair of state.



182, 191. **Sound, consort** : Play up, musicians.

182, 195. **Whose moving . . . needes** : Dr. Bradley suggests that "moving" is here a gerund governing "silence." The sense of the passage then would be : Beauty's appeal for silence is effectual by its own power ; it needs no herald to proclaim silence. The Quarto reading *moning* is an instance of the common misprint of *n* for *u* or *v*.

182. **Enter Sarpego**. The musical show to which this character acts as prologue makes rather poor reading and certainly impedes the progress of the play. It must be remembered, however, that the play was probably performed by boys, and that most of the plays performed by companies of children contained a large amount of singing and dancing. The songs and dances no doubt gave life and charm to what seems dull enough at present. Jonson, the great master of the masque, commended Chapman as one of the few poets who was proficient in this art. We have but one masque (*The Masque of the Middle Temple*) of Chapman's authorship remaining ; but the entertainment in Act I and this scene in Act II of *The Gentleman Usher* might be regarded respectively as the masque and anti-masque which went to make up a complete performance of this kind.

183, 226. **a hall, a hall** : an exclamation used to make room in a crowded apartment, particularly at the beginning of a dance or show.

184, 230. **moone . . . bushes** : according to an old superstition the man in the moon is the Jew who broke the Sabbath (*Numbers*, xv, 32, *seq.*) with his bundle of sticks. Dante, following another tradition, represents him as Cain with a fagot of thorns (*Inferno*, xx, 126).

185, 251. **rush ruffle . . . ten** : to make the despised rush flaunt it in heroic verse, decasyllabics.

185, 253. **crie mercie** : Vincentio ironically begs pardon for allowing his heels to rest on the about to be lauded rushes.

185, 255-256. **odde battaile . . . mice**. *Vide* the *Batrachomyomachia*, a mock-heroic poem, formerly attributed to Homer, and translated by Chapman *ca.* 1624.

185, 259-260. **gentle amorous . . . sweetly swims**. The passage has a curious resemblance to two famous lines of Milton



(*Paradise Lost*, iv, 310-11) which Landor called, "the richest jewel that poetry ever wore." Landor, *Works* (1876), iv, 445. Milton's habit of plundering the dramatists is so well known that one need not hesitate to suggest, at least, this passage as his original.

185, 266. **bites . . . tongue**: jeers at them.

186, 278. **disburthen them**: unload them of the brooms and rushes.

186, 286. **her female friend**: This can only be the sylvan. I suspect a text corruption, *female* being suggested by the word in l. 290.

188, 318. **how conceit . . . mother**: what think you of the young lady whom my father has chosen to be my stepmother.

188, 320. **bugs words**: words of a monster, terrible words. Vincentio does not wish Cynanche to arouse Alphonso's suspicions.

189. **after the song**: *i. e.*, after the song and dance which in the Elizabethan theatre filled up the time between the acts.

It is, perhaps, worth noting that this short scene between Medice and his servant, although not in any way divided from what follows in the Quarto, must, nevertheless, take place on the day preceding the events of the rest of Act III. Medice says (l. 6): "to-morrow, then, the Duke intends to hunt"; but (III, ii, 215) Poggio says: "your father is going a hunting"; and (III, ii, 293) Alphonso says: "come to our hunting." From the entrance of Vincentio and Bassiolo (III, ii) the action is continuous and takes place on the morning after the entertainments at Lasso's house in Acts I and II. It seems strange that a little scene of a dozen lines dealing with events of the previous evening should find this place in Act III.

It will be noticed, however, that this scene is a mere enlargement of the brief colloquy between Medice and the First Huntsman (III, ii, 313-314). If this scene had been written first there would be no need whatever for the whispered colloquy of Medice with the Huntsman, nor for the latter's promise, since the murder would have already been arranged. If, on the contrary, the brief colloquy was first written, it is easy to see how a performance would bring out the inadequacy of the preparation for the plot against Strozza. A good part of Acts IV and V is taken up with Strozza's wounding and recovery, for which the only cause discoverable in the play would have been the words of the Huntsman — easily missed by all



200, 194. **Hybla**: a district in Sicily famous for its honey.

200, 195. **Meander**. Ovid, *Heroides*, vii, 1, 2, speaks of the white swan singing at the fords of Meander, a river in Asia Minor.

202, 241. **bodie of a George**: a body as strong as St. George's.

203, 250. **set forth . . . gere**: take this business in hand.

203, 251. **be naughts**. The "s" in naughts is possibly superfluous. The phrase "be naught" is familiar in Elizabethan English, and is a humorous imprecation. It had at times, however, a coarse secondary meaning (see Malone's note on *As You Like It*, i, i, 39, and cf. *Anatomy of Melancholy*, iii, p. 333; ed. of 1893). The *New English Dictionary* cites this passage under "naught," i. e., as = keep quiet, withdrawn.

203, 269. **put me to it**: force me to yield to your courtship.

205, 301. **in full . . . faculties**: by the unanimous consent of all my powers of mind.

205, 311. **suspect my being**: suspect my whereabouts.

206, 315-316. **till . . . absence**: till the hunting that we intend is ended by my leaving the field.

207, 335. **Is the man madde**: cf. Julia's reprimand to Lucetta for bringing her a love-letter (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i, ii, 41-47). Chapman may have derived a hint from Shakespeare, but in this scene he has fairly surpassed him.

207, 345-346. **was there . . . discretion**: was a woman ever so mistaken in regard to a supposedly wise man's discretion? Cf. Shirley, *Hyde Park*, i, ii: "How are poor women overseen!"

208, 361. **dote . . . direction**: there is a double meaning in this speech. It may mean "I am so foolishly apt to follow your direction," or "I am so foolishly fond of you." Bassiolo naturally takes it in the second sense. Margaret's next speech is an aside.

209, 379-380. **fretted . . . liver**: vexed her to the heart. The liver was formerly supposed to be the seat of the passions.

210, 402. **Ile be your secretorie**: this scene is at once a working over of *Sir Gyles Goosecappe*, iv, i, and an immense improvement upon it.

211, 405. **Is heere . . . answer**: is this letter from the Prince not worth your answering?

**211, 419. Which:** the antecedent is "muse" not "braine."

**212, 426, 429, 435. "endeare," "condole," "mordell":** all comparatively new words in Chapman's day. The first quotations for "endeare" and "condole" in the *New English Dictionary* are 1500 and 1588 respectively.

**212, 447-448. your exceptions . . . collaterally:** your objections are not well founded.

**213, 469. your lordships, etc.** The letter of Bassiolo is a deliberate piece of high-flown nonsense.

**215, 530. you may speede:** you may have bad luck. "Speede" seems to be used here as in *The Ball*, iv, i, in an ironical or negative sense.

**217, 7. a forked shaft:** a barbed arrow.

**219, 39-40. Rise Furies . . . conquer:** Strozza calls on the Furies, as goddesses of Madness, to conquer his terrible suffering ("furie of my bane") by driving him mad.

**219, 41-42. That hath . . . fate:** madness, which to human sense seems blind, sets free, with present fate, the soul from hope and fear.

**220, 57. th' Alcmenean conquerour:** Hercules, son of Alcmena.

**220, 60. scarcely beaten . . . cries:** cries are scarcely fitting for beaten children.

**220, 67-68. whose actions . . . respect:** the soul's actions, once conceived and executed, "simply" (*i. e.*, without admixture of the physical) put the weaknesses of the body out of our consideration.

**220, 69. unmedcinable . . . breath:** this balm of spoken words, powerless to cure.

**220, 73. Ile breake away.** These words are wrung from Strozza by a fresh spasm of pain.

**220, 77. religious noblesse:** pious nobility of mind. Cynanche refers to Strozza's vow (l. 71, above).

**221, 2. in respect of mine:** in comparison to mine.

**222, 15. Guevara's Golden Epistles.** Antonio de Guevaras was a Spanish writer of the first half of the sixteenth century. His *Epistolas Familiares*, were translated into English in 1574; and a second translation under the title of *Golden Epistles*

by Fenton in 1575 became a very popular book in cultivated circles. Prof. Koeopel (*Quellen und Forschungen*, no. 82, p. 9) inclines to see in the mention of this book by such a foolish person as Bassiolo a plain sign of its declining influence at the time *The Gentleman Usher* was composed. I cannot, however, accept this view. Bassiolo is exactly the man to read the books that his betters were reading.

**225, 69. in his kinde :** according to its proper nature.

**225, 84. laugh and lie downe :** the name of a game of cards, used here with a double meaning.

**226, 94. all merit . . . chinks :** the chinking of his gold rings bells in honour of the highest merit.

**229, 140. lawes . . . common world :** a characteristic thought of Chapman's. Cf. *Bussy D'Ambois*, II, i, 194-199.

**229, 153-157. hide your face . . . on mine.** Compare the marriage ceremonies in *Hero and Leander*, v, 352-358.

**231, 193-194. your choice . . . free :** your free choice of action shall not be hampered by your marriage.

**231, 202. popular sects :** vulgar opinions.

**232, 214. Tantalus pig :** Poggio's mistake for "Tantony pig," i. e., St. Antony's pig. Stow relates how the pigs, belonging to St. Antony's hospital, roamed the streets of London at the heels of those who fed them : "Whereupon was raised a Proverbe, *Such an one wil follow such an one, & whine as it were an Anthonie Pig.*" (Stow, *Survey of London*, 1633, p. 190.)

**233, 17. Like the twins Hippocrates reports :** St. Augustine (*De Civitate Dei*, v, 2) says that Cicero reports Hippocrates to have pronounced a pair of brothers twins from the fact that they both took ill at the same time, and that the disease advanced and subsided simultaneously in both cases. The original passage is wanting in the extant works of Hippocrates, and Cicero's quotation is supposed to have occurred in his lost book, *De Fato*. Chapman makes the same allusion in his *Masque of the Middle Temple* (*Works*, vol. III, p. 116) and in his poem on *A Good Woman* (*Works*, vol. II, p. 152).

**234, 21. his sweete ape :** in his introduction to *Sir Gyles Goosecappe* (*Old Plays*, vol. 3) Mr. Bullen has pointed out that this phrase occurs in that anonymous play :



Doe women bring no helpe of soule to men,  
Why, friend, they either are men's soules themselves,

Or prettiest sweet apes of human soules.

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe*, p. 53.

Mr. Bullen thinks that these lines may have been added to the play after the appearance of *The Gentleman Usher*, or that the unknown author of *Sir Gyles* may have seen Chapman's play in manuscript. It is far more likely Chapman was simply borrowing from himself.

**234, 28. nor choice meats:** nor do choice meats delight more than one sense.

**234, 36-37. armes . . . gold:** possibly a reminiscence of *All Fools*, III, i, 20-21.

**235, 48. In which . . . powres:** by reason of which patience my mind extends her powers that are incapable of suffering.

**235, 62. a sort . . . globes:** a set of balls of crystal, such as were then used for divination.

**236, 83. his reasonable soule:** his soul which alone is capable of reason. Cynanche fears from the "idle talk" of Strozza that his mind is giving way, and that this is a sign of speedy death.

**240, 14. Corteza search.** Professor Koepfel has pointed out that an analogous scene to this appears in Fletcher's *A Wife for a Month*, I, ii.

**241, 25-26. Madam . . . Duke:** The Quartos assign this speech to Lasso. But Lasso is not present at this time. He enters later after l. 56.

**242, 53. hunt at view:** hunt by sight not by scent, a phrase used when the hounds are close upon their prey.

**242, 55. blew crystall:** cf. note on 235, 62.

**243, 68. forge . . . gloses:** the source of these specious explanations.

**244, 101-102. and you thinke . . . betimes:** if you intend to make an ass of me, you must get up early

**250, 32. shay:** the pronunciation indicated by this spelling, and the ejaculation *Gosh hat* (l. 26), are possibly meant as signs that Bassiolo has been fortifying himself with "Dutch courage."

**251, 34. ruftie tuftie wise:** rough and tumble fashion.



251, 48. **goe by**: slink off. A catch-word from the *Spanish Tragedy*, constantly repeated in later plays.

251, 53. **Belle piu**. This is evidently the refrain of a song. The *Iterum cant.* which follows in the Quarto is a stage-direction, bidding Bassiolo sing a second time, probably the song indicated by the refrain, *Belle piu*.

252, 57. **Bobadilla**: *i. e.*, Bobadil, the braggart captain in *Every Man in His Humour*.

254, 104. **wo ho**: the call used by falconers to reclaim the hawk.

255, 124. **For wreake . . . sustaine**: in revenge for that exile from joy which I endure, *i. e.*, in his loss of the hope of winning Margaret.

256. **Enter Alphonso, etc.** According to the stage-direction of the Quarto Margaret should go out with Vincentio, but from l. 140 it is evident that she is still on the stage. I have emended therefore to show that she is detained by her father.

258. **Strozza having the arrowhead**. It is evident that this scene must take place seven days later than the third scene of Act iv. But from that scene the action is apparently continuous through Act v, sc. i. The proper division between Acts iv and v, therefore, would be at the beginning of this scene. Such a division would allow a seven days' interval between the acts, giving time for Vincentio to be overtaken on the borders of the Duke's country, for the news of his supposed death to reach Margaret (sc. iii), and finally for him to be brought back to court in a litter (sc. iv).

259, 30. **Cloy'st . . . him**: dost not grow weary of him, surfeit with his company.

259, 36. **superstitious rite**: an eminently characteristic passage. Chapman loved a paradox. He defends duelling (*Bussy D'Ambois*, II, i); the character of the Duke of Guise (*Revenge of Bussy*, II, i); private and unlicensed marriage (*Gentleman Usher*, IV, ii); the rights of a child against a father and of a subject against his prince (*Gentleman Usher*, V, iv).<sup>1</sup> This frank apology for pilgrimages shows that Chapman had nothing of the hatred

<sup>1</sup> In *Sir Gyles Goosecappe* (pp. 71, 72) we have a paradoxical defence of ladies painting to add to this list.

of Papistry that appears in the works of many of his contemporaries.

**259, 38. resignde to memorie :** consigned to the church as a memorial.

**260, 41-42. which . . . lives :** if this patience were forgotten after my death, the example I have set would be lost to posterity.

**261, 78. Monks-well.** This name, and that of *St. Mark's Streete*, v, iii, 10, may, perhaps, lead to the discovery of the hitherto unknown source of this play.

**263, 23 Cleopatra :** the story of Cleopatra's experiments to discover the easiest mode of death is told by Plutarch in his *Life of Antony*. In speaking of the honour paid to Cleopatra, Chapman possibly had in mind Chaucer, who places her story at the head of his *Legend of Good Women* as one of Cupid's saints.

**263, 32-34. Adelasia . . . knife.** There are so many mistakes crowded into these three lines as to show that Chapman was quoting from a book read long since and well-nigh forgotten. In the first place, the heroine who defaced her features was not Adelasia, the daughter of Otho III of Germany (concerning whose adventures see Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, nov. 44), but Florinda (nov. 53). Secondly, the instrument used was not a knife but a stone, with which she "fouly defaced her face." Thirdly, neither the story of Adelasia nor that of Florinda is told by Pettie, although, as Professor Koepfel has shown, both of them are mentioned (*Quellen und Forschungen*, no. 82, pp. 9, 10). Lastly, either Chapman or the printer gives the wrong title of the book. The proper title is *A Pettie Palace of Pettie His Pleasure*. This work of George Pettie was licensed in 1576, and was so successful that three editions of it were published in the same year. Later editions were issued in 1580 and after the author's death (1589), in 1598, 1608, and 1613. As Professor Koepfel has shown, Pettie's style exhibits many of the most characteristic traits of "Euphuism" three years before the publication of *Euphues*. Painter's well-known collection of stories, *The Palace of Pleasure*, a name which was seized upon for Pettie's book by the latter's publisher, appeared in 1567 and 1568. I suggest, with some hesitation, that this unmetrical and unnecessary line may have been originally merely a marginal com-

ment which has crept into the text by an error of the transcriber or printer.

**265, 72. yet.** The *it* of the Quarto is probably a misprint for the *yt*, *i. e.*, *yet* of the MS. For the thought, cf. *II King Henry VI*, III, ii, 391.

**268, 42. pagan Nero.** The justification of this epithet appears in the next lines. It was a commonplace of Elizabethan poetry that the parent lived again in his child and his child's children. Chapman exaggerates this commonplace into the paradox that a son is both father and mother of his father. Since Nero killed his mother, and Alphonso ordered the death of both his parents in his son, the equation Alphonso = Nero appears to have some ground.

**269, 54-55. Turne . . . begot them:** Strozza is apparently thinking of the myth of Saturn, who devoured his children.

**269, 56. what's a prince:** one of the best-known passages in Chapman's work. The idea that in the state of nature all men were princes appears again in *Bussy D'Ambois*, II, i, 198, "Let me be King my selfe (as man was made)." Swinburne calls this passage "the first direct protest, as far as I know, against the principle of monarchy to be found in our poetical or dramatic literature." (Swinburne, *George Chapman*, p. 61.)

**270, 85. unnatural wounds:** because inflicted upon a son by permission of a father.

**270, 85. moning right:** by rightly, duly, lamenting the loss of Margaret's beauty. Mr. Daniel suggests the emendation "moving sight"; Dr. Bradley would read "moving right" in the sense of "setting right," "restoring to its rights."

**272, 122. Assist me . . . maske.** I have followed in the punctuation of the text what appears to be the meaning of the Quarto. But I am inclined to think that we might read: "Assist me Heaven and Art! Give me your maske," taking the last words of the line as addressed either to Margaret or Cynanche. The doctor, taking the mask in his hand, would then turn to his casket, and after the lines "Open thou . . . influence" would moisten the mask with a drug, thus making it "recureful." Otherwise, as the text stands, we must suppose him to appeal to Art, *i. e.*, Medicine, to give him the mask, in this case a mask that he himself had brought along with other medical appliances.

**272, 125. Medeas cauldron.** Medea the enchantress had a caldron which possessed the power of restoring youth to those who permitted themselves to be cut to pieces and boiled in it. She thus restored the youth of Aeson.

**272, 126. the ugliest . . . temp'ature:** the most dangerous impairment of a living creature's constitution.

**272, 138. In twice . . . recure:** be cured in twice the period that you shall have suffered.

**275, 197. Set by . . . favour:** your favour being set aside, *i. e.*, if Medice were judged not as your minion, but on his own merits.

**276, 214. your sonne:** dative of interest after "sought."

**277, 244. damn'd deserts:** deeds that deserve damnation.

**278, 251. scandall . . . honour:** in that Mendice had usurped the honourable name of Medice.

**278, 254. Zant:** Zante or Zacynthus, one of the Ionian Isles.

**279, 283. Fox, Fox . . . hole:** an old Christmas game mentioned by Herrick. "Boys hopped on one leg and beat one another with gloves or pieces of leather tied at the end of strings." Grosart, *Complete Poems of Herrick*, v. 2, p. 37.

# Bibliography

*The place of publication is London unless otherwise indicated.*

## I. TEXTS

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1606 of *All Fools* and *The Gentleman Usher*, but is not absolutely reliable, especially in the matter of punctuation. The dedicatory sonnet is reproduced in this reprint.]

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## II. BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL WORKS

*Besides monographs and essays specially devoted to ALL FOOLS and THE GENTLEMAN USHER, this list includes such general works on the drama and on Chapman and his plays as are likely to prove useful to the general reader or student. See also the memoirs and critical matter in the volumes listed under TEXTS.*

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# Glossary

**abodement**, omen. *A. F.* iv, i, 378.

**abusde**, wronged, deceived. *G. U.* v, i, 5.

**ale-knights**, pot-companions, tavern-haunters. *G. U.* iii, ii, 354.

**ammell**, enamel. *G. U.* i, i, 199.

**anatomizde**, dissected. *G. U.* iv, i, 28.

**antike**, grotesque. *G. U.* ii, i, 294.

**ape**, mimic, imitator. *G. U.* iv, iii, 21.

**applausive**, applauded. *A. F.* ii, i, 337.

**apprehension**, ability to receive. *A. F.* ii, i, 32.

**approv'd**, proved, made good. *G. U.* v, ii, 8.

**aspir'd**, attained. *A. F.* i, i, 6.

**bable**, fool. *G. U.* iii, ii, 247.

**babes**, baubles, trifles. *G. U.* ii, i, 261.

**banquet**, a course of sweetmeats, fruit, and wine served as dessert. *G. U.* ii, i, 309.

**barly-breake**, an old country game, originally played by six

persons, three of each sex, something like "Prisoners' Bars." *A. F.* i, ii, 67.

**basted**, marked. *A. F.* iii, i, 342.

**beisance**, obeisance, a courtesy. *G. U.* i, ii, 41.

**beldams**, old women (*without the usual derogatory sense*). *G. U.* iv, iv, 30.

**bench-whistlers**, idlers, worthless fellows. *A. F.* ii, i, 177.

**bestowing**, settlement in marriage. *G. U.* iii, ii, 359.

**bewraies**, divulges, reveals. *G. U.* i, i, 119.

**blaze**, proclaim. *A. F.* i, i, 63.

**blowse**, a beggar wench. *A. F.* iv, i, 97.

**bone robes**, pretty wenches. *G. U.* iii, ii, 197.

**boord**, accost. *G. U.* i, ii, 176.

**brache**, bitch. *G. U.* i, i, 159.

**brake**, trap. *G. U.* iii, ii, 392.

**briske**, spruce, smart. *A. F.* iii, i, 301.

**Broome-man**, a street-sweeper. *G. U.* ii, i, 135.

**buckram**, *literally* precise, formal (*here a general term of*

- abuse, perhaps "stuck-up").*  
*G. U. I, i, 118.*
- bug**, boggy, hobgoblin. *G. U. II, i, 165.*
- caprices**, caprices. *G. U. v, i, 17.* (*Chapman's use of the word here precedes by about fifty years the first example quoted in the N. E. D.*)
- carouze** (*v.*), drink a bumper. *A. F. v, ii, 34.*
- carowse** (*s.*), a bumper. *A. F. v, ii, 53.*
- carpet**, a cover for a table, bed, or chair. *G. U. II, i, 75.*
- carquanet**, a golden and jewelled ornament for the neck or head. *G. U. IV, iv, 22.*
- cast** (*s.*), a couple. *G. U. I, i, 65.*  
 (*v.*) plan, devise. *G. U. I, i, 279.*  
 mustered out. *A. F. v, ii, 363.*
- censure**, judgment. *A. F. Prologus, 26.*
- chared**, driven away. *G. U. I, ii, 115.* (*Possibly a text corruption. See note ad. loc.*)
- close** (*s.*), enclosed field. *A. F. I, ii, 130.*  
 (*a.*) secret. *A. F. III, i, 400-401; tight. G. U. I, ii, 166.*
- closely**, privately. *A. F. I, i, 45.*
- clownerie**, boorishness. *A. F. II, i, 85.*
- cockatrice**, basilisk. *A. F. III, i, 363.*
- cockrill-drone**, a term of abuse, coined from "cockrel," a gay young man, and "drone," an idler. *A. F. IV, i, 282.*
- cogge**, cheat, deceive. *G. U. III, ii, 75.*
- collaterally**, indirectly. *G. U. III, ii, 448.*
- come you seaven**, dice-player, gambler. *A. F. II, i, 42.*
- commission**, legal warrant. *G. U. I, i, 6.*
- complement**, compliment, formal politeness. *A. F. II, i, 128.*
- conceit**, opinion. *G. U. IV, iii, 39.*
- conceive**, understand. *G. U. I, i, 182.*
- conge**, bow of salutation. *A. F. II, i, 156.*
- consort**, company of musicians. *G. U. II, i, 191.*
- consumption**, destruction. *A. F. I, i, 286.*
- content**, satisfaction, pleasure. *G. U. v, iv, 105.*
- contestes**, affirms with an oath. *A. F. II, i, 61.*
- copesmates**, adversaries. *A. F. II, i, 229.*  
 partner. *A. F. IV, i, 248.*

- coyn'd**, invented. *A. F.* III, i, 266.
- cringle crangle**, twisted, curved. *G. U.* I, i, 202.
- crowned**, brimming. *A. F.* v, ii, 34.
- cullion**, low rascal. *A. F.* II, i, 145.
- cunni-holes**, cony, or rabbit, holes. *G. U.* IV, iv, 31.
- curious**, fastidious. *A. F.* *Epilogue*, 5.
- dawish**, pertaining to a daw, foolish. *A. F.* III, i, 395.
- debilitie**, inability. *G. U.* I, i, 274.
- decorum**, congruity, harmony, *G. U.* II, i, 185.
- defesances**, "a defeazance is a collateral deed made at the same time with a feoffment . . . containing certain conditions, upon the performance of which the estate then created may be defeated or totally undone" (*Blackstone*). *A. F.* IV, i, 351.
- demilance**, light horseman, cavalier. *G. U.* IV, ii, 80.
- determine**, cease. *A. F.* v, ii, 359.
- device**, contrivance, ingenious writing. *G. U.* III, ii, 464.
- devise**, consider. *G. U.* I, ii, 156.
- disparagement**, marriage to one of inferior rank, the disgrace involved in such a marriage. *A. F.* I, i, 266.
- dispatch**, hasten away. *G. U.* I, i, 59.
- dissolved**, freed. *G. U.* v, iii, 74.
- distempers**, disorderly habits. *A. F.* v, i, 72.
- divided**, incomplete. *A. F.* I, i, 10.
- doomes**, judgments. *A. F.* *Prologus*, 25.
- dormer**, sleeping-room. *A. F.* IV, i, 345.
- due gard**, Dieugarde, a salutation or ejaculation. *A. F.* IV, i, 284.
- effected**, performed. *A. F.* IV, i, 181.
- eloigne**, remove. *A. F.* IV, i, 339.
- engag'd**, bound as security. *A. F.* v, i, 27.  
won over. *G. U.* I, i, 97.
- errant**, arrant. *A. F.* II, i, 141.
- escapes**, pranks, peccadilloes. *G. U.* I, i, 109.
- everted**, overthrown. *A. F.* IV, i, 107.
- excitations**, incitements. *G. U.* v, ii, 46.
- exclames**, reproaches. *G. U.* v, iv, 34.
- exorbitant**, overlarge. *A. F.* III, i, 425.

**expiate**, cleanse, purify. *G. U.* v, iv, 276.

**exploded**, hissed off the stage. *A. F. Prologus*, 16.

**fact**, crime. *G. U.* v, ii, 52.

**factor**, go-between. *G. U.* iv, iv, 76.

**fircke**, drive off. *A. F.* iii, i, 291.

**flundering**, floundering. *G. U.* i, i, 198.

**fore-melting**, completely melting. *G. U.* iv, ii, 160.

**frivall**, frivolous. *A. F.* ii, i, 68.

**furnisht**, *used reflexively as in Ward's Simple Cobler*, see *N. E. D.* *A. F.* ii, i, 164.

**furniture**, apparel, outfit. *G. U.* i, i, 223.

**gag-tooth'd**, tusked. *G. U.* i, i, 201.

**gird**, mock, make a jest of. *G. U.* ii, i, 159.

**glases**, covers with a glaze. *A. F.* ii, i, 80.

**groome**, fellow (*in a contemptuous sense*). *A. F.* i, i, 160.

**ground**, background. *A. F.* i, i, 49.

**gull** (*s.*), a dupe. *A. F.* ii, i, 360.

a trick. *A. F.* iv, i, 398.

(*v.*) to cheat, to trick.

*A. F.* ii, i, 368.

**hammer**, the yellow-hammer (*used as a term for a fool, like "woodcock"*). *G. U.* i, i, 164.

**harbenger**, harbinger, messenger sent in advance to secure lodgings. *A. F.* iii, i, 348.

**heffer** (*used here as a general term of contempt*). *A. F.* i, ii, 57.

**honor**, abow. *A. F.* ii, i, 157.

**hope**, expect, suspect. *G. U.* ii, i, 175.

**huddles**, nonsense. *G. U.* iii, ii, 218.

**humorous**, capricious. *A. F.* i, i, 33.

ill-humoured, moody.

*A. F.* iii, i, 192.

**husband**, *A. F.* ii, i, 398. See *Note*, p. 126.

**huswiferie**, behavior (*in a derogatory sense*). *G. U.* v, i, 115.

**imbrierd**, tangled in the briars. *A. F.* iv, i, 411.

**impeach**, hindrance. *A. F.* iii, i, 247.

**impiety**, unfilial act. *A. F.* iv, i, 125.

**imploy**, include. *A. F.* ii, i, 90.

**imprest**, printed. *A. F. Dedication*, p. 140, l. 9.

**inditer**, author. *G. U.* iii, ii, 544.

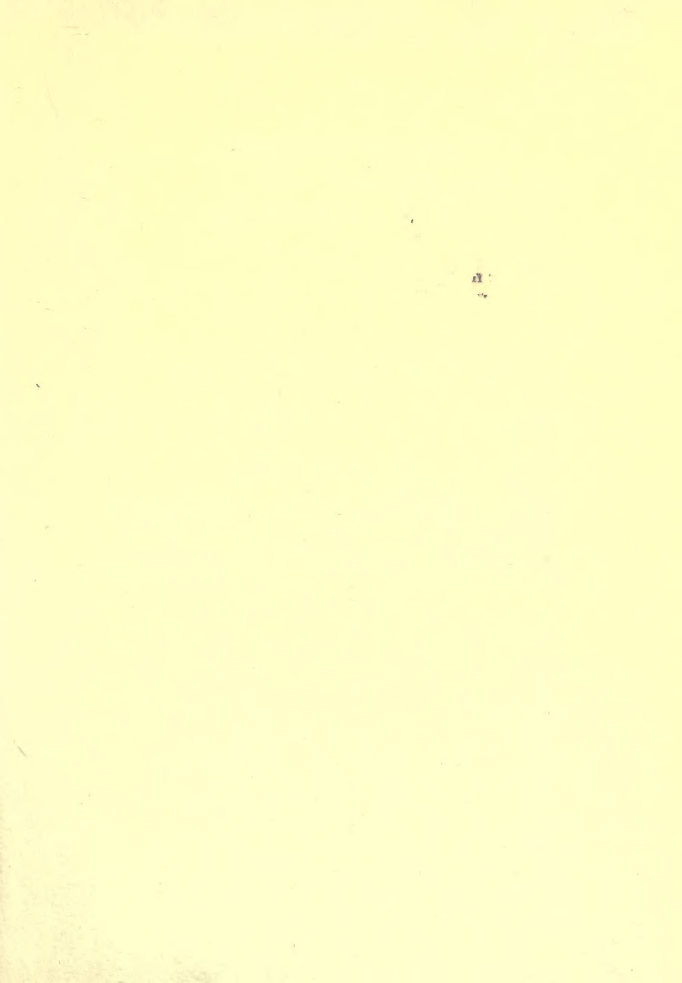


- inducement**, induction, introduction. *G. U.* I, i, 184.
- informes**, gives form to. *A. F.* I, i, 104.
- infringe**, cancel, break. *G. U.* IV, iv, 105.
- ingagde**, engaged, compromised. *G. U.* III, ii, 213.
- ingle**, companion, fool. *G. U.* v, i, 167.
- intend**, apprehend, judge. *A. F.* I, i, 249.
- invade**, intrude upon. *G. U.* v, iii, 48.
- irrenitable**, irresistible. *A. F.* v, ii, 345.
- kind**, affectionate. *G. U.* I, i, 106.  
proper, natural. *A. F.* III, i, 482.
- legerdeheelee**, lightheeled (*i. e.* wanton) tricks. *A. F.* III, i, 158.
- let** (*s.*), hindrance. *G. U.* II, i, 90; (*v.*) to hinder. *G. U.* II, i, 89.
- lyte**, little, valueless. *A. F.* II, i, 385.
- managed**, a technical term for putting a horse through his paces. *G. U.* I, i, 208.
- mankinde**, fierce. *A. F.* IV, i, 236.
- maynd**, maimed. *A. F.* I, i, 385.
- mazer**, head. *A. F.* III, i, 308.
- minion**, a favorite. *G. U.* I, i, 121.
- miserable**, miserly. *G. U.* I, i, 127.
- Momus**, the god of raillery, a scoffer. *G. U.* II, i, 263.
- moove**, apply to. *A. F.* IV, i, 125.
- motions**, demands. *G. U.* v, ii, 20.
- mumming**, disguising, especially by a mask. *G. U.* II, i, 204.
- muse**, am astonished. *G. U.* III, ii, 336.
- natural**, legitimate. *A. F.* II, i, 410.
- ne**, nay. *A. F.* I, i, 312.
- nicenesse**, fastidiousness. *G. U.* III, ii, 61.
- nicetie**, coyness. *G. U.* II, i, 276.
- noyse**, a company of musicians. *A. F.* v, ii, 39.
- obsequies**, rites. *A. F.* I, ii, 19.
- ought**, owed. *A. F.* I, ii, 77.
- pageant**, to carry about as a show. *G. U.* I, i, 256.
- pantable**, slipper. *A. F.* v, ii, 236.
- parle**, speech. *A. F.* I, i, 117.

- picked**, dandified. *A. F.* v, ii, 7.
- pile**, the head of an arrow. *G. U.* iv, i, 82.
- playne**, frank. *A. F.* ii, i, 415.
- point**, a tagged lace for joining doublet and hose. *A. F.* v, ii, 9.
- politique**, worldly wise, scheming. *A. F.* i, i, 401.
- port**, state, style of living. *G. U.* v, iv, 258.
- pottle**, a two-quart measure, a tankard. *A. F.* v, ii, 95.
- president**, precedent, pattern. *A. F.* i, i, 336.
- prevented**, anticipated. *G. U.* v, i, 5.
- price**, worth, value. *G. U.* iv, ii, 172.
- procures**, causes. *G. U.* iv, iv, 81.
- projecting**, devising. *G. U.* i, i, 215.
- propornesse**, beauty. *A. F.* v, ii, 347.
- properties**, characteristics. *G. U.* i, ii, 172.
- purlue**, border (*herê*, *perhaps*, extent). *G. U.* ii, i, 289.
- pulld**, plucked. *G. U.* iii, ii, 244.
- Push**, pish, pshaw. *G. U.* ii, i, 263.
- put up**, submit to. *A. F.* i, i, 211.
- quallified**, (*v.*), mitigated. *A. F.* i, i, 395.  
(*a.*) accomplished. *A. F.* i, i, 355.
- queint**, dainty, fastidious. *G. U.* ii, i, 275.  
ingenious. *G. U.* iii, ii, 24.
- quintessence**, a highly refined essence, something unsubstantial. *A. F.* i, i, 44.
- quite**, to requite. *G. U.* v, iv, 145.
- receypt**, abiding-place. *A. F.* iii, i, 48.
- recognizance**, legal obligation to pay a debt. *A. F.* v, i, 31.
- recure** (*s.*), a cure. *G. U.* v, iv, 138.  
(*v.*) to cure. *G. U.* iv, iii, 41.
- redeeme**, compound for. *A. F.* v, ii, 348.
- reflected**, turned aside. *A. F.* i, i, 331.
- reflecting**, turning. *A. F.* i, i, 105.
- relish**, savor of. *A. F.* iv, i, 8.
- replications**, legal documents containing the plaintiff's reply to the defendant's first answer. *A. F.* ii, i, 329.
- resembled**, made like unto. *G. U.* v, iv, 20.
- resolve**, loose, free from. *G. U.* iv, i, 44.

- dissolve. *A. F.* II, i, 17.  
 inform, answer. *G. U.* I, i, 112.  
**respect**, courteous, behavior. *A. F.* II, i, 85.  
     reputation. *G. U.* I, i, 102.  
**respective**, respectful. *A. F.* I, i, 36.  
**rivalitie**, rivalry. *G. U.* I, i, 93.  
**round**, a dance. *G. U.* II, i, 279.  
**rude**, crude, unfinished. *A. F.* I, ii, 123.  
**rung out**, celebrated by the ringing of bells. *G. U.* IV, ii, 94.  
**Rushman**, one who strews rushes on the floor. *G. U.* III, i, 134.  
**satyrisim**, satire. *A. F. Prologus*, 19.  
**schoole**, rebuke. *A. F.* III, i, 66.  
**scute**, a French or Italian coin of variable value. *A. F.* V, ii, 20.  
**seasoned**, imbued. *A. F.* IV, i, 7.  
**seely**, simple, silly. *G. U.* III, ii, 145.  
**shroad**, shrewd. *A. F.* IV, i, 320.  
**skundrell**, scoundrel (*like the "runt" in a litter*). *A. F.* V, ii, 192.  
**smocke-faces**, effeminate faces. *A. F.* V, i, 7.  
**sollar**, a garret. *A. F.* IV, i, 345.  
**solemne**, ceremonious. *G. U.* I, i, 84.  
**soothes**, flatters. *A. F.* I, i, 207.  
**sort** (*s.*), a number, a set. *G. U.* IV, iii, 62.  
     (*v.*) happen, fall out. *G. U.* III, ii, 447.  
**sortfully**, suitably. *G. U.* III, ii, 11.  
**speede**, fare well, or ill (*ambiguous use*). *G. U.* III, ii, 530.  
**spleene**, one of the emotions supposed to arise from that organ of the body, as wrath. *A. F.* II, i, 105.  
**spred**, propagate. *A. F.* V, ii, 372.  
**stald**, staled. *A. F.* III, i, 325.  
**strange**, new, unknown before. *G. U.* I, i, 105.  
**state**, rank, position. *G. U.* III, ii, 92.  
     chair of state, throne. *G. U.* II, i, 184.  
     ceremony. *G. U.* II, i, 194.  
**stirre**, bustle, confusion. *G. U.* II, i, 166.  
**streakes**, stretches. *G. U.* V, i, 42.  
**suspect**, suspicion. *A. F.* I, i, 177.

- taking**, condition, predicament. *A. F.* v, i, 17.
- tall**, bold. *A. F.* iii, i, 359.
- taxations**, personal satirical allusions. *A. F. Epilogue*, 8.
- taxe**, to censure, blame. *A. F.* iv, i, 3.
- theorbo**, a musical instrument like a lute, but with two necks, much used for accompaniments. *A. F.* ii, i, 393.
- threaves**, handfuls. *G. U.* ii, i, 83.
- tickling**, funny, amusing. *G. U.* ii, i, 313.
- touch**, taint, impairment. *G. U.* iv, ii, 7.
- toy**, a fancy, notion. *A. F.* iii, i, 78.
- toyes**, trifles. *A. F.* ii, i, 383.
- traine**, allure. *A. F.* v, ii, 225.
- unresisted**, irresistible. *A. F.* ii, i, 109.
- vice**, screw, or wheel. *G. U.* iii, ii, 13.
- vildely**, vilely. *G. U.* v, iii, 57.
- warrant**, assure against harm. *A. F.* iii, i, 214.
- wedlocke**, wife. *A. F.* i, ii, 118.
- whittld**, intoxicated, made drunk. *G. U.* iii, ii, 263.
- will**, desire, lust. *A. F.* iii, i, 246.
- wittoll**, a submissive cuckold. *A. F.* v, ii, 134.
- woodcocke**, a bird whose name was a synonym for a fool. *A. F.* v, ii, 225.
- wrapt**, ravished, transported. *G. U.* iii, ii, 367.
- yare**, alert, ready. *G. U.* v, i, 101.
- yeelde**, permit. *G. U.* iv, i, 32.







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